THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

DECEMBER

1934

10

CENTS



Fred Waring
and
Babs Ryan

BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.
RAL LIBRARY
LER PLAZA, NEW YORK

THE TRUE STORY OF *Russ Columbo's* DEATH



"...and you can actually **OVENBAKE** *in these pretty* **TABLE DISHES!"**

THAT'S the marvel of these OvenServe table dishes. Every single piece can be used in the oven! All the bowls and serving dishes, platters and saucy individual French casseroles, the pie plates and custard cups—even the cups, saucers and plates—stand oven heat, oven baking. The dishes don't get that brown, cooked look either. They don't "craze." The bright sunny yellow color remains fresh and new looking.

Is it beans for dinner? Then ovenbake them in the individual bean pots. Or how about a baked meat dish or scalloped vegetables, or any one of a dozen, or a hundred, other things? Cook them in these dishes and whisk them from oven to table in the same dishes. Simplifies serving enormously . . . not to mention the way it cuts down on the dishwashing.

And OvenServe dishes are simple to wash, too. No scraping; no scouring; just hot water, soap and the dishmop.

Cost a lot? No, ma'am! Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes have the added advantage of being table dishes, not kitchen ware. Buy them by the piece.

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

POPOVERS! Ummm!

One cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
⅞ cup milk
2 eggs
½ tsp. melted butter

Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually to make a smooth, thin batter. Beat eggs until light and add to mixture. Add butter. Beat hard. Fill buttered OvenServe custard cups two-thirds full. Bake 30-35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven (450° F.) and decreasing gradually to moderate oven (375°F.) as popovers begin to brown. Makes six popovers.

OVENSERVE

Sold at Kresge
5c & 10c stores and other
5c, 10c and $1.00 stores

"MAKE SURE THE RADIO TUBES YOU BUY ARE REALLY NEW"

radio's big stars urge you . . .



INSIST ON THIS SEALED CARTON

and you are sure of getting genuine Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes

DON'T be fooled by old worn-out radio tubes palmed off on the public as new. Ask for genuine RCA Radio Tubes that come to you in a sealed, non-refillable carton. They can be tested without removing the carton . . . but the carton *must be destroyed* before tube can be used.

To increase your radio pleasure, ask your nearest authorized RCA Radio Tube Agent for the new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes.

These are the tubes guaranteed by the RCA Radiotron Company to give you these five big improvements: *(1) Quicker Start. (2) Quieter Operation. (3) Uniform Volume. (4) Uniform Performance. (5) Sealed Carton Protection.*

BE CAREFUL



Hundreds of thousands of used radio tubes are being sold as new by dishonest dealers — slipped into new open-flap cartons — so you can't tell the difference.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
in your neighborhood. It identifies a dealer selected by RCA to serve your radio tube needs.

RCA RADIO TUBES · AUTHORIZED AGENT · RCA



LISTEN TO THE STARS
Tune in on Radio City Studio Party 9 to 9:30, E. S. T., every Saturday night over N. B. C. Blue network. Hear the big stars of your favorite programs—Fun—Music—Quick Flashes from John B. Kennedy, famous commentator.

RCA Cunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES

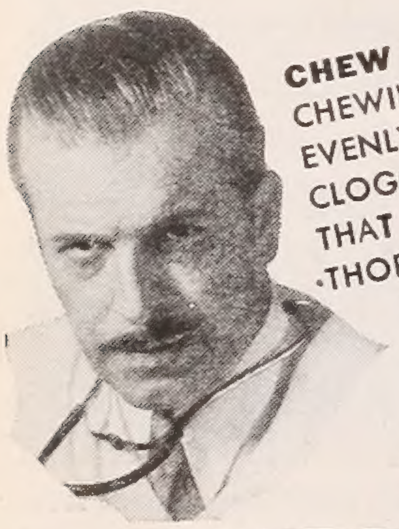
SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!



• I suffered intensely from sick headaches for years—until I wished my head would open to relieve the pain. Nothing seemed to help the constipation that caused them. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Tacoma she gave me her favorite medicine, FEEN-A-MINT. I feel duty bound to let you know what a help FEEN-A-MINT has been. It cleansed out my system wonderfully—all the poisons went. And it keeps me so regular that I am a new woman. It doesn't cramp or gripe a person either. I've told all my friends about it.

The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle*. Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... CHEWING DISTRIBUTES IT EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED INTESTINES SO THAT IT DOES A MORE THOROUGH JOB WITHOUT HARMFUL VIOLENCE. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

WILSON BROWN, MANAGING EDITOR

FEATURES

Notes from Our Memo Pad 6
Back-fence gossip about people you know

He has 100 Voices 8
Jack Smart is radio's 230 pounds of versatility

Lowell Thomas' Greatest Adventure ..... Francis Barr Matthews 14
After traveling the world over he had it where you'd least expect

The Nine Greatest Women in Radio ..... Nanette Kutner 16
The boss of them all stays at home

Your Requests Answered 19
Pictures of entertainers you wanted to see

Torch Singer 24
The true story of what happened to a girl with limelight ambitions

Laughing Lovers ..... Peggy Wells 28
Tim and Irene Noblette began that way

Things Always Happen to John Barclay ..... Dora Albert 32
Because he defies life and laughs at death

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo ..... Walter Ramsey 34
Told by his close friend and associate

Globe Trotting to Glory ..... Martia McClelland 40
Success led Rita Bell a dangerous chase across three continents

Radio's Mystery Man ..... Ogden Mayer 42
The name of the wizard is revealed

Radio Saves Lives ..... Iris Ann Carroll 44
When you're in a spot turn on the radio

The Bright New Feather in Kate Smith's Cap ..... Bland Mulholland 47
She's upsetting the time-honored apple cart in the airlanes

Men Are Saps ..... Mary Jacobs 48
Ask Everett Marshall—he knows

A Coat for a Queen ..... Helen Hover 54
RADIO STARS gives you a chance to win a $495.00 fur coat

Do You Hate Your Job? ..... Rita Rolland 56
Albert Payson Terhune did, until a dog taught him contentment

Lanny Ross Turns M. C. 58
This famous star of air and screen walks off with new honors

"I Listen in London" ..... Hope Hale 59
What it's like over there

Peep In at the Carefree Carnival ..... George Kent 60
The biggest bargain on the air

DEPARTMENTS

Board of Review 10
Kilocycle Quiz 11
If You Want To Be Beautiful ..... Carolyn Belmont 12
Strictly Confidential ..... Wilson Brown 20
For Distinguished Service to Radio 30
Chattergraphs 37
Gadding About with Our Candid Camera 50
The Band Box..Nelson Keller 62
Uncle Answer Man Answers.... 64
RADIO STARS Cooking School ..... Nancy Wood 65
Programs Day by Day 66

Cover by Marland Stone

Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1934, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. George Delacorte, Jr., Pres.; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sect'y. Vol. 5, No. 3, December, 1934. printed in U. S. A. Single copy price 10 cents. Subscription price in the United States $1.20 a year. Entered as second-class matter August 5, 1932, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

NEXT TUES. NIGHT *at* 9:30 E.T.

THE *Funniest and Brightest* PROGRAM

Laugh with Fire-Chief

ED WYNN

and

GRAHAM McNAMEE

★

Enjoy the Charming Music

of

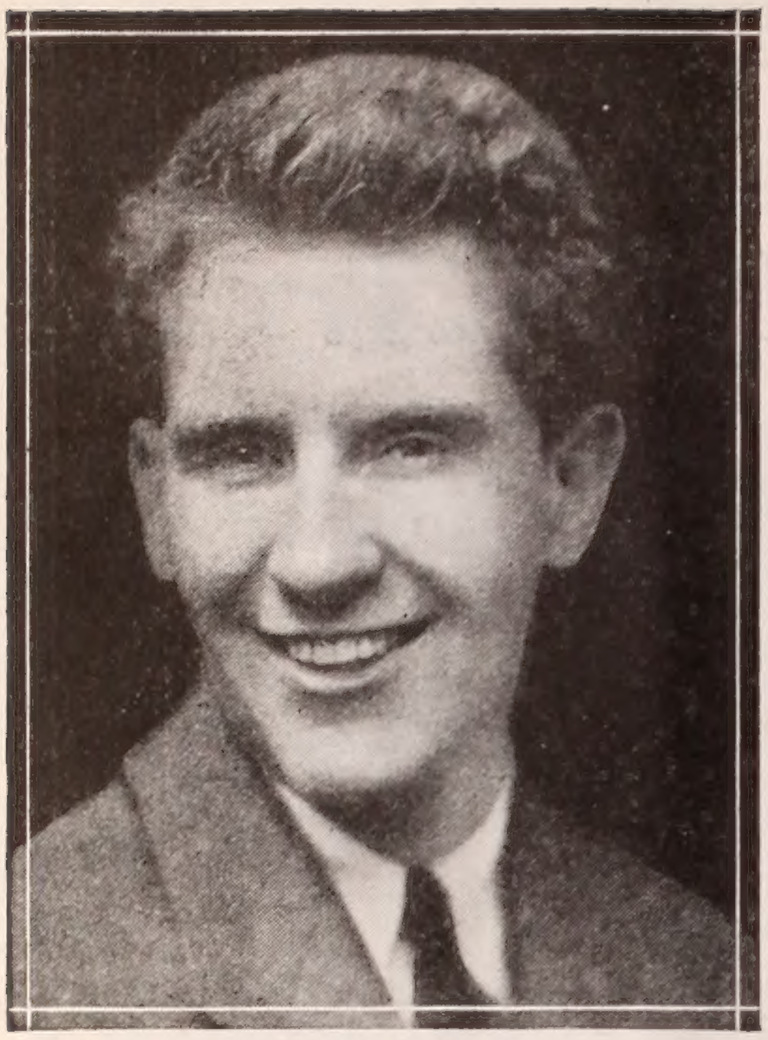
EDDY DUCHIN

★

N. B. C. Coast to Coast

TEXACO

REG. T. M.



"Red Davis"—his youthful scrapes and triumphs will remind you of your own.

3 Weekly Waves of Fun and Drama

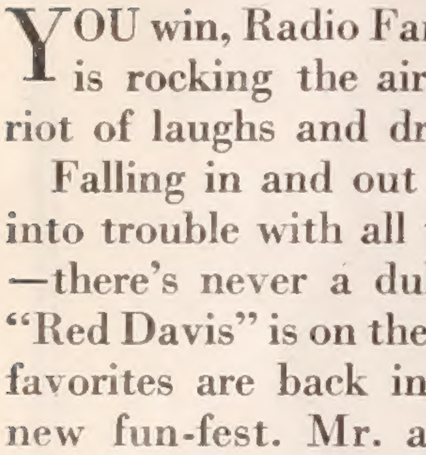
"RED DAVIS"

IS BACK!

YOU win, Radio Fans! "Red Davis" is rocking the air waves in a new riot of laughs and dramatic episodes.

Falling in and out of love—getting into trouble with all the old-time zest—there's never a dull moment when "Red Davis" is on the air. And all your favorites are back in this wholesome new fun-fest. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Clink, Linda, Betty, Piggy and the others. But they're back with a whole bag of new tricks!

What will "Red Davis" be up to next? All we can tell you is that the answer is more humorous, more entertaining than ever. So be good to yourself—don't miss a single one of this new series of "Red Davis" programs.



Betty Davis, who—well, you know what young sisters are like!

NBC • WJZ NETWORK

COAST TO COAST

MON., WED., & FRI. NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York, makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.



Morgan

Muriel Wilson, the Mary Lou of the Maxwell House Show Boat, says goodbye to her parents as she boards a United Air Lines plane enroute to Hollywood where she interviewed Lanny Ross for RADIO STARS. Remember her story in the November issue?

Notes from Our Memo Pad

● Romona, Paul Whiteman's singing pianist, and her husband, Howard Davies, are said to be living apart.

● John Young, NBC announcer, is still crazy about Alice Batson, socialite. They were to be married this fall, but for some reason it didn't happen or, if it did, it hasn't been announced.

● Roxy may be a grandfather again by the time you read this.

● Harry Conn is the fellow who writes those grand Jack Benny scripts. He's been working with Benny since the comedian's first stab at the mike.

● Rumor has it that Ted Husing's ex-wife and Lennie Hayton, ork leader, are arm in arm.

● Count Arturo, husband of Countess Olga Albani, has quit the contracting business to manage radio artists.

● And another rumor says that Madame Sylvia, the Hollywood beauty expert, and her young husband, Edward Leiter, actor and nephew of the late Joseph Leiter of Chicago finance fame, aren't speaking.

● George Burns and Gracie Allen, the CBS comics, are now the mudder and daddy to a little girl. Remember that story in last month's RADIO STARS about them wanting to adopt a baby? Well, that's what they did. They adopted a four-weeks-old baby on September 18, and named her Sandra Jane.

● Jimmie Brierly and Connie Gates, singers, are furnishing the romance talk at CBS.

● Gertrude Niesen has visited a plastic surgeon and now has a brand new nose. It seems Gerty didn't like the shape of the old one.

● The Princess Pat Players of NBC and the stork appear to be co-operating. Maxine Garner of the cast is the newest mother of the group. She is the wife of Mel Nelson, Jr., architect, and they've named the baby Sally June. Douglas Hope was the other actor to welcome the stork.

● If you've wondered what became of the Poet Prince of NBC, then here's the answer; he's running around the country doing vaudeville.

● Russ Columbo left no will, it is said. His estate is reported to be about $5000 and his life insurance about $100,000.

● The father of Mario Braggiotti, CBS pianist, died in September.

● Kenneth Raught, script writer for the Landt Trio and White, was recently married to Mildred Landt, sister of the trio.

● Rudy Vallee's next movie is to be "Sweet Music."

● The fourteen-year-old son of Al Goodman died in October.

● Fay Webb, Rudy Vallee's wife, will make her movie debut in "Vampire of Prague."

● Vincent Lopez is said to be romancing with Christene Marsen.



Jackson

Sigmund Romberg, renowned composer, directs his own program over NBC Saturday nights at 8 o'clock EST.

YOUR *Eyes*
SHOULD BE YOUR MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE
MAKE THEM SO WITH *Maybelline*
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



The Approved Mascara

● No woman looks her best when her eyes are blank and inexpressive in appearance. Scant, pale lashes, bald-looking eyelids, and unkempt eyebrows ruin otherwise beautiful features, while attractive eyes will make even plain women appear charmingly lovely.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara will make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new and more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow
delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.





Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for **Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.**





Jack Smart, right; Leonel Stander, at the mike, and Minerva Pious, who make a living imitating everyone but themselves.

HE HAS 100 Voices

WHAT WILL you have? The gruff voice of a villain, the soothing words of a young man whose fancies have turned to love or perhaps that of a Greek taxi driver? Take your pick, for Jack Smart can imitate any voice you want. That's his way of paying the rent, buying his food and meeting tax collectors just the same as you might run a grocery store or clerk in a bank or make little rocks out of big ones.

Jack Smart is radio's versatile actor. He's the man who furnishes the freak voices for "Town Hall Tonight" with Fred Allen, "The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre," "Forty-Five Minutes from Hollywood" and other such shows, both on NBC and CBS.

Don't think for once that his talents are limited to speaking part He's a man who can pucker up h mouth and give the microphone th sound of everything from an Arkan sas cow bawling for its calf to police car with siren racing dow Broadway.

Four years ago Jack had his fir radio audition and got the surprise o his life by being hired right off th bat. Before that, he had been drummer and song and dance man a little Buffalo, New York, cabare And an actor in stock, playing a kinds of rôles.

He is still a boy. We say "boy because Jack's still growing. An growing in the opposite direction that which you'd ordinarily expe At his last weighing, the scales re ported 230 pounds.

As so often is the case, with that figure goes the jolly nature of a friendly, humorous and talkative person.

Although his voice can be that of a cat, a dog, a horse or even a crowd, Jack's specialty is the Scotch dialect. Performers around the studios recall the night the Fred Allen show went on the air for the first time and Jack played the part of a Scotch merchant. The imitation was so real and the situation of his jokes so pointed, that Fred Allen, standing before the mike, broke out in a laugh which wasn't supposed to be on the program.

A favorite joke of his is to answer the telephone in that Scotch dialect voice. And if the caller hasn't been warned in advance, he's due for a lot of stammering and stuttering before he finds out that it's only Jack having his fun.

Right now, Jack is storming "Town Hall" as the wisecracking Cousin Willowby. You know, the life of the party who tells those gosh-awful jokes that land like a load of concrete.

You'll probably not be surprised at all to learn that Jack doesn't have a radio in his home. Not because it's too reminiscent of work, but because a friend borrowed it. And hasn't returned it. That has been months ago, so Jack's tiny red headed wife must sprint to the studios any time she wants to listen to the funny man.

Lately, he has expressed a weakness for sail boats. He just bought a new one. And if his 230 pounds aren't too much for such a craft, Jack threatens to show New York a few records next spring that will turn both English and American captains pink.

Off duty, Jack is both an artist and a cook. You're apt to find him dabbling in either any time you drop in at his home.

(Below) A close-up of the favorite funny man, two-hundred-and-thirty-pound Jack Smart, the man with one hundred voices.



HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER



Natural lips win... painted lips lose!

SOFT lips. *Nice* lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that *isn't* paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks: Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, *naturally*.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly . . . becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.



PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.



TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



***Cheeks** must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gunmetal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.*



World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM124
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

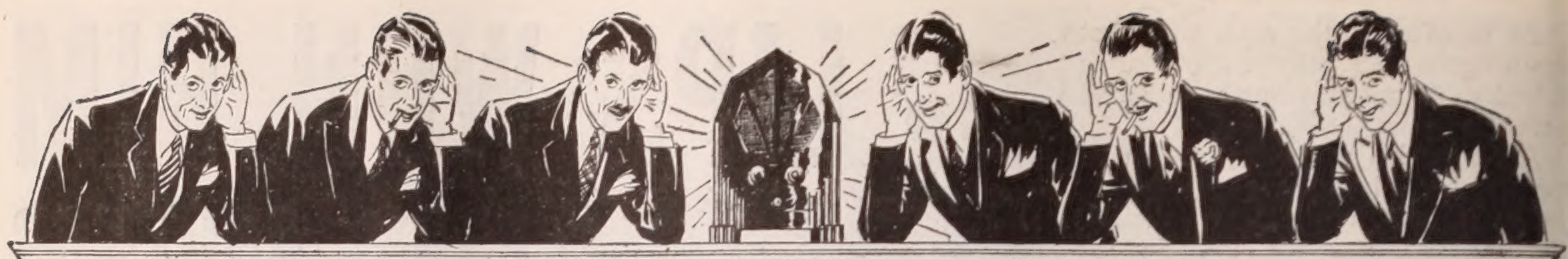
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.** Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ FLESH ☐ RACHEL ☐ LIGHT RACHEL

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



BOARD of REVIEW

Curtis Mitchell
RADIO STARS Magazine, Chairman

Alton Cook
New York World-Telegram, N. Y. C.

S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.

Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.

Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.

Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

Si Steinhauser
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.

Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.

Dan Thompson
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.

C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.

Larry Wolters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.

James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D.C.

H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Walter Ramsey
Dell Publishing Co., Hollywood, Calif.

Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Joe Haeffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.

John G. Yaeger
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.

Martin A. Gosch
Courier Post, Camden, N. J.

Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco Ca.

★★★★★ Excellent
★★★★ Good
★★★ Fair
★★ Poor
★ Not Recommended

★★★★★ PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND JOHN BARCLAY WITH NAT SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★★ THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE GARDEN CONCERT WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM WRITTEN BY CARLTON E. MORSE (NBC).
★★★★ FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).
★★★★ JACK BENNY, COMEDY, WITH MARY LIVINGSTON, FRANK PARKER AND DON BESTOR'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" WITH FRED ALLEN, JAMES MELTON AND LENNIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ LOMBARDO-LAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
★★★★ COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH JOE COOK, DONALD NOVIS, DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA AND FRANCES LANGFORD (NBC).
★★★★ PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
★★★★ CITIES SERVICE CONCERT WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE, FRANK PARKER, THE CAVALIERS AND ROSARIO BOURDON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★★ THE HOOVER SENTINELS CONCERT WITH CHICAGO A CAPELLA CHOIR AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIRGINIA REA AND GUS HAENESCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ RCA RADIOTRON'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" WITH FRANK BLACK'S ORCHESTRA, JOHN B. KENNEDY AND GUESTS (NBC).
★★★★ "IN THE MODERN MANNER" WITH JOHNNY GREEN (CBS).
★★★★ CAP'N HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT WITH LANNY ROSS, MURIEL WILSON, MOLASSES 'N' JANUARY, GUS HAENSCHEN'S BAND AND QUARTET.
★★★★ SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA AND COUNTESS ALBANI (NBC).
★★★★ "THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS" BY EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
★★★★ "FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM HOLLYWOOD" WITH MARK WARNOW'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS).
★★★★ THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND GUESTS (CBS).
★★★★ THE BREAKFAST CLUB (NBC).
★★★★ GULF HEADLINERS WITH STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD AND FRANK PARKER (NBC).
★★★★ CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS).
★★★★ "ACCORDIANA" WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).
★★★★ A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER (NBC).
★★★ LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING (NBC-CBS).
★★★ FRANK BUCK, DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC).
★★★ EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES WITH ELIZABETH LENNOX AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ CLIMALENE CARNIVAL (NBC).
★★★ CONOCO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA AND JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
★★★ CHICAGO JAMBOREE, MUSICAL VARIETY (NBC).

THE LEADERS

The following five programs top the heap for the month:

1. Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre (NBC).
2. The Voice of Firestone Garden Concert (NBC).
3. One Man's Family (NBC).
4. Ford Program with Fred Waring (CBS).
5. Jack Benny, comedian (NBC).

All other four-star programs are ranked in order, the fractional average of one ranking it above the average of another.

★★★ THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST FROM LITTLE AMERICA (CBS).
★★★ THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
★★★ WARD BAKING SHOW WITH JEANNIE LANG AND BUDDY ROGERS' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ EX-LAX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLUSKIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMANN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC).
★★★ "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE" WITH DALE CARNEGIE (NBC).
★★★ THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
★★★ ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
★★★ STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HIMBER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW WITH CLAUDINE MACDONALD (NBC).
★★★ RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS (NBC).
★★★ COLUMBIA VARIETY HOUR WITH CLIFF EDWARDS AND GUESTS (CBS).
★★★ METROPOLITAN PARADE (CBS).
★★★ KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC (CBS).
★★★ LITTLE MISS BAB-O's SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC).
★★★ THE SIMMONS COMPANY PRESENTS MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT WITH WILLIARD ROBISON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ JERRY COOPER, SONGS (CBS).
★★★ THE SOUTHERNAIRES, MALE QUARTET (NBC).
★★★ IRENE RICH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS WITH DOUGLAS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVIS AND ARTHUR JACOBSON (NBC).
★★★ NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR (NBC).
★★★ ROY HELTON "LOOKING AT LIFE" (CBS).

★★★ YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR, GUEST STARS (NBC).
★★★ POET'S GOLD, POETRY READING BY DAVID ROSS (CBS).
★★★ ATLAS BREWING COMPANY PRESENTS SINGIN' SAM (CBS).
★★★ TALKIE PICTURE TIME WITH JUNE MEREDITH (NBC).
★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH TAMARA, DAVID PERCY AND JACQUES RENARD'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ HALL OF FAME WITH GUEST BANDS (NBC).
★★★ TASTYEAST THEATRE WITH TOM POWERS AND LEONA HOGARTH (NBC).
★★★ THE SINGING STRANGER WITH WADE BOOTH (NBC).
★★★ HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH EDGAR A. GUEST, ALICE MOCK, CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S BAND (NBC).
★★★ VIC AND SADE, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
★★★ PHIL HARRIS AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH LEAH RAY (NBC).
★★★ THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH FLOYD GIBBONS (NBC).
★★★ "HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" WITH TONY WONS (NBC).
★★★ SHELL FOOTBALL REPORTER, EDDIE DOOLEY (CBS).
★★★ TED HUSING, "BELIEVE YOU ME" (CBS).
★★★ BILLY BATCHELOR (NBC).
★★★ ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN WITH JIM BRIERLY, TENOR (CBS).
★★★ SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
★★★ LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC).
★★★ MOHAWK TREASURE CHEST (NBC).
★★★ BOAKE CARTER, COMMENTATOR (CBS).
★★★ TIM RYAN'S RENDEZVOUS, MUSICAL AND COMEDY REVUE (NBC).
★★★ SMILING ED McCONNELL (CBS).
★★★ TODAY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ TITO GUIZAR, SONGS (CBS).
★★★ BOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
★★★ NICK LUCAS, SONGS (CBS).
★★★ BETTY AND BOB, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH CARSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOS (CBS).
★★★ CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND JIMMY DURANTE (NBC).
★★★ CLARA, LU 'N' EM (NBC).
★★★ FRANCES LEE BARTON, COOKING (NBC).
★★★ THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
★★★ "FATS" WALLER, ORGAN-PIANO-SONG (CBS).
★★★ GENE AND GLENN (NBC).
★★★ MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK (NBC).
★★★ ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC).
★★★ THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
★★ GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).
★★ VISITING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN (CBS).
★★ "THE PET MILKY WAY" (CBS).
★★ OXDOL'S OWN MA PERKINS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

Kilocycle Quiz

(Can you answer these questions in five minutes?)

1. What soprano recently made a special plane trip to Hollywood?
2. Who is the sponsor of Walter O'Keefe's CBS program?
3. Who is Johnnie Roventini?
4. What artist is known as "Prince of the Piano?"
5. How many children does Joe Penner have?
6. What is Roxy's real name?
7. Who conducts the orchestra on the Radio City Party over NBC?
8. What radio program uses original music?
9. What product sponsors Lanny Ross' new Wednesday program?
10. When a program goes on the air in New York at 8 p. m., what time do California listeners receive it?
11. Is Frank Munn a tenor or a baritone?
12. Who is Ford Bond?
13. In what century are the Buck Rogers programs supposed to be?
14. Who is the vocalist with Richard Himber's orchestra?
15. Who directs the orchestra on the CBS broadcasts to Admiral Byrd in Little America?
16. Fill in the missing word: "This is the ———— Broadcasting Company."
17. Who is Howard White?
18. Who are the artists sponsored by Gillette razor blades?
19. Is Gladys Swarthout married?
20. Who wrote the music which Eddie Duchin uses as a theme?

Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions.

1. Muriel Wilson.
2. Camel Cigarettes.
3. The page boy on the Philip Morris program.
4. George Gershwin.
5. None.
6. S. L. Rothafel.
7. Frank Black.
8. The Gibson Family.
9. Log Cabin Syrup.
10. 5 p. m.
11. Tenor.
12. NBC announcer.
13. Twenty-fifth.
14. Joey Nash.
15. Mark Warnow.
16. National. (Columbia uses the word "System" instead of "Company.")
17. Accompanist and associate of the Landt Trio.
18. Gene and Glenn.
19. Yes.
20. Chopin.



Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Could you guess the age of our ever-youthful Mary Pickford? You can hear her over NBC, Wednesday at 8 p. m.

IF YOU WANT TO BE *Beautiful*

DON'T GROW OLD. And if you don't believe it's possible to keep young, just take a glance at America's Sweetheart on the left. Mary Pickford thrilled your mothers and dads and she's still thrilling young moderns. She will never see twenty, thirty—or forty again—yet her face is without lines and her skin is as smooth and delicate as a rose petal.

Gifts of nature, says you. But actually it is simply good care combined with skillful and judicious use of make up. Every single one of you can have a healthy and youthful skin.

Considering the treatment it gets, it isn't any wonder that there are more problems with the skin and its care than all the other beauty problems put together. Just stop a moment and think how many times in the last month you have hopped into bed at night without going through the creaming and cleansing routine to remove the grime from your pores. Oh, you don't have to offer excuses. I know, you were so-o-o sleepy. And I'll wager there isn't one of you who isn't guilty of slapping on fresh makeup over the old when you are in a hurry. In fact, how many times have you noticed (and done it yourself!) a girl take elaborate pains in putting powder, rouge and lipstick on a face that has already suffered several previous layers.

It's these things that give you enlarged pores which make your skin look muddy and middle-aged, for the pores become clogged with oil, dust and the makeup you've ground into your skin. Next thing you know you've got blackheads, which result in other blemishes.

All of you realize without being told that cosmetics make a marvelous protection for the skin, besides covering up defects and enhancing good points. But by all means apply it on a clean, fresh skin. Give your make up and yourself a break.

A method of cleansing that I've found effective is to pat gobs of cream over the chest, neck and face. Then with very gentle fingertip tapping, begin with the chest and work up to the throat, under the chin and finally do your face.

While the cream is still on, place the chin in the palm of your left hand with the fingertips pointing toward the right ear. Now move your hand towards the left ear until the fingertips touch the ear. Be sure the middle finger and center of palm follow the bony structure of the jaw. Alternate exercise with right hand. Do this a dozen times each night and you will prevent any under chin flabbiness. If it's already too late for the ounce of prevention, you will be delighted at the improvement that will result within a few weeks.

To erase eye and brow wrinkles try resting the chin in the palms of your hands with the middle finger of each hand pressed between the corners of the eyes and

KEEP THAT FRESH GLOWING SKIN OF YOUTH

By Carolyn Belmont

nose. Lightly move the hands outward to the hairline with the cushions of the middle fingers following the line over the closed lids or brows. Press the fingertips firmly over temples. Relax hands and repeat exercise several times. Always use a rotary movement around the eyes.

Use tissues to remove the cream —dozens of them, they're inexpensive and efficient. Besides, in using tissues, the skin will not become irritated as it sometimes does when the cream is removed with a towel or cloth.

To get the best results in skin care, first determine the kind of skin you have. You can analyze it yourself. Some morning when you get up a few minutes early take a magnifying hand mirror (you can get one at the "Five and Ten" if you haven't one) to the window and examine your skin. Find out whether it's normal, dry or oily. Most of you will decide it's none of these, but rather dry in spots with a shiny path stretching from your forehead to chin. However, with proper care these defects won't last long.

IF you are lucky enough to have a normal skin, you won't have much to worry about. You can cleanse it any way you please just as long as you are thorough about the job. Cream it a couple of times. Once to remove the top layers of grime, and again to cleanse deeply into the pores. Wash with warm water and soap after the creamings, splash on cold water, dry and finish up with a skin bracer.

You people with the oily skin, for all your grumblings, are still the most fortunate, despite the hard time you have keeping your nose from shining like a beacon, and geting blackheads as a result of piling on layers of powder.

I do realize that you have a tremendous (*Continued on page 82*)

SMART GIRL?...YOU BET!
I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



YES INDEED! If you want to keep "*tattle-tale gray*" out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you *two* cleaners instead of *one!* Richer *golden soap* working hand-in-hand with *lots of naptha.* A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a *brighter, sweeter whiteness!*

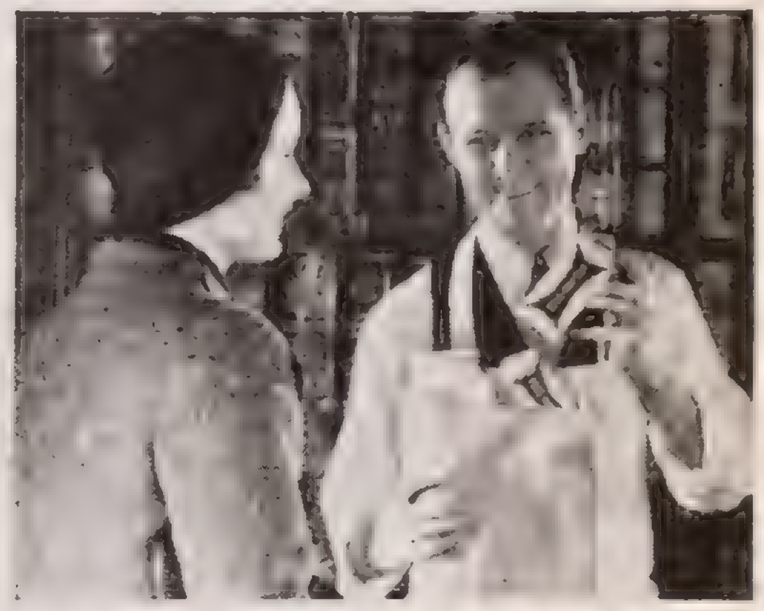
Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silk stockings, lingerie, woolens. Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today . . . Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO.

Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



1. "**One day at the grocer's,** I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, '*Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets out ALL the dirt.*' Well . . ."



2. "**Next washday,** I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively *golden soap* and *naptha.* The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."



3. "**And now look at this!** Did you ever see a *whiter* shirt? Why, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."



(Above) Thomas and his young son, Lowell Jackson, making their farm pay. (Right) A favorite pet is this great Pyrenees snow dog. (Extreme right) one of a dozen horses that Lowell Thomas owns.

EVERY ONE OF YOU HAS WHAT LOWELL THOMAS WENT AL

By Francis Barr Mathews

LOWELL THOMAS showed me the eighth wonder of the world. We spent a day together looking it over. You've seen it in your own life—and if you haven't, this story will tell you where to find it.

Neither you nor I have cracked the oyster of adventure as successfully as this clear-eyed, stocky gentleman who finds "books in the running brooks, sermons in stone and good copy in everything."

Perhaps our lives are too dull and work-a-day to make possible so profound a discovery as his. Perhaps the eighth wonder of the world, close at hand, is really no wonder at all to us—simply because we haven't seen the seven wonders and so through lack of contrast have failed to get a kick out of life where it'll do us the most good.

Listen. This fellow who every evening brings the news to you, stirringly interpreted, may be only a clear, resonant voice offering you an hors d'oeuvre or a liqueur for your mundane supper, but when you know the real man behind that voice, you'll understand more clearly the authority of the vibrant diction which brings to life what have been mere names in newspapers until Lowell Thomas got his hooks into them.

Thomas has seen the wonders of the world. At forty-two he has a life history that makes dullards of us all. He started as chief of the civilian mission sent to Europe by President Wilson to prepare an historical record of the World War. In that job he was to visit every front and report to the people of America. He did. He was attached in turn to the Belgian, French Italian, Serbian, British and the American armies. While with the Italians he explored the Alps, the Asiago Plateau the reaches of the Piave River. The Near East drew him next and the British government sent a ship to carry him to Cairo so that he could join General Allenby, in charge of the Allied forces there. One of his favorite gags is that in forty minutes he flew the distance which it took the Children of Israel forty years to traverse.

To be historian of the Palestine Campaign was not enough. He heard of the mysterious English officer who had succeeded in uniting the Arabian tribes against the Turks and thereby putting a $250,000 price on his head. General Allenby arranged for Thomas to join this mysterious gentleman—the famous T. E. Lawrence. And so Lowell Thomas became historian of the Arabian revolution which sent him on dangerous campaigns through the desert, led him into weird adventures in the rock city of Petra and put him in close contact with Lawrence himself, that Quixotic leader of an alien race.

After the war, instead of returning to America, he went from France to Germany to study that crisis-ridden country in the midst of a bloody revolutio



is findings were reported to the Peace Conference. Then followed a more civilized adventure in the eatre—a successful run at the Century Theatre in New ork of his film, a pictorial description of his Palestine nd Arabian experiences with Allenby and Lawrence, resented to the accompaniment of a magnificent symhony orchestra. So impressive was the film that an nbitious impresario persuaded him to bring his show London where it had a run of many months.

Two years later the American government asked him to ecord the first flight around the world. He could not ake the whole trip, but joined them as soon as possible nd became historian of the project. Incidentally, he eveloped a mad passion for flying which resulted in him nd his wife taking a 25,000 mile airplane flight in 1926 nd 1927. They covered twenty-one countries in Europe, sia, and North Africa—the longest passenger air ourney up to that time. The avowed purpose was to tudy international development in aviation, but the real ignificance of the trip to Thomas was that he secured he finest collection of airplane photographs in this country nd wrote another book, "European Skyways."

THE love for adventure was implanted in Thomas by the man who influenced him more than any other. That nan was his father, Harry George Thomas, a surgeon who brought his family to Colorado from Darke County, Ohio, where young Lowell was born in '92.

At eleven Lowell was working (*Continued on page* 94)

OVER THE WORLD TO FIND



Jessica Dragonette



Bertha Brainard



Ora D. Nichols



Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt

THE NINE GREATEST *Women* IN RADIO

THIS IS a dangerous story. It is not an easy one to write. When nine women are chosen by a group, no matter how thoughtfully they may have been selected, there is bound to be dissension. So, if you should disagree with this list, remember, it was not compiled by one person.

First I went to an important broadcasting executive. He stared at me. A smile played about the corners of his usually grave lips. "The nine biggest women in radio," he said. "Why . . . Kate Smith! Seriously, and no pun intended, that's a large order." His pencil drummed on the desk. "A large order," he repeated, "So please don't quote me."

And he sent me to another executive. It began in just that way. I went from one radio chain to another—and back again. Finally, after talking to executives, press agents and the Editor of RADIO STARS, the following list was created.

When a Columbia official raves about NBC players, and NBC picks Columbia's stars, that's news! It was Columbia who said NBC's Bertha Brainard and Jessica Dragonette should positively be on the list. It was NBC who voted for Columbia's Gracie Allen and Kate Smith. Thus those four head the list. Let's analyze them, and find out why.

Kate Smith is unique. There has never been anyone like her on radio. She is a definite part of it . . . a lady singer whose hearty warbling sold cigars! Her voice became a comfort to shut-ins. She is the hope of the American wallflower. In her own slow, good-natured, elephantine way she is amazing, this Kate Smith, who never took a singing lesson, but held an audience spell bound as she sang an aria from "Samson and Delilah," while Philadelphia's great Stokowski conducted the orchestra. This same Kate Smith whose bulk grew to be the butt of so many jokes that it built her a profitabl publicity mountain of laughs. Her weight is to radi circles what the Ford car was to the auto industry. Sh may wince at the laughter, but it is kindly and has helpe her to become a national figure.

You cannot fake over the air. Radio audiences sens sincerity. They love Kate Smith, love her for her simpl cheer. If there is any secret to her success, then tha is it. Men, women, children, they all love her. She i the Edgar Guest of song.

HOPPING over to Radio City, we take a look at Jessic Dragonette, Jessica—blond, lovely, fragile Jessica whose first public appearance was in Max Rheinhardt' "Miracle," where, at every performance, she was obliged to hide behind painted clouds and sing the angel's song Jessica, who of her own accord, gave up a profitable Broadway musical comedy career in order to gamble i what was then the new and shaky field of radio. She was one of the first to bring the musical comedy to th microphone. When she broadcasts Miss Dragonette be haves as if she were standing before the footlights. She puts on a stage makeup, wears an evening gown and use gestures while she sings. Jessica joins radio's great because she brought it that indefinable quality called glamor.

There you have Jessica and Kate, contrasts, but equally important.

Now, Columbia again . . . and . . . Gracie Allen. She may be light, she may be flimsy, but she too has her definite place. Gracie Allen is without a doubt the foremost of all radio comediennes. She set the style for Portland Hoffa, for Mary Livingston. Here again radio proved its microscopic tendencies. For years Burns and Allen had been in vaudeville and for years Gracie rattled



Kate Smith



Gertrude Berg



Ireene Wicker



Gracie Allen



YET MOST IMPORTANT IN THE ENTIRE BROADCASTING SET-UP IS SHE WHOSE FACE YOU DO NOT SEE HERE

By Nanette Kutner

off the same sort of nonsense she gives you over the air. Yes, vaudeville audiences laughed at her. They laughed politely. But they never laughed the way the radio public did after they once heard that funny little voice of hers. Radio does things wholeheartedly and never, never by halves. It picked up that voice, tossed it into the air, chuckled over it, adored it, and made Gracie Allen the queen of goofiness. If there is a why to it all, here it is: The average person likes to think he is smart. Gracie Allen never fails to give him this opportunity. She caters to the superiority complex in every audience. They love to catch her mistakes . . . to anticipate them . . . to outsmart her. She is the sop for their conceit and Gracie Allen, with one of the keenest minds in radio, knows this. Contrary to the nutty character she portrays, she is nobody's fool and well deserves her place among the first nine.

Next we have NBC's Bertha Brainard. She's been in radio since the beginning, since the days when she wrote and broadcast play reviews for a local station. Through its various stages she has watched this fantastic industry grow and personally helped to nurture it. As her offices changed, so the industry developed. She has seen and actively participated in every phase. There were the exciting old days on WJZ when she had to announce, arrange programs, substitute for the star who failed to show up, persuade a star to show up, write last minute bits and find talent. Now, barricaded by secretaries, she sits in her Radio City office, creates new ideas, casually telephones the coast, suggests talent, discovers proteges, and, in short, is program director for the National Broadcasting Company.

THIS Brainard lady is a surprise. She does not resemble a woman executive. She is slim, and blue-eyed and red haired, in fact looks (*Continued on page 97*)

The GIBSON FAMILY



MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · 99 44/100 % PURE

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

" 'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

ANSWERED REQUESTS FOR YOUR

RADIO STARS received so many special requests for pictures that it is impossible to grant them all at one time. Here you will find some. Others will be scattered throughout the magazine. (Right) Don Redman, the hot dance maestro. (Extreme right) Virginia Rea, soprano.





(Right) Frank Luther is a member of the Happy Wonder Bakers, the Men About Town, and is soloist on Heart Throbs of the Hills. (Extreme right) Rosaline Green, actress, who speaks the Mary Lou lines on Show Boat and acts in many other shows on the kilocycles.





(Right) Meyer Davis, the millionaire maestro, enjoys a game of backgammon in his garden. (Extreme right) Hal Kemp, the CBS orchestra leader with his featured singer, Deane Janis. His music formerly came from Chicago. Now he's at the Pennsylvania, New York.





(Right) Jimmie McHugh and Dorothy Fields, composers of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," are NBC artists. (Extreme right) Vic (Art Van Harvey) and Sade (Bernardine Flynn) and their boy Rush (Billy Idelson) are heard over NBC in sketches of American family life.





• • • STRICTLY

• During the summer James Wallington, NBC announcer, was secretly divorced in Reno from Stanislawa Butkiewicz, dancer, to whom he had been married for many years. Soon thereafter, Jimmie married Anita Furman, dancer at Radio City Music Hall, which is just across the street from the NBC studios.

• Rumor has it that Johnny Marvin is divorced.

• Conrad Thibault is being seen around New York with members of the fairer sex.

• Madge Kennedy, the Broadway and Hollywood actress, and William B. Hanley, NBC dramatic production director, were recently wedded. She's on the new Red Davis show, which her husband directs.

• Page Horatio Alger! A page boy at NBC has become the night manager. Four years ago Edward Cunningham was one of the uniformed youngsters at Chicago studios. Now he has succeeded Charles Phelps as night chief.

• Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waring became parents of a baby girl in September. They've named her Dixie.

• Doug Hope of "Princess Pat Players" on NBC is celebrating the arrival of Douglas, Junior, six pounds and ten ounces.

• Phil Baker's second baby will probably see the light for the first time around New Year's day in Miami. On her return from Europe, Mrs. Baker (Peggy Cartwright)

BROADCASTLAND IS STORK MAD! CUPID IS SHOOTING DARTS! AND RENO

By Wilson Brown





Mary Small acts as mistress of ceremonies on her own NBC program called "Little Miss Bab-O's Surprise Party."



(Top) Al and Lee Reiser, kin but not brothers, make NBC pianos talk. (Bottom) Frances Lee Barton, food expert, poses with her children.

CONFIDENTIAL

will go to Miami with her daughter, Margot Eleanor. And her Chicago physician, Dr. J. Berinstein, will leave for Florida in December to attend her.

• Martha Mears took your editor for a ride over the matter of her age. Said she was really nineteen, but liked to be considered as twenty-one. Truth of the matter is, she was twenty-four on July 18. And her name isn't Mears at all. It's Peters. And she's no longer eligible as she's already Mrs. Sid Brokaw, wife of one of Ozzie Nelson's fiddle players. The ceremony was in September.

• Although announced before, requests make further explanation necessary. Annette Hanshaw is off Show Boat of her own accord. She's said to be getting $750 weekly from her show on CBS Tuesday and Thursdays

Eighteen-year-old Lois Nixon sings with Jack Russell's orchestra over CBS from Chicago. She's an Alabama girl.



JUDGES ARE WORKING OVERTIME!

(Top) Betty Jane, left, and Virginia Holman, sister piano team on NBC. (Bottom) Walter B. Pitkin, noted author, is heard on CBS.

for Camel Cigarettes, which is more than she got on Show Boat.

● Paul Whiteman, Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, are contemplating making a tour of theatres starting about Christmas time. "Just to help the government raise some taxes," Al explains.

● It pays to be a brother of a big-shot. When Bob Crosby, twenty-one-year-old brother of Bing, debuted at New York's Riviera with the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra, NBC gave him an hour program with salutes from Brother Bing, the Boswells, George Stoll's ork from California, the Mills Brothers, Anson Weeks' band and Buddy Rogers.

● Pat Barnes is a man of loyalty and of sentiment. The pilot of Lombardo-Land recently flew from New York to Wisconsin to sing at the funeral of a woman who was his first fan when he went on the air a decade ago from Chicago.

● Norman Siegel, radio editor of the Cleveland *Press* and member of RADIO STARS' Board of Review, is no longer a bachelor.

● "The Press-Radio Bureau is a failure," said Senator Dill of Washington, co-author of federal radio legislation, before the National Association of Broadcasters meeting in Cincinnati recently. "Either," he said, "the Press Associations must change the terms of the agreement so radio stations can give their listeners up-to-the-minute news, or radio stations will find or create means and methods of securing news entirely independent of the press associations."

● Charles Winninger, the Captain Henry of Show Boat, has announced his intentions of leaving radio. Show Boat, however, owns the name "Captain Henry" and the new man will have the same name. Winninger plans to go into Libby Holman's Broadway play "Revenge with Music" to cash in on the popularity radio gave him.

● Police were called in at a Memphis dance hall in September when a fight between Cab Calloway and his bandmen and the guests resulted in a free-for-all. Trouble is said to have started when Cab refused to comply with all requests for autographs. Woe is fame!

● Guest star programs are the rage. Now comes the Hoover Sentinels Serenade over NBC Sundays to present Rudolph Ganz, pianist, November 4; Irene Castle McLaughlin, socialite dancer, November 18; Violinist Albert Spalding, December 2; and on December 23, Mme. Schumann-Heink.

● Conoco sales have increased 410 per cent since the program with Harry Richman, John B. Kennedy and Jack Denny's orchestra started on NBC.

● Walter Preston, NBC baritone, recently celebrated his tenth anniversary in radio with his 2,500th performance.

● A new committee of radio artists has been formed to declare war on fraudulent radio schools. If any of you readers have been victims of fake schools, register your complaint with either Mark Warnow, Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, or the Voice of Experience at the same address. Mark is chairman of the committee.

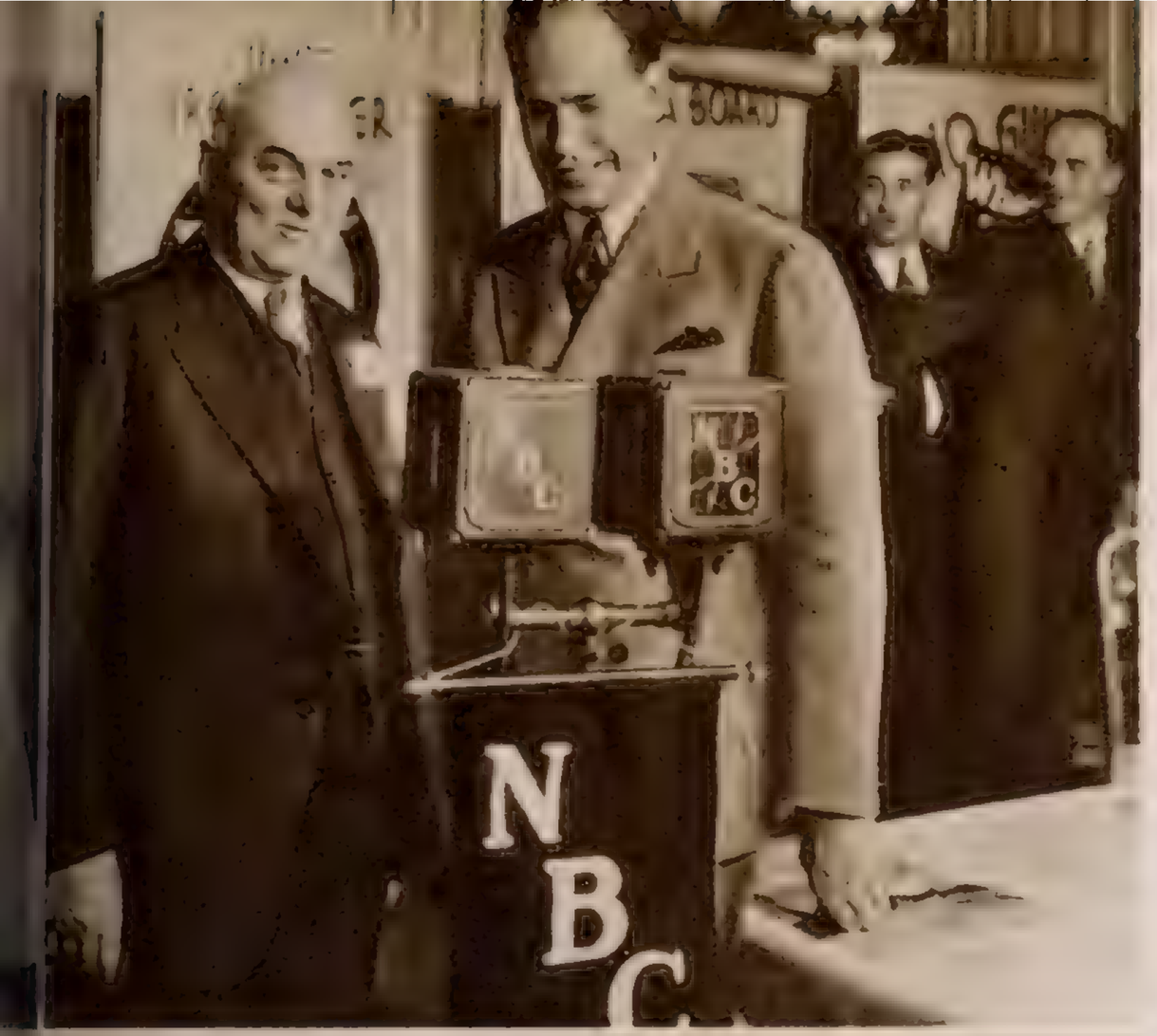


(Above) The Tune Twisters of NBC, noted for harmony, vocal and instrumental. (Below) Carol Lee, heard on the Hollywood on the Air program.



Jane Ace reminds herself that November 17 is the fifth wedding anniversary of her marriage to Goodman Ace.





(Above) Sam Hayes, NBC's Richfield Reporter, poses with Mayor Angelo J. Rossi of San Francisco. (Below) Cliff Edwards, alias "Ukulele Ike," of CBS.



Formerly a range rider of Kansas, Carson Robison now leads his Buckaroos in the Bar X Days and Nights program over CBS.



• Sometimes rumors are right; sometimes they're wrong. Anyway, the current story is that Charles Carlisle, CBS tenor, is secretly married. If true, the ceremonies were the week of July 9.

• Marion Bergeron (Miss America) and Jack Landt of the Landt Trio and White are billing and cooing and may tell it to a preacher..

• Maxine Marlow, singer with Phil Spitalny's band, may play opposite Lanny Ross in his next flicker tentatively called "Mississippi." Molasses 'n' January of radio's Show Boat will be featured. Lanny's latest picture is Paramount's "College Rhythm" with Joe Penner.

• This year's prize dahlia has been named "Jessica Dragonette" in honor of the Cities Service soprano.

• Georgie Price, actor-comedian, purchased a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and is dividing his time between broadcasting and high finance.

• J. B. Correll (Andy's father) made his first visit to New York to meet Amos' famous partner on his return from Europe. The elder Correll drove the family car all the way from Peoria.

• When Arthur E. Bagley, early NBC exercise man, vacationed in Quebec recently, his place before the mike was taken by Dick Weed, NBC engineer on the Bagley program. Which marks Dick as an all-around man when he can substitute for his boss.

• CBS now has 100 stations, making it radio's biggest network. The 100th to join was KWKH, Shreveport, Louisiana.

• Mme. Schumann-Heink, despite her seventy-three years, will make at least three New York stage appearances this fall in addition to her Sunday night broadcasting.

• Four members of the cast of "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" went stork mad. Peggy Allenby has a baby girl; Carlyle Stevens, announcer, is papa to a new boy; Cornelius Van Voorhiis has a daughter; and Don Stauffer, director, also is proud of his new baby girl.

• Travis Hale, thirty, tenor of the Three Cheers, Al Pearce trio, is engaged to marry Renee Winkler, twenty-one, Pearce's secretary.

• The stork visited Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Conrad (he's the CBS announcer) in September and left a daughter.

• John Mitchell of Carson Robison's Buckaroos and Louise Sparrow of Columbia, Tennessee, will soon be husband and wife.

• Chicagoans are having no difficulty this fall in locating Father Charles Coughlin, the crusading priest, on their dials. In addition to KYW, which has carried him for several seasons, WJJD and WIND, CBS affiliates, are outletting the Detroiter's addresses.

• Who says people aren't listening to the radio these days? There are 42,540,000 radio receiving sets operating throughout the world, according to the Department of Commerce. Of that number, 18,500,000 are in the United States, making this country the leader in the field. The United Kingdom ranks second with 6,124,000. Other countries in their rank of set ownership are: Germany, 5,424,000; Japan, 1,739,000; France, 1,554,000; Canada, 1,100,000; and Spain 700,000. (*Continued on page 79*)

TORCH SINGER

Illustrated by
JACK FLOHERTY, JR.

YOU hear a lot about what radio means to men and women in small, out-of-the-way places; to farmers' wives in desolate country hamlets, and shut-ins, and lonely old people. Yes, it's all true. It brings glamor and romance and vicarious thrills to all of them, at the turn of a dial.

It's the Aladdin's Lamp—the Magic Carpet—that transports you to a glittering, wonderful world a million miles away from the humdrum of daily living—until the program ends! Don't we all know it?

But it meant a lot more than that to me, Myra Gorman. (That's what I'll call myself, since I can't use my own name.) It meant a burning ambition, a hunger that never let up, to shake the dust of my little Missouri home town from my feet and make that distant, glamorous world mine.

I didn't want just "out," either. I hadn't any dreams about Hollywood, or the stage, or any ordinary career in a big city. I wanted just one thing from the time I was sixteen and discovered I had a throbby contralto voice that people wanted to listen to. I wanted to stand behind the mike in one of the biggest broadcasting studios in the country and sing to a million people who'd been waiting all day to tune in on Myra Gorman!

A simple little ambition, wasn't it, for a corn-fed country girl who hadn't anything to offer but average good looks and a voice with a sob in it. But I made it come true. I sacrificed everything and everybody—and, God knows, my own peace and happiness, too—to get what I wanted.

But this time just a year ago a Myra Gorman, who wasn't a corn-fed country girl any more, was standing behind the mike in a white satin dress that cost more than Dad ever cleared on corn and hogs in a year, sending her voice over one of the biggest networks in the country!

Well, I've still got the dress . . .

I've wondered, since, just how far my ambition and my blues-singer voice would have taken me if I hadn't taken that job in Seeley's Music Store the summer I finished High. Chance plays a big part in every career. I'm not the only girl who's gone on the air to have found that out! For if I hadn't been singing "It Was a Night in June" behind the sheet music counter that sultry August afternoon, and Cass De Voe, killing time while they were tinkering with his roadster at the garage, hadn't heard me and stepped inside the store—this story might have a very different ending. Or maybe there wouldn't be any story!

I was more than half in love with Dan Kelland, you see, whose father ran the funny, old-fashioned drug store at the corner of Main and Maple. And Dan, home from the State U., was begging me to give up my dreams of breaking into radio and marry him.

He was a darling, and more than once when there was a moon shining through the willows that fringed the river, and he talked about the home he was going to build for us up on the Bluffs I almost said: "All right, Dan!" But I guess it took a moon and a soft Missouri night to weaken me at all! Dan wasn't very exciting. He was just the boy I'd always gone with and he was and always would be a farmer. You could tell that just by looking at him. Even when he was dressed up he was a country boy in store clothes.

AND I—I wanted more out of life than he could ever give me. So I was still holding out, stubbornly, blindly bent on leaving Gilesburg, and going to Beacon City, where I could get an audition, when Cass De Voe strolled into the music shop, and draped himself over the counter. I was strumming out my own accompaniment and I didn't actually see him until I whirled about on the stool. But I knew, the way you do know such things, that I wasn't singing any more for the high school kids who were leafing over the sheet music across the aisle. And I put everything I had into that last refrain.

"Pretty good, kid," the thin, dark, young fellow I was so aware of said softly. "Too good for this two-bit joint, if nobody's told you so before . . ." His dark eyes strayed contemptuously over the music shop, came back to rest on me. "Listen, Sugar," he said with a chuckle. "You're a swell looking girl, but I couldn't see you from the side-walk. I could just hear you. And that's my business, spotting voices like yours!"

I could just stare at him. My eyes felt like blue saucers.

"It's hard to tell—the mike does tricks to voices as good as yours sometimes—but I'm betting that I can put you on the air. How does it listen, Blondie?"

"Too good to be true!" I told him shakily. Did things like this actually happen, or was it just a gag? "But how—I don't understand . . ."

(This Is the True Story of What Actually Happened to a Small Town Girl Who Lived and Suffered . . . Who Sacrificed Herself . . . Because She Wanted to Become a Radio Star. Names and Places Have Been Changed for Obvious Reasons. RADIO STARS Presents It As a Great Human Document)


FLOHER
JR

"I'm scouting for talent for the Continental Broadcasting System," he said, impatient at my blank bewilderment. "Come to Beacon City and I'll cut a lot of red tape for you." You may need some coaching in order to microphone right, but I've a drag with one of the best coaching studios there. How are you fixed for dough?"

I told him I could manage for a while, anyway, and that maybe I'd come to the city and look him up before he expected me. But I'd have to coax Dad and my Aunt Sally, who had brought me up, into letting me go and that might take a little time. I felt myself blushing furiously, thinking of Dan, and Cass De Voe grinned at me knowingly.

"There's a boy-friend in the picture too, I take it!" he said. "Who isn't going to cotton to the idea!" He looked deep in my eyes, and I felt weak all over, it was that kind of a look. "If I were in his shoes I'd feel the same way about it."



That night I told Dan about Cass and how he was going to give me a chance. But Dan was skeptical. "Listen, Myra," he told me. "Don't kid yourself. De Voe may be on the level—but he's just a city slicker to this country boy! Maybe he is scouting for talent for this broadcasting company; maybe he's the original hot shot in radio. Maybe he can put you over. But there are plenty of gyp agents making a good thing out of dumb, radio-struck girls like you."

Dan's nice, homely grin didn't take the sting out of the words. I snatched my hand from his clasp.

"Do you think I'm not going to make good—or are you afraid that I am?" I flared up at him. "You don't want me to have my chance, Dan! You'd rather I buried myself alive in this little hick town and turned into a farmer's wife!" My voice trembled with my passionate resentment. "Well—I'm not going to do it! We're washed up after tonight, you and I—and six months from now, when I'm singing over the net-work!"

HIS blue eyes were wistful, suddenly. "You've never really been in love with me, Myra. A man can always tell. But I thought, caring as much as I did, that it would work out . . ."

"Don't, Dan," I said with a lump in my throat. "I hate to hurt you. But I've got to go. I've got to . . ."

Ten days later, one rainy September morning, I got off the train in the smoky Union Station in Beacon City. I was pretty scared. My hundred and fifty dollars didn't seem so much even though I found myself a cheap room in a shabby part of town and began to budget my meals and expenses right away. But I felt that once I'd seen Cass De Voe again everything would be all right.

Dan Kelland had sensed the truth; I may as well admit it. My dreams of a career, a future on the air, were nebulous as mist. I was thinking about Cass De Voe—remembering his sleepy, dark eyes, his caressing voice, his smile that said so much. Counting the hours until I saw him again. That same afternoon, I found my way to the address he'd given me. It was something of a shock to find it a shabby, run-down building with a dingy front and a creaky elevator. Love-sick kid that I was, I wasn't altogether a fool. And this set-up didn't look right. But there was his door and here was I. On the threshold of success, I told myself defiantly, thinking of Dan at home

The dingy office I entered didn't heighten my spirits any. Nor did the languid, drug-store blonde at the switch-board. But then, before I could give her my name and business, a door marked "Private" opened and Cass stood there in his shirt-sleeves.

"Oh," I said idiotically. "I'm so glad you're in. Should I have phoned?"

He stared at me, rumpling his dark hair with an abstracted hand. Of course, in a dark blue frock and a wide-brimmed hat I must have looked very different from the girl in Seeley's music store. But—he didn't know me!

"Don't you remember me?" I said weakly. "I'm Myra Gorman. You heard me singing in a music store in Gilesburg . . . you said you'd get me an audition . . ."

His smile made my heart beat again. Oh, everything was all right, after all! Happiness flooded me as he slid a casual arm about my shoulders, drew me towards the inner office. "Remember you?" he asked gaily. "Would I be forgetting the best looking blonde that ever crossed my path? Well, well. So the little country girl comes to the big town."

HE was putting me into a shabby leather chair, taking my jacket and purse, telling me how swell it was to see me again. And I swear to you, I didn't think any more about how much I had at stake until a big, burly man with a burned-out cigar in his mouth barged in on us and Cass introduced him as his partner, Mr. Burke.

"This is the girl I told you about, Burke," Cass said significantly. "I think she's a find. I'd like you to hear her sing. If she's as good as I think she is . . ."

Burke said something about Cass never picking the wrong, and presently I found myself at the battered piano in one corner of the room. There was a mike to the left of it. I thought it was an odd sort of set-up for an audition, but Cass explained that it was simply a test, to see how I microphoned. Then if my voice didn't lose anything, and my presentation was all right, he'd get me an audition at the XYZ studios. Sam Burke retired to the next office. And while Cass made the tinny, old piano do tricks, I sang.

It was so obviously a racket! Knowing what I know now, I can't see how I fell for it, green as I was. Even for the impressive patter the two men exchanged, afterwards. But I did, hook, line and sinker.

Well, before I left Cass De Voe's office, it was all settled. And though even the "reduced fee" for the "course" I agreed to take startled me, I was pitifully grateful. I was pitifully happy, too. For Cass was taking me to dinner the next night. I wasn't just a small-town girl he'd run across and forgotten. I was—important to him.

When I think of my innocence, my blindness, it hurts even now. I *must* have guessed, as time went on, that there was something fishy about the whole thing. But I didn't want to believe it. Not after Cass kissed me the first time and told me he loved me.

When I was with him—and that was plenty—I was still under his spell. I shut my ears and my eyes to everything that went on in that shabby office of his. Why, he even admitted, with that warm, sweet laugh

is, that lots of the poor saps who came there and paid heir good money for an "audition," were suckers. But omeone was going to get their money. Why not Cass)e Voe?

"And after all, sweet," he said beguilingly, drawing me leeper into his arms—we were parked outside my room-ng house in his car after he'd brought me home from linner and a show—"someone's going to take them for he ride they want. And—there's always a chance that one of 'em will turn to be hot stuff."

I HELD him off, trying to read what lay in his hand-some, wary eyes. "I know. But Cass—you haven't been kidding *me* along, have you? I've spent almost all my money. I've believed everything you said. If I had to go home now . . ." His kisses closed my brimming eyes. His love-making frightened me, sometimes when it didn't send me up among the stars.

When I went upstairs to my room that night I knew I couldn't give him up no matter what happened. But the knowing didn't keep me from weeping my heart out. My light was still on when the girl who had the room next to mine knocked.

We'd eaten together a few times and Cora Driscoll had met Cass. She knew that I was trying to get into radio and she didn't think much of my tie-up with him. But you can't talk sense to a girl in love! She didn't try after the first attempt.

I was so lonely, so heart-sick, that I was glad enough to see her. She was a hostess at the Red Dragon, a fairly unsavory roadhouse on the outskirts of town and I'd been fascinated by her blatant red-haired good-looks, her devil-may-care swagger through life—until she'd talked against Cass, then her attraction faded.

"So the old sock's about empty, huh?" she asked, through a cloud of blue smoke. "And you still don't want to eat crow at a home dinner? Well, I can get you a job, if you like. Nick is looking for a girl who can sing and give the boys a flutter. Want to come down in the morning?"



I knew the Red Dragon. I knew what it would be like, singing there. But I wanted a job. I couldn't go home—couldn't leave Beacon City while Cass was there. For if I went out of his life now . . . oh, he did care, but I cared more than he! So I snatched at the proposal, and the next morning, when Greek Nick, who ran the place, offered me a salary that was a joke, I took it like a shot.

And it was there, in that cheaply gaudy, often-raided dump, that I got my chance! Maybe it was a lucky accident; maybe word had gotten round that the new torch singer at the Red Dragon was worth hearing. (Afterwards, Cass swore that he was responsible for Martin Blake's dropping in that night; I never found out. I was afraid to, I suppose.)

But I hadn't been singing there a fortnight when, after my last song, a waiter brought a card to the dressing room. I looked at the card, and the lip-stick fell from my fingers. It said: Martin Blake, Acme Advertising Agency. Production Manager Radio Dept.

I clutched at the ledge of my rickety dressing-table. The Acme Agency was one of the biggest and best in the Southwest. And if this man *was* production manager of the radio department anything might happen.

When I saw him, quiet, grey-haired, aloof from the smoke and din, I knew there wasn't any hokum to him. He was polite, business-like and he came straight to the point. Had I ever thought of going into radio? A local chain of drug stores, whose account Acme was handling, was going on the air. There was a spot in their program for a singer whose audition pleased the sponsor.

I LISTENED in a trance. Heard myself promising to come to the broadcasting studio the next day, at two-thirty, for an audition.

Cass dropped in as usual after my last turn to drive me home. For the first time, I made no demur about going to his apartment. This wasn't the impetuous, demanding Cass I'd held out against, even when I craved his kisses most. And half an hour later I was curled up on the sofa before his hearth, warming my hands at the blaze, while he mixed drinks. Oh, it was lovely, after the rainy night, to be there in his shabby rooms! It was—like coming home.

"Are they going to like me at the broadcasting studio tomorrow?" I asked. "Oh, Cass, am I really going to make good? I feel—too happy."

He pulled me down into his arms. I gave him kiss for kiss, until he put me away from him, suddenly. "Listen, sweet." His words were strangely unsteady. "You've got that something. More than just a slick voice. You've got that something. I'm no plaster saint, but when you sing I'm sorry for every lousy thing I've ever done . . ." He laughed, as if he were ashamed of the admission, and I took his face between my hands. He meant it. And he meant the kiss that fused us, body and soul, the next minute. At least, I want to think he did.

Then, afraid of the overwhelming tide that was sweeping us both past sanity and restraint, I brought us back to earth. Before I went for my audition the next day, and talked terms, oughtn't he to really be my manager? I fired the question at him, trying to get hold of myself. He had an agreement, I knew, all drawn up, ready for me to sign. Oh, I brought it on myself, I know. He finished his drink slowly before answering.

"Okay, Baby. If that's what you want . . . I guess this covers everything."

I scarcely read the terse document. Maybe if I had—if the actual meaning of the clause giving him the fantastic fifty per cent commission on my earnings had sunk in, I might have held back. Perhaps not. But all I wanted was to sign the thing and turn Cass De Voe, my manager, back into Cass De Voe, my lover.

I flung down the pen, kissed him over the rim of my glass. "I'm yours now," I teased, "Signed, sealed and delivered!" He drew me back onto the sofa, his lips seeking my cheek, my mouth, my throat, with a passion that evoked a terrifying response in me. "Cass . . . darling . . ." I whispered. "Don't. Take me home, Cass . . ."

It was a weak plea and he (*Continued on page 70*)

LAUGHING

By Peggy Wells

THE first time Irene Noblette looked at Tim Ryan she burst out laughing, right in his face. Three months later they were married. And that started the comedy team of "Tim and Irene" which you recently heard Sunday night on NBC's "Going to Town" program and on their own half hour during the week.

Everything about them is so mixed up. Their laughter and tears always come at the wrong places. Their romance, for instance, which should have been a beautiful, serious thing was a hectic bit of comedy. Their career, on the other hand, which should have been clear sailing, was marked with heartbreak. I'm warning you now, Tim and Irene aren't a bit like the conventional, average run of people you and I know.

They met on the stage of the leading theatre in Joplin, Missouri. Irene Noblette was the ingenue of the stock company there and Tim Ryan was the leading man who had just been hired. The regular one had suddenly walked out on the show, and, if the company hadn't been stuck, Tim would never have gotten the job. For beyond possessing clean-cut features, an Irish smile and a brief bit of experience as chief barker in a carnival show, he had nothing to recommend him for the job.

There he was on the stage, rehearsing for the evening show. He didn't quite know what to do with his hands, his face was wooden and expressionless, his voice didn't behave and he sputtered all over the place.

Irene, watching him from the wings, turned to another principal and groaned, "So that's going to be my new leading man? Heaven help us!"

When she was called to rehearse the love scene with him, he put his arms around her awkwardly. "I love you," he said. He didn't exactly say it, he shrieked it. And Irene, instead of whispering something tender as her lines required, did a most upsetting thing. She burst out laughing. She laughed so long and loud that it re-echoed in the last row of the empty theatre. Tim, shame-faced and red, stared at her.

"Do that scene again," the director ordered, "and don't laugh!"

They tried it again. This time, Tim's voice cracked in the middle of his short speech. Irene's face twitched in an effort to keep that giggle down. But it came out, first



And who wouldn't laugh at the amusing little lady above. She's Irene Noblette to you, but she's just plain Missus to hubby Tim Ryan on her left. You can hear this funny pair over NBC.

A SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER BEGAN A HECTIC ROMANCE THAT LANDED TIM AND IRENE AT THE MINISTER'S. THEN TOGETHER THEY BEGAN A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK WITH TRICKY FATE

LOVERS



in a suppressed snicker and then in a roar and a howl.

The director stalked over. "You're dismissed for the day, Miss Noblette," he yelled. "Leave the theatre."

That sobered her instantly. "But he was so funny. I didn't mean to—"

"Leave at once," the director stormed.

Burning with humiliation, she stalked off the stage, her Irish nose held high. But in the privacy of the wings she huddled in a heap and started to bawl. Suddenly a hand touched her shoulder and she heard a voice say, "It really wasn't your fault. I'm sorry."

Irene looked up. There was that dumb leading man. And he was serious, too. "I guess I looked so funny you couldn't help laughing at me," he was saying.

Gosh, what a regular person he was! This time it was Irene's turn to blush.

And that was the incident that started their romance off to a high-powered speed. But there was one obstacle in their fast and fiery courtship. It was Irene's mother.

Mrs. Noblette always distrusted the theatre and its people. She had tried to keep Irene away from it, but well—what can you do with a headstrong, impetuous girl. Irene was bitten by the stage bug when she was a child. Then, at fourteen she left school to become a chorus girl in a stock company. There was nothing for Mrs. Noblette to do but travel with her daughter to see that she didn't get in the path of the devil that must surely lurk backstage. And above all, she was going to see that Irene didn't marry an actor. "All actors are alike," she lectured, "and Tim Ryan is no different from the rest. He'll just leave you stranded."

Irene would listen with a straight face and then sneak away to meet Tim for midnight suppers after the show. There they would hold hands and discuss their problem. "Let's just run off and get married," Tim said, "without telling a soul." And Irene, *(Continued on page 78)*



Left to right: Jack and Loretta Clemens, Ann Elstner, Adele Ronson, Conrad Thibault.



Chas Phelps Cushing

Librettist Courtney Riley Cooper

FOR *Distinguished*

Listening to "The Gibson Family" the other Saturday evening, I found the perfect answer to every critic of our American system of broadcasting.

This American system wherein advertisers give us vast quantities of entertainment in exchange for the privilege of telling about their product has been under fire too often in Washington. At the same time the British system of government-given broadcasts has been highly praised.

To those of you who have heeded these critics, let me tell you that never in all their lives have British listeners been granted the opportunity of hearing such an expensive, expansive radio show as the glittering "Gibson Family."

With its very first presentation of "The Gibson Family," American broadcasting took a gigantic stride ahead toward the goal of creating worthwhile, adult, radio art. Herein are combined prodigally the finest talents available for original radio fare. Original music, new words, a brand new book . . . a thrilling "world premier" in our parlors each Saturday night. Here is beauty and excitement and emotion, provided by the authors and played to the hilt by an expert and excellent cast. And here is advertising accomplished with forthright honesty and stimulating modesty.







Composer Arthur Schwartz



Lyricist Howard Dietz

SERVICE TO RADIO

RADIO STARS Magazine congratulates the Procter & Gamble Company on the vision and courage they needed to produce such a show. We congratulate, particularly, Lyricist Howard Dietz, Composer Arthur Schwartz, and Librettist Courtney Riley Cooper on having a part in the rearing of a pillar of progress in the art of broadcasting.

Because of this significant achievement, we present to "The Gibson Family" this month's Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell









(Above) John Barclay, (right) at the age of five with his mother, baby sister and brother, at their country home in England.

Things always happen to JOHN BARCLAY

By Dora Albert

ARE YOU getting enough adventure into your life? Or are you fed up with a dull, monotonous round of existence in which nothing ever seems to happen?

If you are, you'll be interested in the secret of John Barclay, the leading actor on the Palmolive Beauty Box hour.

Things always happen to John Barclay. He's TNT. He's dynamite. Around him the very air seems to crackle. Never for a moment has his life been monotonous. He has traveled around the world, faced death on the Yellow Sea, been in the War, been lost in a Chinese city, found romance, lost romance, found it again, and he has been on the stage, in opera and on the air. One year he may be sitting on top of the world and the next he may be completely broke. But never do the gods seem to decree that he must know the torture so many of us know of days following days without end and nothing ever happening.

Well, how can you get adventure into your life, as John Barclay has gotten it into his?





(Above, left) Barclay as he appears today. (Above, right) As you see, this leading actor of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre makes a most impressive looking, as well as sounding, Sir Joseph in "Pinafore."

I'll tell you. Fling caution to the winds, take a chance, laugh in the very teeth of death. If there are two ways of doing a thing, the safe, cautious way and the unplanned, dangerous way, do the reckless things. If your life hangs on a thread, throw the thread away. If your job doesn't appeal to you, chuck it and look for something else that does. If you're in a rut, jump out of it. If you haven't the money to travel first class, travel any way and see the world through a third-class porthole. Laugh at the gods. Defy your fate. Don't accept the meagre portion the gods have doled out to you. Throw it away and demand more of them.

Mad, insane advice? Of course it is. But you were asking me how to get adventure into your life and I was telling you John Barclay's way. He was as mad as a hatter. Being born in Bletchingley, England, to security and position meant nothing to him. At sixteen he was very tall, six feet three in height, a veritable giant. Today he's still taller, towering over the other members of the Palmolive cast, as his life (*Continued on page 76*)

The pistol that killed Russ Columbo.



International N

The TRAGIC DEATH



Freulich



J

One of the latest pictures of Russ Columbo before the fatal night his life was so tragically snuffed out by a pistol in the hand of his closest friend, Lansing Brown of Hollywood.

Thousands mourned as his body, covered with a blanket of gardenias sent by Carole Lombard, was borne to the altar of the Catholic Church on Sunset Boulevard. Bing Crosby was one of the pall-bearers.

A CRUEL, unreasonable accident. . . ?

Or the strange, relentless working of a destiny that was meant to be. . . ?

Sorrowfully, the radio and motion picture worlds ponder these two heart-breaking phases of the untimely passing of golden-voiced Russ Columbo.

On Sunday evening, September 2, the country was startled by the raucous voices of newsboys: "Russ Columbo Dies! Radio Crooner and Movie Star Accidentally Shot By Lansing V. Brown, His Best Friend!" And then followed the details of what the Los Angeles police department called the most "incredible accident" on their files.

Two men . . . lifelong friends . . . talking . . . one of them casually playing with an old gun on his desk . . . an antique over 100 years old . . . many times previously he had sat in contemplation or conversation unconsciously pulling at the old trigger lock . . . now he takes a cigarette from his pocket for a light, he sticks a match on the

THE LAST STORY OF THE HAPPY LIFE AND TRAGIC DEATH

OF RUSS COLUMBO BY HIS FRIEND, WALTER RAMSEY

of Russ Columbo



International News

The home of Lansing Brown in which Death so heartlessly slew the twenty-six-year-old boy who in eight months had achieved the success in work and love of which men dream.



International News

(Left) Lansing Brown, noted portrait photographer who held the dueling pistol that killed Russ Columbo. Lt. Page carries the antique pistols.

barrel of the gun in his hand . . . a sudden explosion! . . . a shot hits the top of his desk . . . ricochets . . . his friend slumps . . . "Russ you're kidding! . . . My God! . . . Mother . . . Dad" . . . and five hours later *Death!*

Could this be right? It is too cruel that a twenty-six-year-old boy who, in the past eight months, had achieved the success that all men dream of, *success in his work and success in love,* should be snuffed out by an accident so freakish that it insults the reason! This was the first horrified reaction.

And then as people in Hollywood who knew him and loved him talked of Russ in tear-choked voices you began to hear the word "Destiny" . . . "inescapable Fate." So many heartbreaking *"Ifs"* were uncovered.

If Russ, himself, had not changed the hour and date of his current radio broadcast over a national hookup from Sunday evening to Friday evening, he would have been rehearsing at the hour the fatal bullet entered his brain. *If* Russ had



(Center) Carole Lombard, one of the chief mourners, her mother and Dr. Martin.



Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern attended the last rites for the famous and well-loved Russ.



Sally Blane and her mother were also mourners at the Columbo funeral services.



(Left) A very usual scene in the Columbo home—Russ, his mother and Dad spending an evening together. (Right, l. to r.) Alberto Columbo, brother, Joseph DiBenedetti, brother-in-law, John Columbo, brother, Mrs. DiBenedetti, sister, and Delmar Smith as they entered the church.



Photos by J. B. Scott

listened to the advice of his close friend, Lansing Brown, the very man who's pistol ended his life, he would have been in Chicago on Labor Day, September 3, beginning a six week's series of radio and public appearance programs that would have netted him $7500 weekly! *If* Russ had not been so wrapped up in his newly-dawning career in motion pictures, he might have accepted the invitation of Carole Lombard to motor up to Lake Arrowhead and dine with her on Sunday evening. But the first Columbo starring picture for Universal, "Wake Up And Dream" had been previewed the previous Friday evening and Russ wanted to remain in town and talk over certain possible retakes on the film. *If* Lansing Brown had been toying with the mate to the old dueling gun that ended the career of his constant friend, even the match head would have done no harm because the other gun contained powder, *but no shot!*

The second, and perhaps truest, reaction was that unexplainable and mysterious *Destiny* had ended the career of the boy so many people loved! Fatalists say "What is to be, will be, and man cannot change the Fate of his existence!"

In an understanding and sincere radio tribute to Russ the day following the tragedy, Rush Hughes, well known commentator and son of Rupert Hughes, said: "I cannot help but wonder if his death is sad, or a triumph, a triumph for a boy who knew the joys of victory, but didn't have to stay to know the shabbiness of defeat, the bitter days of striving to hang on to a glory that eventually slips away and eludes all men. In the past year Life generously pored her greatest successes (*Continued on page 83*)



Ray Lee Jackson



Ray Lee Jackson

shirley howard

STORY books always have a fairy godmother. But radio has the godfather—Rudy Vallee. Rudy has provided more seats for unknowns in the roster of fame than you can count on all ten of your fingers and toes.

One of his latest contributions to the loudspeaker is the demure Miss pictured here, Shirley Howard. You all know her deep, deep contralto that warms the very cockles of your heart when you twirl the dial to the NBC network these winter evenings.

A few short months ago Shirley was a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia. Her job was to listen to air-famous and write about them. Little did she dream that one of the most important would listen to her. He did. At a social affair for which she had volunteered to sing. And that lucky incident unlocked the gates to fortune for this lovely lady.



Jackson

buddy and jeanni freddie martin

AT the top of the p you see that cute co e who remind you budding romance. it's Buddy Rogers and the cha - ing little elf in his arms is a Missus—somebody else's. Te gallant Buddy is assisting dimi - tive Jeannie Lang to reach e high notes and high mike to ll us song along with Ward's s t bread rolls.

That suave handsome gent o nonchalantly draped over e deck chair is your friend Fred e Martin who plays all the hi - hat spots in the Big Town. Ri t now he's gaying up New Yo 's St. Regis with his tricky da e arrangements which are guar - teed to put life into the dul st feet. Tune in NBC for his p - gram if you want to be pepped .

carol deis

HOW would you like to ask Santa Claus for a piano and have him leave a typewriter in ur stocking? It happened to arol Deis. Pennies were scarce the Deis household so Carol arned to play the typewriter id joined the arm of toiling rls who leave a half emptied ip of coffee on the table, pow- er their noses on the front eps and make a break-neck ish to catch the 8:20 to the fice.

Then she won the Atwater ent contest in 1931, and she as been climbing that golden dder of fame ever since. arol was prima donna of the cent CBS "Spotlight Revue." ow you hear her over NBC, astaining for a short nonce.



McElliott



Ray Lee Jackson





Powell Pre

(Above, extreme left) Rita Bell, the indigo singer who knows what it means to be blue. (Left) "When I was in China," but you'll have a hard time persuading Rita to talk, for terror played a great part in the Chinese sojourn.

GLOBE TROTTING TO GLORY

By Martia
Mc Clellan

YOU want to crash radio, do you? I wonder if you have the nerve. Yes, I mean nerve. Would you leave family and friends on a moment's notice to go on a wild-goose chase to strange, weird countries to accomplish your ambition?

I wonder how many of us could honestly say yes? And, because I believe that number is very small, I want to tell you the whole thrilling story of one girl who would —and did. Her name is Rita Bell. She sings with Harold Stern and his Hotel Montclair orchestra over the NBC network, and she arrived at this job via New York, Paris, London, Africa, Berlin, Florida, California, China, Honolulu, Hollywood and back to New York.

Five years ago, Rita Bell was just another average girl looking for a break in radio. Full of talent, ambition and hope, she was like thousands of other youngsters who were storming the audition doors. But in spite of darned good voice, in spite of an armful of letters fr "important people," in spite of a dynamic personality a a figure like an exclamation point, Rita never got past t frigid stares of the studio hostesses.

Instead of going back to the farm, disillusioned a disgusted, Rita determined to do something about Her only hope, she decided, lay outside of New Yo which was already over-run with would-be singers. she shook the dust of New York from her feet, tuck her bags under her arms, crossed her fingers for lu and hopped on a boat for Europe! Little did she dre that it was to be the first lap of an amazing journey— in the name of career.

The scene was different in Europe. They welcom American performers and Rita managed to bluff her w



ove) She wasn't posing
c a cigarette, either,
wn this was snapped in
North Africa.



Taking in a "show" in an African village, where performers are bedecked in trophies of the hunt.



A little more to the taste of civilization were Rita's (right) experiences during the time she worked in Honolulu.

TO THE WILDEST JUNGLES OF AFRICA AND INTO THE MYS-

TERIOUS ORIENT, RITA BELL WENT IN SEARCH OF A CAREER

everal singing jobs in the smaller Paris stations. Then went to London where she obtained work from time to with the British Broadcasting System. One day the ning point in her life came in the person of a Mr. lessinger, representative of the African Theatres, , who visited the BBS studios while Rita was there ing her turn to go on the air. And if she hadn't been rely, peppy American girl with the American's natural ke-a-chance" attitude, she might have been too scared ake up his unusual offer, for out of a clear sky he ed how she would like to sing in Africa.

Within three minutes after the proposition had been le, Rita Bell of New York signed a contract that was ake her to that continent.

t was in Capetown, South Africa, that she first learned ut radio and its workings, all about "mike" technique about the fans' tastes. But in spite of the comfort- environment of the broadcasting studio, she managed see the real Africa and all of its fascinating horrors. ce, for instance, a young officer from North Rhodesia ited her to go on a rhinoceros hunt across the river. 'I was having a grand time," she told me, "enjoying strange, wild beauty of the African jungles on either of the narrow river, when suddenly I looked into river and saw a sight which made me sick with fear. ere, flapping along the boat, were droves of crocodiles, ir cavernous mouths yawning and yapping signifitly. I rushed to the other side of the launch, hoping escape the sight, and again I looked right down into horrible, gaping mouths.

'Quaking with terror, I went to warn my friend. But my surprise he laughed, saying, 'We're all used to that now. Look at the other people in the party. They're not frightened!' I looked around and sure enough, the rest of the party were completely oblivious of the ugly creatures."

"I asked one of the native sailors on the launch if the crocodiles ever molest humans crossing the river.

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'Sure, Missy,' he replied nonchalantly, 'but what can you do? Maybe we be lucky.'

"Well, I couldn't take such a casual attitude toward life. That trip was ruined for me."

BUT, of course, there was her career to think of. You see, her African radio début had gradually opened the doors to other foreign broadcasting stations. Gradually her programs simmered into several European countries. The idea of a young American girl singing in far off Africa was too unusual to pass without comment That's how it happened that she received an offer to sing in Berlin. So Africa with its weird customs was left behind for Europe again

Shortly after, she was back in the U. S. A., Florida wanted her. And not many months passed before she was in California, playing the theatres of Los Angeles and broadcasting over Station KNX

Her friends thought that by now she was settled and would be content to stay put. But she wasn't. A chance came to sing in—of all places—China! So she landed in Shanghai.

Rita did her best to instill some American customs into the Chinese broadcasting situation, but didn't always succeed. For instance, while she was singing in one of the hotels she was offered a *(Continued on page 106*

Radio's ma

THIS piece is going to be a mystery story! First, because it concerns *The Mystery Chef*—radio's third most popular performer. Second, because it has to do with a certain mysterious room.

Now, this room is a magic spot. It contains an iron box out of which fire blazes at the touch of a match. On its walls hang caldrons and vessels for brewing strange mixtures. The shelves and bins are weighted with grains and spices from the six continents. And in the cupboard, smooth as a baby's cheek, reposes a magic wand.

It is a room like any other room when an ordinary person uses it. But when a wizard comes through the door and lights the fires and starts the bubbling and the boiling, then magic follows. A potent magic that sweetens the waters of life. A magic that can produce strong love, lasting friendship, devoted husbands, and children who prefer to stay at home.

The magic room—our room of mystery—is, as you may have guessed, the kitchen, any old kitchen. The iron box is everybody's stove. The wand, a rolling pin. The magic is cookery. Cookery, which the Mystery Chef asserts, is the most powerful force for human happiness.

"I have known people to fall in love, get married and live happily together—all because of a good meal or two," he said with a smile at his wife.

"I have known homes," he continued, "that were heading for the rocks and shoals of divorce to be saved by a half dozen good recipes.

"I have seen nodding acquaintances ripen into warm friends over a series of well-cooked dinners.

"We all know how business is accelerated by good cooking, how contacts are made, negotiations carried forward and contracts signed over the luncheon table.

"And I know of little brown hens whose rating in society, far below zero, suddenly popped above par and whose homes became everybody's favorite dropping-in place, when the little brown hens demonstrated that they were major cooks.

"Friendship, love and happy marriage, these, the most important things in life, often come and go depending on what emerges from that room of mysteries, the kitchen."

When he tells you these things, the Mystery Chef is not guessing, he is simply talking of what he knows, giving you facts as definite and indisputable as Forty-Second Street and Broadway. He knows the magic that cooking can accomplish from twenty-five years at the stove, from thousands of conversations, and from 1,200,000 lett sent to him by radio admirers. Only two other pers on the air can boast as many.

These letters are true stories, confessions, outpouri of troubled and jubilant human beings who tell the M tery Chef what's what in American homes. They co from husbands and wives, from school girls and rah- boys, from nine-year-old snivelers and ninety-year- dodderers. "There were enough to cover the railr tracks from here to Seattle. And some got in my and made me weep. A great many tickled me and m me laugh, like this one. . . ."

It was about a girl who was in love with an awf nice fellow. And he was in love with her. But no wedd date was set and the engagement dragged and drag She told the Chef all about it in a letter, how her sw heart would come three or four times a week to eat blue-ribbon dinners her mother cooked. And how t man loved to eat! One morning, sunk in the deep ind blues she heard the Chef on the radio. He made cook sound so easy, so fascinating that she got out a pe took down his recipes and walked into the kitchen.

That night the boy friend ate and ate, sighing with as he demolished a roast, three different vegetables salad, pie, coffee and trimmings. When there was noth left on the battlefield but crumbs, he pushed back chair, walked around the table and kissed the girl's mot smack on the cheek.

"Maw," he said rapturously, "that meal was a mas piece. Them chips, them pies, them . . . them. . . ."

The old lady waved her hand impatiently. "Be yo self, Elmer! The kid cooked the dinner. I was at movies all afternoon."

Well, you could have knocked him down with a bu pat. A month later, they were married. And if you do me, ask the Mystery Chef.

BUT how can you ask him if you don't know who is—do I hear you inquire? Yes—who is he—wh this remarkable man—why the mystery? It's about t someone threw a little light on the subject, so here g

His name is John MacPherson; residence, New Y a bland, sandy, freckled Scot, big and braw; the bro of an English peer, and, until he took up cooking, of London's most successful advertising men. When came to this country years and years ago he stoppe

THE MOST POWERFUL FORCES FOR HUMAN HAPPINESS—FRIENDSH

f Mystery

boarding house where the cooking was so bad that he as driven, in self-defense, to take up cooking. And e has been cooking ever since. He has been married enty-five years and his wife has yet to cook her first eal. Whether there be two or twenty guests for dinner, e prepares and cooks and serves all meals. What a break r Mrs. Mystery Chef MacPherson!

E wears no mask but he hides his identity because his mother, who died recently, did not like the idea of son of her's ladling out recipes to the public. As a point fact, this man of mystery has done more to take the ask off cookery than any other living chef or domestic ience authority. He has mastered the art of teaching words of one syllable. Each syllable, in his case, being icked with information and wisdom.

The Mystery Chef knows the recipes of almost every ish eaten by civilized man. "I have in my possession, nong others, over two hundred recipes of the world's reat men," he told me. The list of recipe inventors ncludes Luther Burbank, Lord Balfour, George Eastman, ing Edward VII, Steinmetz, Clemenceau and many thers of equal rank.

Shut up in his head are ten thousand recipes for food, re and commonplace, but he has other recipes, too—e kind not usually found in cook books. He has recipes r the happy life. "To be a good cook," he said, "you ust go into the kitchen with love in your heart for hat you are about to do and for the people who will eat our cooking. It is the most important ingredient of ny recipe."

Not so long ago he got a letter from a woman who ld how skillful management of her kitchen, following e Mystery Chef formula, had carried her husband and erself through the depression doldrums. She spoke of ow her husband suffered because of his failure to find job. He was becoming desperate and nothing that she uld say seemed to help. Up to that time she had been fair, run-of-the-mill cook. But those days, weeks and nonths of her husband's ordeal, she shut herself up in he kitchen and by dint of prayer, power of love and tips rom the Mystery Chef accomplished magic. She poured erself into the pots and roasters—with a hawk's eye on he expense. And she got across to her man, dish by ish, the message that nothing else mattered, neither noney, house nor job except the fact that they were both alive and in love with each other now and forever.

What are the most valuable things in life, asks the Mystery Chef? *Memories* is the answer. What are our most precious memories? The memories of home. Are they not wrapped up in pies and cookies and Sunday chicken. The cake that mother used to make. The turkey we used to eat on Thanksgiving. The shining table . . . the faces of pa and ma . . . all when we were young and without a care.

No greater enthusiast for the magic and mysterious room exists than the Mystery Chef. But he is no advocate of the old-fashioned system under which women sweltered hours and hours at the stove. He is constantly warning against such methods and giving hints on how to avoid overwork when guests are expected.

For example, he has discovered a way of preparing grape fruit two days in advance. And a system of pie baking that is equally ingenious and labor-saving. The pie is made in three sections: crust, fruit and whipped cream. The first two can be made twenty-four hours before the guests are expected and put together with the whipped cream in five minutes.

After giving a recipe for baked fish, he says, "Fish that has been cooked according to my recipe can be put in the icebox and reheated when required.

What a man! He is not in a flutter when guests arrive. He doesn't sit down one eye, one ear and one nostril trained on the cooking department. No indeed and no, no no! Everything is set when they arrive. He is free to attend to his guests. His meal smokes on the table before the cocktails are consumed. And before the first fork descends into the hors d'œuvre he is in his chair. What is more he is as fresh and unweary as the guests.

"Your table is a stage," the Mystery Chef declares. "It should have its spectacle every night." He doesn't mean fancy gewgaws. He means a spectacle that will make your tummy applaud.

Ostrich plumes, bicycles, bustles, hips, wasp waists and all of the other things of the gay nineties are back a la mode. Cooking is due for a revival. It used to be *Come out of the kitchen!* It's going to be *Go back!* A million and a quarter writers of letters to the Mystery Chef represent a trend and a demand. So tiptoe out of the parlor and into the magic room, wave the wand and win for yourself all the solid and spiritual things essential to a pleasant human existence.

OVE, MARRIAGE—COME OUT OF THE MAGIC ROOM OF THIS WIZARD

RADIO SAVES *Lives*

By Mary Jacobs

"I'LL just tune in for awhile," said Mrs. Anna Smith of Newcomb, New York, wearily, to her husband. "Maybe there'll be a snappy jazz band or a bit of comedy. I could stand a little cheering up sittin' around and waiting for my leg to heal. Can you imagine a little pup like that biting so deep? Drat the dog!"

It's a lucky thing Mrs. Smith did tune in, for the chance broadcast from station WGY of Schenectady saved her life. Radio is a strange instrument. It reaches into the far corners of the globe and in a funny, zigzag course maps out human destinies. Quite unintentionally, it seems. Perhaps it will be you to be singled out today or tomorrow.

You doubt it? A seemingly irrelevant broadcast has, more than once, changed a person's life. A whole family's existence. Radio has warned people of onrushing floods. It has prevented suicides. Caused them, too. Romances have been patched up. Abandoned and helpless children found homes. Radio has acted as a doctor by proxy, and cheated death.

To return to Mrs. Smith, nursing her dog-bitten leg. The broadcast warned that a dog, answering the exact description of the pup which had bitten her, was at large and that it had rabies. Anyone bitten by that pup was to visit a doctor immediately and undergo the famous Pasteur treatment if he wanted to remain on this earth. A bite from a mad dog, as you know, usually proves fatal.

In less time than it has taken me to write this, Mrs. Smith and her husband were on their way to the doctor's. Today Mrs. Smith is alive and healthy.

Radio has proved a life-saver in numerous other ways. Particularly has it guided young boys and girls, torn by conflicting emotions and half-crazy with worry.

I'm not talking of radio's power to keep us amused and entertained, to keep boys and girls off the street corners, out of mischief, provide them with good, clean fun in their homes. Oh, no. I'm just thinking of how chance radio programs have often filled a terrific need.

Even the lowly comedian may be master of someone's destiny, through radio. So Jack Pearl learned last week, for one of his silliest, most egotistical sallies helped a poor, bewildered girl start anew in life.

Maybe you recall the skit. Baron Munchausen is telling Sharlie of his mother, who, he says, always loved him in spite of his faults and errors. Who, in fact, did something no other woman achieved.

"God bless my mother," the Baron says.

"God bless my mother," Sharlie repeats

"I said it first," counters the Baron. So Sharlie says, "God bless all mothers."

The Baron adds, "But my mother a little more."

The thing his mother did that no other mother had done—you guessed it—was to bring him into the world!

The Baron forgot the skit. It was just another group of gags that had gone over.

When a week ago, a young lady came to see him. She admitted to his secretary that he didn't know her from Adam, but she just *had* to see him.

HER'S was the same old tale. An eager, young girl who had grabbed at romance in the form of a shoddy love affair with a married man. Before she realized what she was doing, she had run away with him. Now she didn't dare return to her home. But she wanted to go back so badly.





THE PROGRAM THAT GIVES YOU A HEADACHE, PREVENTS YOUR NEIGHBOR FROM MURDER AND SUICIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK WELCH

She had listlessly tuned in on the Baron's program, heard his skit on mothers. It flashed through her mind that her mother was like his—her mother loved her, believed in her, would be willing to forgive her sin. Her mother might even welcome her.

She decided to go. Back home she went. Her mother cried with joy at seeing her and having her again. The girl is happy now at home.

Have you ever heard of a radio broadcast that nipped a first-class murder in the bud?

It centers about a middle-aged woman who lives in Paterson, New Jersey, her eighteen year old daughter, Janet, and her divorced husband, who lives in Chicago. And about a broadcast of Cheerio's. I'll tell it to you just as Janet told it to me.

Her mother divorced her father when she was a tot. He, with a reputation not of the best, went west. For years they had never heard from him. Then recently he came to Paterson and told horrible lies about the mother to Janet and their friends. Janet felt she should tell her mother, who listened calmly enough and laughed it off. But deep in her heart she brooded over what had happened. Her husband had ruined her life; now he had come back and blackened her character to her daughter and her friends. He had tried to tear down what had taken her years to build up. She became obsessed with the idea of revenge.

She'd fix him, close his lying mouth forever. She would kill him. She bought an automatic, packed it in her overnight bag, and bought a ticket for Chicago. There was quite a time before her train pulled in. Someone's radio was on full blast in a car nearby. She was in no mood for programs, but she couldn't help hearing this one.

It was Cheerio. He spoke of the foolishness of revenge. Said that God, the Almighty Avenger, takes care of everything in his own way, manages to even up the scales of Justice. That those of us who seek revenge usually discover it's a boomerang. We pay for one moment's satisfaction with years of regret.

WHY! the crime she was planning would turn out just that way. She'd kill her ex-husband, but what then? Years in jail

for her; notoriety for her loved ones; absolute ruin for her daughter. That voice over the radio brought her back to her senses. Blotting out all ideas of revenge from her mind, she returned home to seek peace and contentment once more.

Then there's the story of how radio mapped out the destiny of little Wendy Gay Perkins, even before she was born. Little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Wendy has ruled the Perkins' home for over two-and-a-half years now. She's the adopted daughter of Ray Perkins, comedian, songster and master of ceremonies at NBC.

Let's go back to April, 1932, when Ray was featured thrice weekly over the NBC network. He was having a swell time cracking jokes, singing and carrying on in general. So were we, listening in and laughing—all of us, except two young people who sat, lonely and heartsick, in a cheap, two-room flat in uptown New York. They certainly had nothing to laugh about. Life was a cruel joke to this young couple. Married. Broke. Jobless. With a baby due almost any day. They had become accustomed to privation, since the boy lost his job. But how could you bring a sweet, cuddly baby into the world to starve? They'd just have to find someone to take it. They couldn't bear sending it to an orphan asylum, like a common foundling.

To forget his troubles, the young man tuned in. They heard the studio audience laugh at Ray Perkins' sallies. "Darn that fellow," the young man muttered. "A lot he's got to worry about, with a gorgeous home, a nice son and plenty of money. I'm turning him off, Babe."

But the germ of an idea had been created in his wife's mind. Perkins had so much, maybe he'd be willing to take their baby. She sat down and wrote to Ray Perkins. So pleading and so full of heartbreak was the letter, that he answered it in person.



WHEN the baby was a few months old Ray Perkins adopted it and he and Mrs. Perkins are raising it as they would their own. The real parents remain forever grateful to radio and Ray Perkins who has provided their child with a home, love and all the advantages of wealth.

Elsie Hitz learned, quite recently, that radio does move in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. She knows a young man who owes his sanity to radio.

Awhile ago, when she was playing the lead in the "Dangerous Paradise" series, she began receiving hot love letters from a young man in Philadelphia. Let's call him Jim—obviously we can't use his right name.

Plenty of young men fall in love with Elsie Hitz's voice and send her love letters, so as with the rest, she disregarded this one. Came others. Each week this young man's notes became more burning. He evidently needed no encouragement.

One morning she received a letter from a physician in Philadelphia, this boy's family doctor. He explained that he was going to make a very unusual request, because he saw no other way out. Would she please answer this love-sick boy and invite him down to New York for a day? The young man, he explained, was an engineering student who had had a nervous breakdown. In spite of everything his family tried to do, in spite of all he (the doctor) had done, the boy remained listless, extremely nervous and wanted to die. There was nothing for which to live. Except Elsie Hitz's dramatic programs. They were his one escape from reality and from the overwhelming sense of futility that oppressed him. He was the hero who rescued his lady fair from the clutches of the villain, who grabbed her to safety the instant before her horse leaped down the precipice.

The doctor felt meeting his idol, together with the thrill of meeting radio stars, might wake Jim up, shock him back into normality. Miss Hitz might even be able to persuade him to go back to school, convince him that life held something worth fighting for.

Elsie Hitz invited the young man down. Met him at the train with her car, drove him around all day, introduced him to big shots in radio. He was thrilled. She even slipped him the money to pay for the dinner, so he could feel like a big shot himself. And she spoke to him straight from the shoulder. Told him to buck up. To go back to school. To forget his troubles. How could he dream of romance before he had a profession, before he could support himself and a girl?

He agreed to give it a try. So far, it has worked beautifully. He's well on the road to recovery. But he doesn't know till this day that the chauffeur who drove him and his beloved around all day long was Elsie Hitz's husband who saw and heard all and said nothing.

I know of another time when radio proved a life-saver. Really more than a life-saver to an old, weary, heartsick couple in Glassboro, New Jersey. A Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Eisenhower. In Glassboro they had bought a modest home, and raised their brood of four sons. They planned to live out their days peacefully there.

Came the Depression—with a capital D. The old folks (they were married sixty years) mortgaged their little home. That was bad enough. But when it came time to pay off the mortgage, they didn't have enough to pay the interest on the $1400 due. They appealed to all their sons. Three weren't in a position to help them. Their fourth son, Harry, hadn't even bothered to answer their tearful pleas. I think that hurt more than the fact that they were going to lose their home.

How could they know that Harry had moved to Middleport, New York, and had never received their letters?

The house was to be sold at a sheriff's sale at three o'clock September 27. After all these years together they would be homeless, outcast, penniless. Where could they go? What could they do?

But a little old battery-set radio saved the day. At noon their son Harry arrived with his wife. There was no sale of his parents' home that day. No sir. He saw to *that*.

"I didn't know anything about these goings on," he explained. "Ma and pa don't write very often. You know how it is. This morning, at breakfast, my wife tuned in the old set on a broadcast that described last being auctioned off over here. I almost swallowed my fork when I heard our old home was up for sale."

Now do you wonder that radio is considered a life saver? As you see, one can never tell who will be next to encounter a tremendous problem. It may be you—with the far-reaching voice of radio to your rescue.



fes, it's Kate and ıer manager, the clever Ted Collins.

By Bland Mulholland

THE BRIGHT NEW FEATHER IN KATE SMITH'S CAP

THIS FAMED SONGSTRESS BLAZES NEW TRAILS IN RADIO

WHEN you've listened to Kate Smith's Matinee from three to four on Wednesdays, that grand program which was inaugurated on September 12, you may have noticed that the merits of no commercial product were dinned into your ears.

And there won't be on any future Kate Smith Matinees. Because the program already has a sponsor and it's not for sale to any national advertiser.

The sponsor is the Columbia Broadcasting System and it's the first time in the history of radio that a star has been sponsored by a chain! Which means that William Paley, head of CBS, is willing to pay Kate Smith the big salary her popularity demands rather than allow some advertiser to take over the program and pay her that salary.

Why should Columbia spend all that money? Remember that usually such programs are built up with the hope that they will graduate from sustaining to commercial, thereby taking the burden of their expense from the shoulders of the chain, besides bringing in huge revenue for the sale of the time itself.

The reason for Mr. Paley's revolutionary move is his far-seeing effort to eradicate the most glaring and unfortunate weakness in the structure of the broadcasting business. And the fact that he has chosen Kate Smith to pioneer in the elimination of that weakness is a bright new feather in her already crowded cap. There's a story of struggle and perseverance behind Kate's victory.

Several months ago RADIO STARS told you about her vaudeville tour, which started out to last six weeks and ended up as a six months' (*Continued on page 96*)

MEN are SAPS



By Mary Jacobs

DELILAH made a monkey out of Samson. Josephine made a fool of Napoleon. Cleopatra greased the skids for Marc Antony, protesting all the time that she loved him. And a modern blonde and a brunette took the sweet-singing Everett Marshall for two of those buggy rides you read about.

You'd think that nowadays in the sophisticated world in which we live that young men would be too wise to allow a girl to make saps out of them, that they would weigh the little woman pretty carefully before they signed up for life.

But it isn't so—not with the majority of men. And it wasn't so with Everett Marshall, of opera, stage and radio fame.

The first girl to entangle his heart was Mary Ann, a blue-eyed, honey of a girl who'd make any man's heart skip a beat. If underneath those adorable blonde curls Mary hid a calculating nature, eighteen-year-old Everett was too naive about women to realize it.

Let's go back to the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, where freckle-faced Everett Marshall lived on the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Bending over his back-breaking job of laying tracks in the chain gang of the Boston and Maine Railroad, he dreamed of the day when he would be a Metropolitan Opera star. And each Sunday he came one step closer to his world of golden dreams, for dressed in his finest he went to sing in the weekly concert at the Worcester Music Academy.

One day there was a new girl at the piano, a bright, blue-eyed bit of a girl, with a turned-up nose. She wasn't

THERE ARE SOME THINGS WHICH MEN NEVER LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE—AND THAT'S ABOUT WOMEN. TWICE EVERETT MARSHALL HAS ALMOST SACRIFICED HIS CAREER TO FEMININE CAPRICE



(Left) Everett Marshall before the mike rehearsing with Victor Young's orchestra for the recent "Spotlight Revue." The pretty Miss in the rocking chair with her knitting is Carol Deis, prima donna of the same show. (Insert) a closeup of the baritone.

slow in noticing this handsome, though gawky, young Everett in his stiffly pressed blue serge. He was such a shy and timid kid who had made no real friends, because he felt he didn't belong. When Mary Ann smiled, his whole world changed.

Together they walked home from the concert. Every look of Mary Ann's, every softly spoken word, told him the thing no girl had even hinted before. She liked him!

That Sunday marked the beginning of four long years of paradise for Everett. Now he had someone who cared. Someone besides himself to work for. Finally, when he was promoted to an office job at thirty dollars a week, he spoke to his sweetheart about plans for the future.

"Mary," he said, "you know how I feel about you. You're bound up with all my dreams of the future. Everybody's been urging me to go to New York and develop my voice. I've saved up enough to take vocal lessons for a little while, so why can't we get married now and go to New York, where I can get some sort of a chance at music? You know there's nothing doing here."

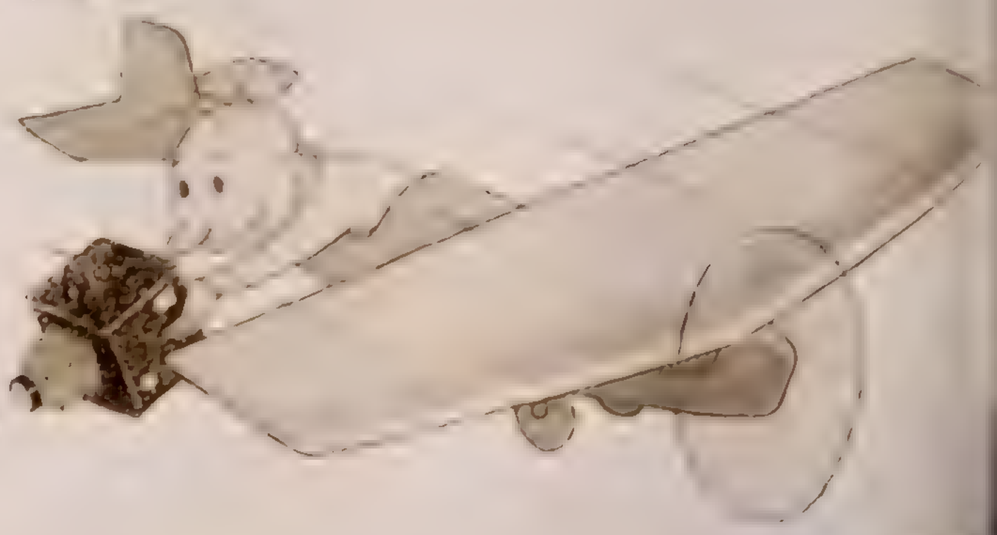
Mary turned blazing eyes on him. "Go to New York?" she asked. "Are you crazy? Do you mean to say you are ready to give up a good job with a regular salary to take a chance on music? Look at all the men with voices better than yours who never got anywhere! What makes you so sure you'd do well in New York? And what do you think I'll live on while we're in New York—peanuts? If you want to marry me we'll stay right here."

"I guess you're right," he (*Continued on page 95*)

Gadding about with



(Left) They look as if it's hard work, don't they? Georgie Price, left, and Announcer Paul Douglas (right).





(Above, left) From Phil Duey's expression, he's baritonin a love song straight from his heart. (Above, right) "Whil Rome Burns" Woollcott, who, as you know, is an authc and radio celebrity, now comes out in the movies. "Gif of Gab," a Universal production, is his first.

our candid camera

F TELEVISION COMES—YOU'LL
NEVER GET SHOTS LIKE THESE





(Above, left) Helen Jepson, of the Kraft program, is the latest radio songbird to fly to the Metropolitan Opera. (Above right) Dick Powell's leading lady of the air, Rowena Williams, victor in a nation-wide songstress contest. You hear her on the Campbell program, "Hollywood Hotel," CBS. (Right) We've heard that Grace Hayes is changing her name shortly to Mrs. Newell Chase. He's the pianist who accompanies her lovely soprano over NBC.

camera

h our candid

u about wi

Gadding



(Left) With these three on the air, you've got the Dixie Circus, a recent CBS program. Frank Novak, band leader, ten-year-old Betty Rice, and Clementine Heineman, accordion player.



(Above) Who doesn't know them? W
Winchell, Abe Lyman, Ruth Etting and
ward G. Robinson. (Below) Lennie Ha
James Melton, Portland Hoffa and Fred



(Left) Amos without Andy. These fish came fron
Alaskan waters, he says. And since it's Amos an
not Andy who's telling the fish story, we believ
it. Amos—Freeman Gosden to his missus—
back after his first vacation in eight years. And
was galavanting around Europe while away

Caddying around with our candid camera

(Right) And maybe Schoolboy Rowe doesn't enjoy this more than pitching for the champion Detroit Tigers. No wonder, either, for he's warbling with Vallee's girl trio—Dot, Kay and Em, noted for their pert beauty and the kind of voices that it takes to make the world listen. Which is the big reason Rowe temporarily forsook the diamond for the microphone.



(Above) Ethel Ponce, WLW humming bird, getting behind the scenes at Ringling Brothers' circus. (Below) Ralph Kirbery, the Dream Singer over NBC, after a long day of hunting.



(Right) A couple of blackfaces gone white—Moses and January. The handsome Molasses, left, is Pick Malone and January is Pat Padgett.



A COAT FOR A *Queen*

By Helen Hover



THE PRIZE—is this luxurious black moire caracul coat with its imperial silver fox collar, modelled by Vivienne Segal. Notice the sleek, lustrous caracul made of selected pelts and the sumptuous silver fox collar. It has that svelte, fitted line that makes any girl look slim and chic for it has been fashioned by special design and with the expert workmanship which go into the creation of all I. J. Fox coats.

YOU CAN READ, CAN'T YOU? YOU CAN WRITE. THEN YOU'VE GOT A GOOD CHANCE TO WIN THIS $495.00 FUR COAT FOR YOURSELF!





...ong models favored by stars ... the coats on this page, also ...gned by I. J. Fox. (Above) ...'t you just love the casual ...tiness of this three-quarter ...th leopard coat worn by Ra... ...a, of Paul Whiteman's pro... ...n? (Below) Or this tricky silver ...kin Rosemary Lane prefers. (Above) Shirley Howard, NBC songstress, brings out the full dramatic beauty of this mink coat fashioned on simple but elegant lines. (Below) This Manchurian ermine on lovely Frances Langford, warbler over NBC, achieves a gay nonchalance with its swagger lines and full sleeves.





RULES

1. This contest is open to all residents of the United States and Canada, excepting employees of RADIO STARS Magazine and I. J. Fox, Inc.

2. All entries must be mailed before midnight, November 30, 1934.

3. Each letter shall be 100 words or less in length.

4. First prize will be the $495.00 I. J. Fox fur coat.

5. Prize winning entry will be that letter which gives the best answer to the question: Do I object to advertising on the air? Why or why not?

6. In case two or more letters are judged to be tied for first place, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

SOME lucky lass or lady will own it a month from today. Thirty days or less from the time you read these words, somebody's mother, sister, or daughter will be sporting a $495 I. J. Fox fur coat just like the ritziest radio stars wear.

If you're on your toes, there is a good chance for that Miss Somebody to be you!

You! Actually! With the silver fox collar cuddling 'round your neck. With the moire caracul fur keeping you cozy on the coldest days. This is no run of the mill winter wrap, mind you. It is one of the glamor-styled creations from I. J. Fox, furrier, whose stores span the continent. Its the same sort of coat he sells to Radio Row's smartest dressers. And don't forget the flattering silhouette that's been designed into this marvellous model. You can use it, whether you're a perfect thirty-six, a Girl Scout, or a stylish stout.

Here is the way to win this $495.00 coat:

Write a letter to the Coat Contest Editor, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Answer this questison: Do I object to advertising on the air? Why, or why not?

Write your answer in 100 words or less.

Sign your (*Continued on page 81*)



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

This is the story of a man who loathed his work for twenty-two years.

And finally made the thing he loved pay him rich dividends

I'm talking of Albert Payson Terhune, whom you hear on the air every Sunday afternoon telling his amazing stories of dog heroism. His job, you know, is raising dogs, writing about them, talking about them and loving them. And I don't know any other job in the world like it.

He knows more astonishing facts about dogs than any other human. For instance he knows that dogs have better memories than elephants, that they have a keener sense of intuition than women. A dog two years old has several times as much sense and education as a child of two. He claims that dogs can read your moods and work problems that call for reasoning. They can distinguish the engine throb of a car a mile away.

Yet he has never known a dog that had enough sense to unwind his chain when he had tangled it or a dog with brains enough to lay a stick on the hearth when the fire

(Below, left) Albert Payson Terhune, noted author of dog stories that have brought thrills and throat catches to millions of animal lovers. (Below) With two of his prize winners.





DID—UNTIL A DOG LED HIM TO CONTENTMENT AND WORLD-WIDE FAME

was dying. He doesn't know why dogs have this queer blend of super and subhuman intelligence, but he swears that they do.

But before I tell you some of his amazing experiences in dogdom I want you to know a little about this six foot two inch giant who has devoted his life to his four-footed friends.

As those of us who listened-in on one of his first radio broadcasts realize, Albert Payson Terhune wasn't always so thoughtful of dogs. Once he was a mischievous boy with all the unconscious cruelty of youth. Let's go back to an incident that took place over half a century ago, when Terhune, a child of six, was playing on the front steps at Sunnybank Farm. Romping in the gravel path before him were three pudgy, flop-eared pointer pups, blissfully content. Suddenly an idea struck the youngster. Grabbing the pup nearest him he took a firm hold on its ears and swung it back and forth, higher and higher. It was grand sport! The puppy emitted such loud yelps of pain and terror!

From nowhere the elder Terhune appeared. Without a word he released the pointer pup from his son's grasp and gently placed it back with its brothers. Then, turning quickly, he picked young Albert up by his ears and swung him back and forth, pendulum style, just as Albert had swung the puppy.

Three times he swung him back and forth through the air, the child's screams shattering the stillness of the atmosphere like a blast. Then, as unexpectedly as he had come, the father disappeared into the house, leaving his son sobbing with pain. And bewilderment, for his tiny world had collapsed. His kind, good father, who had never harmed anyone, had deliberately tortured him and his young mind couldn't grasp the situation.

SUDDENLY, he felt something soft and warm nestling up to him, felt a hot little tongue licking at his hands and his feet, timidly touching his face. He heard a queer grunting sound of sympathy, accompanied by light pats of the forepaw. The pup, the very one he had hurt so dreadfully, was trying to comfort him, to ease his pain. In a flash he understood. It dawned on him that he was suffering what the little pointer had suffered; that he had tortured the puppy exactly as his father had tortured him. Why, he could learn more from that dog than it could learn from him. It forgave him his cruelty, was loyal even through abuse.

Since then he has been a dog-lover and student, but for twenty-two years he did not realize that he could turn his hobby into cold cash. Instead, he was pushed into a field he hated—newspaper work. When he was a young man of twenty-two, a friend got him a job as a cub reporter on the old *New York Evening World,* and there he stayed for twenty-two years, detesting it all the time. In fact, he might have been fired from his work early in his career except for an accident.

Mistaken for a detective by a group of strikers while he was still very green, he was beaten and assaulted. When they discovered their error, they were so ashamed that to square matters they gave him every scoop available and his editor marveled at the dumb cub reporter who so rapidly developed into a brilliant newspaper man.

Just before the War he got up enough courage to leave newspaper work, hoping to earn (*Continued on page 92*)

(Below) An early morning trek across the fields of Sunnybank at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where Terhune raises his blue ribbon collies, known the land over.



(Below) A study portrait of Albert Payson Terhune, who was delayed for twenty-two dreary years in realizing his life ambition. You can tune him in each Sunday afternoon at four over NBC.



Lanny Ross

TURNS M. C.

LADIES AND GENTS, ARE YOU HEP TO THE HOT NEWS ON THE KILOCYCLE FRONTIER?

IT concerns Lanny Ross, star of Show Boat and the new movie called "College Rhythm." Briefly, Lanny Ross has turned m. c.

So what is an m. c.? Well, it's an important sort of fellow who keeps the ball rolling, the spirit soaring and the music on the up-beat. It's an important sort of fellow who can sing, sooth and satisfy with both hands tied behind him. It's a sort of important person who has what the girls call "them" and the boys call "schmaltz." An m. c. is a master of ceremonies . . . and that is Lanny's latest job on the jim-jammed ether avenues.

His sponsor is Log Cabin Syrup and his show is called "Lanny Ross and His Log Cabin Inn," featuring his Log Cabin Orchestra. And what an Inn. It's a sit-me-down hangout for the real blue bloods of society and the stage. With as bon-tonny an atmosphere as ever trickled through your loudspeaker, with a velvet-voiced orchestra and a brand new hatful of tricks, Lanny Ross bids fair to make all America Log Cabin Inn conscious.

If your Wednesday nights need needling tune in to the WJZ blue network of NBC and get that lift. Many a gay couple is making the Inn their radio rendezvous . . . and don't be surprized if you run into some of your old friends from RADIO STARS Magazine. We'll be there, too.

Here are the stations to tune to and the time to do it:

7:30 p. m.—WENR-WLS, Chicago; KWCR, Cedar Rapids; KSO, Des Moines; KOIL, Omaha-Council Bluffs; WREN, Kansas City.

8:30 p. m.—WJZ, New York; WBAL, Baltimore; WMAL, Washington; WSYR, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WGAR, Cleveland; KPO, San Franciso; KFI, Los Angeles; WCKY, Covington; WJR, Detroit; KGW, Portland, Ore.; (*Continued on page 70*)





(Right) No, this picture isn't indicative of one of those English games. Rather it's a means of preventing arguments and aims at perfect mike technique at the same time, for the carpets are squared off and numbered to remind performers of their exact positions before BBC microphones. (Below) Danny Malone, Irish tenor, who came over the seas to sing to you via NBC.

Wide World



Wide World

"I LISTEN IN LONDON"

By Hope Hale



(Left) Would you recognize this as a microphone? That's what they call it in England. And the dark musician is one of Duke Ellington's boys. Remember how the British warmed up to their Harlem jazz?

SH-H-H-H. . . . Turn down the wireless. Don't let the loudspeaker blare forth our secret to the cop on the beat. (Pardon me, I mean the bobby on point duty.)

No, I am not listening to the propaganda broadcasts in the English language from the U. S. S. R. I couldn't get them any more, if I tried. Somebody else has taken care of that little matter.

Why all the mystery, then? Isn't England the land of traditional freedom?

This is my secret and this is my crime: I have not paid my ten-shilling wireless license tax. I am a 'pirate.' I am one of two million who listen-in, very quietly, whose neighbors would thank the gods of piracy if they knew. But they do not know. We have not even an aerial to point to our misdeed. People don't have outside aerials in London. It's not allowed. It doesn't look nice.

Six million people in England, though, are not pirates. They each pay their license fee of about two dollars and a half each year. And that's not all they pay. Radios cost important money in England. Twenty guineas—or about eighty-five dollars—is bottom price for wireless sets.

I didn't buy my radio. I rented it. Because of the high price of sets, renting is a popular system. I pay eleven shillings a month, or about two dollars and seventy-five cents. This includes service, moving if I move, and replacement by a new model as mine goes out of date. That comes to about thirty-three (*Continued on page 74*)

PEEP IN AT THE



Senator Frankenstein Fishface —need we say more?

Beringer

IF you had thirty minutes to spend on a radio program, and they were all you had, where and how would you spend them to get the biggest and best for your time? Speak up, you thrifty dial twiddlers, you demon higglers and hagglers—where?

The answer is—if I haven't taken the words out of your mouth—the *Carefree Carnival*. Broadcast Saturday nights from Station KPO in San Francisco. A California program that is big, that is practically perfect, yet has naught to do with the climate or the motion picture colony.

Radio's greatest bargain! And for the following reasons: The Carefree Carnival offers you, for your time, crooners and torch singers, a quartet, a fem trio and an orchestra on a par with anything in the East. It has hill-billy singers headed by the best cowboy voice on the air. A harmonica player and a man with a "stummick piano" as good as Phil Baker. And that's not all. There's a lisping, baby-voiced innocent who recalls Portland Hoffa of Fred Allen's program, and a comedian who chews, hacks and strangles words better than Roy Atwell of the same Mr. Allen's program. The word mangler under discussion is billed as Senator Frankenstein Fishface.

There's more, too. The Carnival includes a dumb dame and stooge who are Burns and Allen of the West, and another pair whose act is on a spot midway between Cantor, Wynn, Penner and Pearl. Finally, but by no means least, it has the flavor of a Rudy Vallee or Paul Whiteman seance, only lots more homey and informal.

Now is that a bargain or is that a bargain? The only

When beauty and talent go hand in hand the answer is petite Gogo DeLys, contralto.

Ben Klassen and Myron Niesley. When dressed up like this they're philosophers. Otherwise they're tenors.

The "lyre and lute man," big Charlie Marshall. Known also as the hillbilly and cowboy warbler.







CAREFREE CARNIVAL

BARGAIN! BARGAIN! BIGGEST BARGAIN TO HIT THE AIR. FOR THE PRICE OF ONE HALF HOUR OF LISTENING A WHOLE ASYLUM OF STARS IS YOURS

●

By George Kent

type of humor not represented is that of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs, but they'll come to it yet. For all of that, my friends of the great Eastern spaces, this program is no copycat. It has sparkle and ideas. It has a gusto all its own. And it is developing stars. Ryan and Noblette and Tommy Harris, all three were stars on the Carefree hour before the wise men of the East spotted them. Nelson Case was the program's announcer. Now he too has crossed the Mississippi. Neither Case nor the others were known until the KPO feature pitched them into the limelight.

Back in 1933, month of June, the Carnival was born. It was brought into the world to be a summer fill-in, but fooled its parents. It knocked listeners into the aisles from Puget Sound to Palo Alto. It became the sensation of the West Coast. So it stayed. And stayed, with no time off. The letters poured in. The program crept East, with the permission of the engineers, getting as far as Chicago on the first creep. A few months ago it reached New York. Here it is today, a regular feature of the NBC networks—and the networkers are glad it's there. People like a bargain, whether it's time or money they're spending.

The auditorium in San Francisco, where the broadcast takes place, is crowded on Saturday night when Ray Tollinger, master of ceremonies, opens the program. Ray is no iron-handed disciplinarian. The stars he presents interrupt him and sass him. The atmosphere is happy-go-lucky and reminds you of a house party in an amiable insane asylum. *(Continued on page 95*

Master of Ceremonies, Ray Tollinger, who has a terrific job. He's stooge for the entire cast.



The orchestra leader with twenty batons. It's Meredith Willson who provides the fast tuneful action.



Recognize this sailor? Yes, it's Pinky Lee, who learned to lisp proposing to the girl he married.





Crowds stormed New York's Central Park Mall when Jazz King Whiteman batoned the CWA's band, which provides music for free dancing.

Wide W

The BAND BOX

By Nelson Keller

LATEST to join the ranks of Kentucky colonels is Abe Lyman.

Richard Himber, leader of the Studebaker Champions, has had his contract renewed for another year.

To Leopold Stokowski goes the honor of directing radio's biggest band. He batoned 1000 musicians in Yankee Stadium in New York at a benefit held as a gesture of sympathy to the Jewish refugees from Germany.

The reason Mark Warnow was relieved of his sustaining band spots on CBS was so that he could give full time to his two commercials, "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" and the Admiral Byrd broadcasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Goodman recently celebrated their twenty-third wedding anniversary. And he's directing more radio and Broadway shows than ever.

Last year Director Clyde Lucas, who batoned an ork at the University of Kansas a decade ago along with Buddy Rogers, announced his engagement to Frances Langford of the NBC Colgate House Party. But Frances, who was singing over NBC from Chicago at the time, went back to New York and nothing has come of it. No reasons given. Frances now has a new beau.

Wayne King is in his eighth season as maestro of the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. At the sister ballroom, the Trianon, Jan Garber is playing his second season.

Arlene Sohr, vocalist with Ted Black's NBC ork, is really Mrs. Ted Black.

Victor Young is now general musical director of Decca, the new recording firm. He used to be the same for Brunswick.

The Jan Garbers have turned down an offer from Paramount to have their daughter Janice, five years old, go into pictures. Paramount spotted the girl on Catalina Island this summer and wanted to pit her against Fox's Shirley Temple.

Johnny Mercer, Paul Whiteman's song writer and scat singer, has another song out to follow his composition "Pardon My Southern Accent." The new one is "P. S. I Love You."

For those who've asked, the four original songs on the opening broadcast of "The Gibson Family" on NBC Saturdays are: "Absent Minded," "Cowboy, Where Are You Riding-o?" "Under Your Spell" and "Hi De Home Sweet Home." If any one of these turn out to be a hit



(Above) Left to right: Ted Fio-Rito, Hal Kemp and Fred Waring. (Below) Ork leader, Harold Stokes and Alice Pattern, NBC girl singer.



(Above) Big Boy George Olsen needs no introduction. You'll be hearing him again. (Below) He looks like Mussolini, but he's Lud Gluskin.



Jimmie Grier, whose orchestra broadcasts from the Coast. (Below) Making up for the stage—Vincent Lopez of the Demitasse Review.







Wide World

give radio the credit, for they were written especially for this NBC radio program.

Carlos Molina, the maestro from Colombia, South America, who is now enlivening the Columbia network with rhumbas this fall from the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, will carry his cariocas to the Miami Biltmore Hotel on Christmas Day and will play at the swank Florida spot for the winter season.

Buddy Rogers and his band are to be on the air this fall from the Arcadia in Philadelphia, a spot said to have the financial backing of Joseph Widener. Thus the Ward Family Theatre program featuring Buddy and Jeannie Lang has been moved from Chicago to New York.

Frank Simon, cornet soloist and bandmaster of the Armco Concert Band on NBC Sundays, is one of the few maestros to hold the degree of Doctor of Music.

Hail radio's most novel band—"The Knights of the Gray Underwear"—the home-made band of the Admiral Byrd Expedition in Little America.

Vincent Lopez is scheduled to play his first commercial program from the West Coast this fall. It's the Demitasse Revue, an NBC show going no further east than Kansas City. Lopez is to play at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in California this season in competition with Ted Fio-Rito at the famed Cocoanut Grove. Ted, you know, also has a commercial, the "Hollywood Hotel" starring Dick Powell and Rowene Williams, Chicago girl who was picked in a national audition by CBS.

Odd as it seems, Art Kassel has an NBC microphone at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago for his sustaining band programs, yet his commercial is broadcast three times a week over CBS.

Here is the personnel of Don Bestor's orchestra: Walt Payne, Walt Long, Jack Lynx and Harold Stargeart, saxophones; Ed Dieckman, Buddy Harrod and Karl LaMagna, violins; Eddie Camden and Ducky Yuntz, trumpets; Bill White, trombone; Wayne Euchner, piano; Tommy Whalen, drums; Hank August, bass; Billy Yates, guitar.

Like Xavier Cugat, the ork leader, Ulderico Marcelli, the South American conductor of the new NBC House by the Side of the Road, featuring Tony Wons, is a brilliant artist and caricaturist.

Why was Harold Stokes, NBC conductor, off the air for thirteen weeks? The answer: overwork. He suffered a nervous breakdown while conducting the Palmer House Promenade.

The director of the orchestra (*Continued on page 81*

CARIOCA AND CONTINENTAL TO THE NEW TUNES OF OLD MASTERS

. . . . EIGHT! NINE! TEN! The Winnah! In fact Miss Ethel Sale of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, has such a punch in her two straight forward questions about radio artists that she had Uncle Answer Man groggy for days at the sheer simplicity of her interrogation. Thus does Ethel win the $5.00 from RADIO STARS.

And V. R. Behm of Waterbury, Connecticut delivers a nice telling body blow. So the $3.00 goes to the Behm family.

Furthermore, that snappy little rabbit punch which is packed by Virginia Palmer-Ball of Louisville, Kentucky, isn't so bad either. That little sock, lady, is going to cost the Answer Man $2.00 more and is he glad to give it.

Thus is RADIO STARS' Uncle Answer Man so pleased by people who do not: (1) Ask for personal replies to their questions; (2) Ask for addresses of radio artists; (3) Ask about non-network stars; (4) Ask their questions be answered in the next issue; (5) Ask questions which have been answered an issue or two before, and (6) Ask more than two questions. He's so pleased he's glad to fling money about to worthy inquisitors.

UNCLE ANSWER MAN ANSWERS



The Sisters of the Skillet, East and Dumke, go into the kitchen.

As for the Distinguished Service Award to Uncle Answer Man, the editor says, "No!" So that's that.

Looka! Here's how straightforward Miss Sale is:

Question 1. Does Marion in "Smackout" program impersonate all female parts?

A. You betcha.

Question 2. Does Jim in same program impersonate all male parts?

A. I'll betcha this time. Both do.

And here's the Behm conciseness:

Question 1. What happened to Tim and Irene of the "Carefree Carnival?"

A. Casually, Uncle Answer Man would suggest turning the tuner-inner of your set to any one of the NBC blue network stations which carry the program "Tim and Irene's Sky Road Show" Tuesday nights at 10:30. Sorry that the station list is unavailable.

Now for the clarity of Virginia Palmer-Ball:

Question 1. On what stations may the "Ivory Stamp Club" be heard?

A. That's easy. WJZ, New York, only.

Question 2. Where did first Byrd broadcast originate?

A. If, Virginia Palmer-Ball, you mean the first sponsored Byrd broadcast, it was from the flagship *S. S. Jacob Ruppert* in the Pacific Ocean, en route to New Zealand. That broadcast took place November 17, 1933. But if you mean the first non-sponsored broadcast, of this series, it was from the *Jacob Ruppert* tied up at her pier at Boston, Massachusetts, about six weeks before the Pacific program.

And now, peepul, having seen how nice and easy questions can be made for your poor, tired Uncle Answer Man, we'll continue with the rest.

Q. Are any parts of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre or Campana's Little Theatre off Times Square, electrically transcribed?

A. You mean are they on records? Yup. But it's only the sound effects of the lobby in the first case and the street noises in the second case. So they tell me at NBC, anyhow.

Q. What are the names of Bing Crosby's twins?

A. Hey now, that ain't fair, two timing me by putting two questions into one like that. Oh, all right! They are Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael, born in July. and just to forestall any further questions about the Crosby progeny, his first baby was Gary Evan, born June 27, 1933. You bet Bing's proud!

Q. Is Tiny Ruffner of Show Boat fame married; A father of children; over six feet four inches? And how old is he?

A. Wow! Wotta order. Well, he's old enough to know better, which he does. He was born November 8, 1899. He has no children—yet. He is six feet four and one-half inches tall.

Q. What's happened to the Landt Trio and White?

A. Waddye mean what's happened to 'em? Don't you listen to them on the NBC, WJZ-blue network every morning except Sunday at 8:15? You don't, eh? Well rise and shine, folks, rise and shine.

Q. When was Annette Hanshaw born?

A. Betcha those who asked that want to cast her horoscope. Well, it was October 18, 1910.

Q. Is Carefree Carnival sponsored?

A. Nope.

Q. How old is Harriet Hilliard?

A. Twenty-three. July 18th is her birthday.

EXTRA! EXTRA! ANSWER MAN'S SWEEPSTAKE WINNERS COLLECT

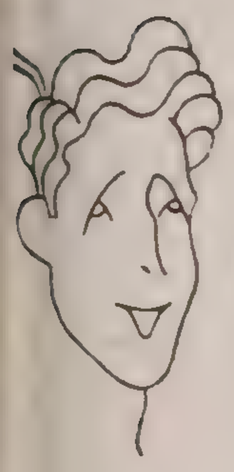
Radio Stars' Cooking School





Thanksgiving and Rudy originated in New England.

By Nancy Wood



MY TIME IS YOUR TIME . . .



GREETINGS, friends and radio fans.

With the familiar words of this theme song, I introduce our guest star, Rudy Vallee. I am greatly pleased to have Rudy with us, not only because of his long-standing popularity as Master of Ceremonies of the Fleischmann hour and as singer, orchestra leader and movie star, but also because Rudy, being from "down Maine" way, I feel that he is just the right person to give us some pointers for this particular Radio Cooking School broadcast. For this is not only "your time and my time," as the theme song suggests, but Thanksgiving time as well! And who better is there with whom to discuss Thanksgiving than a New Englander.

With this idea in mind, I started out to interview Mr. Vallee on the subject of Thanksgiving Day in the Vallee home back in those days before college and the exacting requirements of fame made reunions there difficult, if not actually impossible. Armed with determination, a pad, a pencil and a lot of preconceived notions on traditional Thanksgiving foods and customs, I sallied forth to find this native son of the State of Maine. I soon discovered that I needed both pencil and pad, for I had to copy down a menu for a Gargantuan meal and to write down some new ideas of what constituted a real New England Thanksgiving. I also found that I had even greater need for determination, since, in order to get these interesting answers for you, your scribe had to pursue the busy Rudy from rehearsal to office to broadcast, throwing breathless questions at him the while. Then when my informant finally escaped me to rush down to his job as orchestra leader in a smart Long Island restaurant, I asked Rudy's brother, Bill Vallee, to pinch hit for him in supplying the few missing details. This he most kindly did and as a result of this collaboration I am able to supply you with a very complete description of the type of foods that have made the New England observance of Thanksgiving Day famous the world over. I'm sure you'll agree that this feast had staunch and worthy advocates in the Vallees and furthermore that a dinner as perfect as theirs merits the flattery of imitation.



Courtesy H. J. Heinz Co.

m-m-m-Mince Piel

In the first place, Thanksgiving Day in Rudy's Maine home started off with a *large* breakfast. This was followed by a brisk walk. After hearing that the breakfast included such things as *pie,* I am inclined to believe that the walk was dictated, not so much by the esthetic thrill of viewing the lovely fall landscape, nor even by an enthusiasm for exercise *per se,* but by the necessity for shaking down the meal already partaken in order to create an appetite for the next one! And that next meal, of course, was dinner, prepared by Rudy's mother, his sister and various other helpers and proudly served at 1:30 after hours of cheerful, advance preparation.

"Was there any Thanksgiving tradition observed at that dinner?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed, there was one tradition invariably adhered to," replied Rudy with emphasis. "We over-ate! And when you hear all the good things we had to eat you'll understand why."

It was then that he suggested that I really ought to write down the menu, since it was a long one and we would not wish to omit one single item. Thinking this advice excellent, I brought forth my trusty pencil and note book and that is how I now happen to have thi simply grand Thanksgiving *(Continued on page 72)*

Programs Day By Day



We've got rhythm—left to right: Jack Oakie, Lanny Ross, Lyda Roberti and Joe Penner strolling around the Paramount lot in Hollywood where they are making the movie, "College Rhythm."

SUNDAYS

(November 4th, 11th, 18th and 20th)

9:00 A.M. EST (½)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program.
WABC, WNAC, WCAU, WFBL, WCAO, WDAE, WICC, WHP, WHEC, WWVA, WDNC, WADC, WGAR, WJAS, WQAM, WSPD, WPG, WLBW, WFEA, WTOC, WSJS, WOKO, CKLW, WEAN, WDBO, WJSV, WLBZ, WBIG, WDBJ, WMAS, WORC. **8:00 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WISN, WIBW, KNOX, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KTSA, KSCJ, WACO, WMT, KFH, WNAX, KGKO. **7:00 MST**—KSL. (Network especially subject to change.)

9:00 EST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

9:30 EST (¼)—Trio Romatique.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (½)—Southernaires Quartet. Poignant melodies of the South.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC and a Columbia network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (½)—Sabbath Reveries. Dr. Charles L. Goodell. Mixed quartet.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

11:00 EST (5 min.)—News Service.
WEAF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.

11:30 EST (1)—Major Bowes' Capitol Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; The Guardsmen, male quartet; symphony orchestra, Waldo Mayo, conductor.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

12:00 Noon EST (½)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. Magnificence in religious music.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WJSV, WDAE, WLBW, WTOC, CKLW, WNAC, WHK, WDRC, WQAM, WLBZ, WHP, WMAS, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WDBO, WICC, WFEA, WORC. **11:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, KSCJ, WACO, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WMBD, KTSA, WIBW, WMT, KFH, KNAX, WNOX, KGKO, WALA. **10:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **9:00 PST**—KOH. (Network especially subject to change. Majority of above stations begin carrying program at 11:30 EST.)

12:30 P.M. EST (1)—Radio City Concert. Symphony orchestra; Chorus; Solists.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

12:30 EST (¼)—Tito Guizar singing with his guitar. (Brillo.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMAS, WORC. **11:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

1:00 EST (½)—Dale Carnegie tells strange tales of people who made history. Leonard Joy's orchestra. (Maltex.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WTIC, WEEI, WRC, WCAE, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI.

Time we did something about time.

Summer having faded into autumn and daylight saving having been put away in Papa Time's cedar chest, we're going to simplify your life by breaking down our station lists into time divisions.

First, find out whether you live in the Eastern, Central, Mountain or Pacific time zones. Then you can select your stations from the EST, CST, MST or PST groups as the case may be, without bothering to go through the whole list. If you live where you hear stations in two time zones, you'll have to pick from two groups.

Either that, or move.

1:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC, WAAB, CKLW, WFBL, WQAM, WPG, WDOD, WHP, WTOC, WSJS, WOKO, WGR, WDRC, WSPD, WDBO, WLBZ, WDBJ, CFRB, WORC, WCAO, WKRC, WJAS, WDAE, WBT, WBIG, WHEC, WWVA, WDNC. **12:00 Noon CST**—WBBM, KMBC, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KTSA, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WALA, WNOX, **11:00 A.M. MST**—KLZ, KSL. **10:00 PST**—KHJ, KOH.
(Network especially subject to change.)

1:30 EST (½)—The Sunday Forum. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman. Music and male quartet.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

1:30 EST (¼)—Big music from Little Jack Little. (Pinex.)
WABC, WADC, WCAU, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, CKLW. **12:30 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

1:30 EST (½)—Mary Small, literally little in years and name. William Wirges orchestra. Guest artists. (B. T. Babbitt and Co.)
WEAF, WFI, WSAI, WRC, WTAG, WFBR, WTAM, WWJ, WJAR, WGY, WEEI, WTIC, WBEN, WCAE, WCSN. **12:30 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KSD.

1:45 EST (¼)—Pat Kennedy with Art Kassel and his Kassels in the Air Orchestra. (Paris Medicine Co.)
WABC, WKRC, WCAU, WJSV, WCAO, WHK, WJAS, WBNS, WGR, CKLW, WSPD. **12:45 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WCCO, WMT, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, KRLD, WDSU. **11:45 A.M. MST**—KLZ, KSL. **10:45 PST**—KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

2:00 EST (½)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. (Irving Kaufman to us.) (Boyle Floor Wax.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WMBG, WBNS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDBJ, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WHEC. **1:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KOMA, WIBW, WGST, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, WMT. **12:00 Noon MST**—KLZ, KSL. **11:00 A.M. PST**—KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

2:00 EST (½)—Mohawk Treasure Chest. (Mohawk Rugs.)
WEAF, WEEI, WLIT, WGY, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WFBR, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW. **1:00 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WOC. **12:00 Noon MST**—KOA, KDYL. **11:00 A.M. PST**—KOMO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

2:15 EST (¼)—Facts about Fido. Bob Becker chats about dogs.
WJZ, WBZ, WJR, WBAL, WBZA, WMAL, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR. **1:15 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

2:30 EST (½)—Hill's Program. (Wyeth Chemical Co.)
WABC, WNAC, WHK, WCAU, WFBL, WMBG, WHEC, WADC, WKBW, CKLW, WJAS, WJSV, WDBJ, WCAO, WKRC, WDRC, WEAN, WBT. **1:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WAHS, KMOX, WGST, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WIBW, WMT. **12:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **11:30 A.M. PST**—KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

3:00 EST (1)—New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
WABC, WCAO, WKRC, WDRC, WEAN, WJSV, WLBZ, WLBW, WGLC, WFEA, WNEC, CFRB, WADC, WNAC, WHK, WCAU, WFBL, WDBO, WICC, WBIG, WDBJ, WTOC, WSJS, WOKO, WGR, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WDAE, WBT, WHP, CKAC, WMAS, WORC. **2:00 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WQAM, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRH, KLRA, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, KSCJ, WLAC, WMBD, KTSA, WSBT, WIBW, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WALA. **1:00 MST**—KVOR, KLZ, KSL. **12:00 Noon PST**—KHJ, KOH.

3:00 EST (½)—Talkie Picture Time—Dramatic Sketches (Luxor, Ltd.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WTAM, WJAR, WTAG, WLIT, WGY, WWJ, WCAE, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WSAI. **2:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WJDY, WSMB, WHO, WSM, WSB, WAPI, WOC.

3:30 EST (½)—Maybelline Musical Romances. Harry Jackson's orchestra; Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; guest stars.
WEAF, WITC, WTAG, WEEI, WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WLW, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WWJ. **2:30 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, KSD, KOA, KDYL. **1:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KNG.

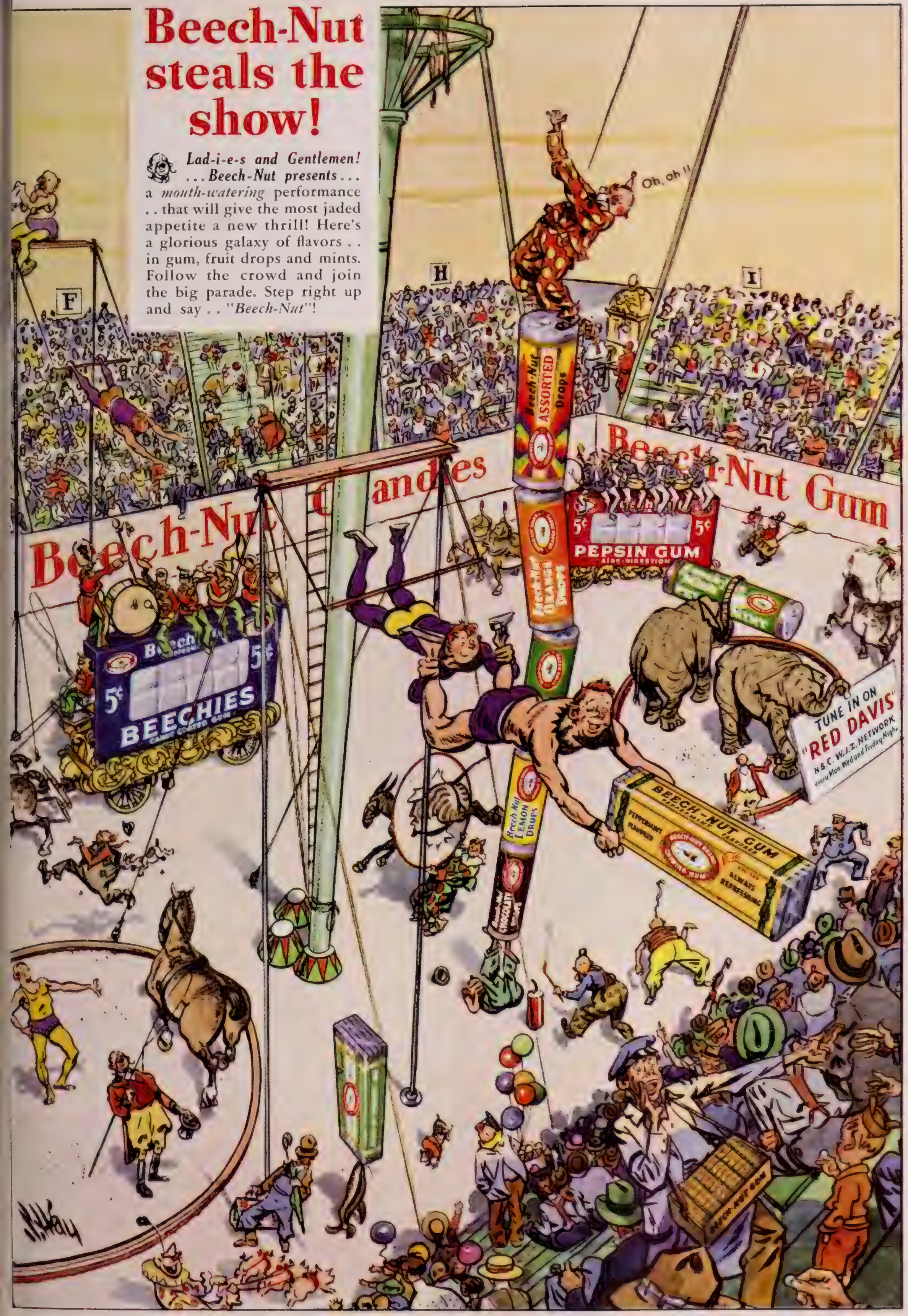
4:30 EST (½)—Tony Wons. (S. C. Johnson & Co.)
KSTP, WEBC, KFYR, WSM, WSMB. **3:30 CST**—WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX. **2:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KTAR. **2:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHG, KFSD.

(Continued on page 80)

TIME FLIES PLEASANTLY IF YOU USE OUR NEW RADIO PROGRAM SET-UP

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! ...Beech-Nut presents... a *mouth-watering* performance ..that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors .. in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say .. "*Beech-Nut*"!





A satisfying entertainer and a divine crooner — ingratiating Dick Powell, whom you hear on "Hollywood Hotel" over CBS each Friday evening, from 9:30 to 10:30

Tintex Is Sheer Magic For Faded Apparel and Home Decorations



Use TINTEX for

Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs
Stockings • Slips • Men's
Shirts • Blouses • Children's
Clothes • Curtains • Bed
Spreads • Drapes • Luncheon
Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

• The Easy, Inexpensive Way to Color-Smartness •



SMART women find the Tintex way is the simplest and most economical way to keep their wardrobe modish . . . and their home decorations like new. For at the cost of only a few pennies, Tintex makes faded color snap back to gay freshness . . . or gives fashionable new color, if you wish. And Tintex is so easy . . . so quick! No fuss, or bother . . . simply "tint as you rinse." The results are equal to costly professional work. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributor*

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* Tints & Dyes

Most Astounding
TYPEWRITER
BARGAIN

10¢ a Day
buys this New
Remington Portable
Model No. 5



10 Day
Free
Trial Offer

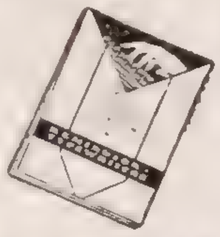
25% PRICE REDUCTION

Accept this amazing offer on a brand new Remington Portable No. 5, direct to you from the factory. Never before could we offer it on such easy terms that it actually costs you but 10¢ a day to own it. This machine formerly sold for 25% more than its present price. The price and the terms make it the greatest bargain in typewriter history.

Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

FREE COURSE IN TYPING

With your Remington No. 5 you get ABSOLUTELY FREE a 19-page typing course. Teaches the Touch System. It is simply written and well illustrated. Even a child can understand it. During the 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER you should dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.



FREE CARRYING CASE

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE Carrying Case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains.



ACT NOW WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD

New wage scales point definitely to higher prices. Machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. We don't believe we can maintain the present 25% price reduction for long.

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalog illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 140-12
Buffalo, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable Typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

TORCH SINGER

(*Continued from page 27*)

knew it. "I can't, sweetheart." His lips moved against my bare shoulder. "I love you too much. Isn't it going to be you and I always, pretty soon?"

"Yes," I whispered

I ACQUITTED myself very well at the audition Mr. Blake had arranged for me, the next afternoon. I was too much in love, too rapt in my own private paradise to be nervous. And once inside the sound-proof studio where I was to sing, I didn't even mind the presence of Mr. Blake, and the thin, grizzled man, my accompanist told me, was Mr. Paxon, of the Paxon Drug stores, behind the plate glass of the sponsor's gallery.

I just sang my love and longing for Cass into the mike—and it was enough! Then Mr. Blake and his client came out, and we went into one of the executive offices where Cass was waiting. I left all the business part of it to him, and when we left the building I had a thirteen weeks contract at a hundred a week tucked in my purse. Cass was pleased, though he had tried to raise the ante.

I was only to broadcast over a local station, but it had chain affiliations. "And when this contract runs out, they'll be bidding for you, Baby!" Cass promised exultantly. "Good publicity—the right sort of build-up—and you're going to be all set! Leave it to me, sweetheart."

I almost asked him if my singing was important at all. And then I smothered the ungracious impulse. He was right, of course.

That night, I cooked dinner for the two of us on an electric grill in his apartment, pretending that we were married. It hurt me, indefinably, when Cass laughed at me for liking to 'play house.' But I turned the chops and laughed too.

"You'll be glad I do, when we're married!" I told him. "I don't just want to be a successful radio star, Cass. Singing for you isn't enough. I want to darn your socks and cook your meals and be the one you come home to, darling."

He drew me out of the hole-in-the-wall kitchenette and I forgot all about the chops, the hashed brown potatoes. But the lovely feel of his arms wasn't enough. Why didn't he say something? My heart skipped a beat.

"I want all that as much as you do," he said after a long minute. "But we've got to be smart, honey. You've got your start now; you're going to show 'em. Myra Gorman is going to be the biggest attraction on the networks six months from now. That's what you want, isn't it, Baby?"

Was it? There was something else I wanted, even more.

"But marrying anybody would hurt your chances, sweet. Until you're established, famous. Ask anybody. Marriage takes the glamor from a radio star; radio fans don't want to think of their favorite torch singer darning socks and cooking meals. For your sake, wouldn't it be a whole lot better to wait?"

I think, crazy about him as I was, wanting to believe his specious argument as I did, my disillusionment was complete as it was ever to be, in that anguished moment.

Had he ever really meant to marry me? I knew I couldn't bear to know the answer. Not then! I turned away, and turning, I knocked a goblet from the table. It shattered to a thousand bits. Like my happiness that Cass had held in his two hands! "I never thought of that," I said in a small, flat voice. "We'll wait, Cass."

So we waited.

II.

The misery of that evening which should have been the happiest of my life, didn't stay acute, of course. Rapture and heartbreak both scale up and down like a temperature chart. And now that I was singing on the Paxon Drug Hour, and making good, my life was full, even pleasant. I loved Cass De Voe as desperately as ever, and no one could have had a more devoted lover. If he was going to tire of me later, and isn't that the secret terror of every girl in my position, he showed no sign of it in the busy, hectic weeks that followed. There were nights when I didn't see him, of course. But he was building me up, getting me the publicity that every newcomer to radio needs. And I was busy too. Our relationship seemed as close, as perfect as ever. (If it had ever been either outside of my enthralled imagination!) But I couldn't bring myself to go to his apartment again. So I took a small furnished place, and made it as attractive as possible, and he came there.

We had to be careful. I couldn't afford a breath of scandal, and I was touched and grateful to Cass for protecting me from any studio gossip.

(*To be continued next month*)

Lanny Ross Turns M. C.

(*Continued from page* 58)

KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane; KFSD, San Diego.

9:30 P. M.—KOA, Denver; KDYL, Salt Lake City.

10:30 P. M.—WKY, Oklahoma City; WFAA-WBAP, Dallas-Fort Worth; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; KTBS, Shreveport; KTHS, Hot Springs.

Tune in and hear him.

FAOEN *makes Loveliness cost so very Little!*



Beauty Aids as fine as Science can produce—yet they cost only 10¢

THE greatest part of charm is personal loveliness. This is a fact the world's most enchanting women have always known. And it is so easy to achieve...providing you follow one simple rule: use only beauty aids of unquestioned purity and quality...such as Faoen.

Smart women everywhere are more and more learning to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids ...for they know that no greater purity or finer quality is to be had at any price!

Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

> "every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

You owe it to yourself to be satisfied with nothing but the *best*. You can have it now...for 10¢...in Faoen Beauty Aids, the very finest Science can produce!

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10¢ Each at the Better 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

• CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES •



RADIO STARS Cooking School

(*Continued from page 65*)

Dinner Menus as outlined for me by the Vallees, Rudy and Bill. I am going to give it to you here and now.

THE VALLEE THANKSGIVING DINNER

Roast Turkey
Giblet Gravy — Chestnut Stuffing
Mashed Potatoes — Squash — Peas
Scalloped Onions
Succotash — Turnips
Cider Jelly — Cranberry Sauce
Homemade Bread — Salted Nuts
Celery and Olives
Mince Pie — Pumkin Pie
Milk — Coffee — Cider
Candy — Raisins
Fruits — Nuts

If you are the type to get hungry at the very sight of this menu, if the thought of these dishes makes your mouth water, you'd die of starvation on the spot to hear Rudy and his brother describe how truly delicious everything was. For, according to both the Vallees, their mother was a marvelous cook.

"In what type of cooking was she most proficient?" I asked, to which Rudy replied, "It would be impossible to say that she excelled in any one thing because everything she cooked was superfine." He then went on to describe the dinner table, so laden with good things to eat that, "there was no room for any decorations except food!"

EVERYTHING was put on, "family style" before the folks were called in. And such a vision of plenty as met the eye—the turkey, crisp and brown and HUGE, holding the place of honor in front of "Pop" who always carved. The traditional Thanksgiving bird would be fairly *bursting* with a chestnut stuffing the like of which Rudy claims he has never tasted anywhere since. Then there was a countless array of serving dishes of vegetables and one immense bowl of mashed potatoes piled high in snowy peaks.

The Cranberry Sauce—always the unstrained kind—was a great favorite of Rudy's, while brother Bill declared himself an enthusiast over the Cider Jelly. Besides these there were smaller dishes of celery and of olives, of salted almonds, candy and the like. Bread boats overflowed with thick slices of fresh homemade bread and were flanked by plates bearing mounds of freshly churned butter. The table, Rudy assured me, seemed fairly to groan under the accumulated weight of this array of foods, but bore up nobly under the task before it, as did the partakers of the feast.

And now we come to the dessert course at last—that part of the meal for which young and old always save a little room, and, because of which, the wiser ones refrain from any *third* helpings of turkey! If you'll glance at the menu you will see that for the Vallee Thanksgiving Dinner two kinds of pie are called for. Naturally that would be the case for we are speaking of New England where pies reign supreme. With the pie, coffee was served to the grown-ups while the children were given their choice of milk or sweet cider.

After dinner the Vallee family betook themselves to the library where the older folks talked and the young folks danced and played games. The party did not break up until late and before folks left to go their various ways there was *more food*, apples, cider and popcorn being featured.

So there, my friends, is a description of Thanksgiving Day in the Vallee home in Maine and I am pleased to say that I have, for you, recipes for several of the dishes of outstanding interest on the Vallee menu. But, before giving you one of these recipes and telling you how easy it will be to secure others, there are numerous important points in connection with this Thanksgiving dinner I should like to take up with you here.

In the first place you have doubtless noted and been surprised at, the complete omission of a first course. When I expressed my conviction to Bill that this omission was unintentional he replied, "Who wants to have anything before turkey?"

WELL, Bill, I do for one. And countless others I know would prefer something light with which to start the meal—an introduction to the feast, so to speak. For this course I suggest that you serve a clear soup such as bouillon or consomme which will stimulate the gastric juices for the almost overpowering task ahead of them. You will notice that the salad course also is omitted. With this I am in complete agreement, since I feel that everyone is too full at this point to do justice to a salad. Besides, too many green vegetables are included to make a salad necessary. And after all there is always dessert, for which we must preserve the few remaining vestiges of our appetite.

Let us now take up this important question of dessert. There are several reasons for including two kinds of pie, Mince and Pumpkin, on your menu. In the first place they both are grand examples of culinary art if correctly made. Then, too whereas a small slice of Pumpkin Pie will not harm any but the very tiniest tots, Mince Pie is far and away too heavy for youngsters. Even the kids in their teens will have to clamor insistently for their share of the Mince Pie because it is always so popular that the grown-ups are likely to insist upon prior rights.

A true Thanksgiving Mince Pie should be *inches* thick, with a thin flaky crust its edges having a slight crinkle made by the tines of a fork, its juices threatening to break through at any moment. On the top of the pie a large letter M, made with short jabs with a sharp knife, serves the double duty of proudly proclaiming its name and of allowing the steam to escape during the baking. This being our first Repeat Thanksgiving there may be many of you who will wish to include a little "spirit" in your Mince Pie. Most of you, I imagine will purchase your Mince Meat ready prepared instead of going to the bother of making it. After emptying this flavorsome Mince Meat into a bowl, add a little brandy or other liquor in sufficient quantity to flavor to your taste. By that I mean that you'll really have to *taste* it. I hesitate to

ive you more definite directions because, hen adding a "stick" to Mince Meat, prefrences vary greatly as to quantity.

Delicious though Mince Pie may be, umpkin Pie is not one jot less of a hanksgiving institution. This pie—a golen brown treat—merits its place on any enu and more than justifies the lyric decription given it by a Quaker poet of anther day:

What moistens the lips and what brightens the eye
What calls back the past like rich Pumpkin Pie!"

MALL slices of American Cheese are the time honored accompaniment of umpkin Pie, as you know. But had it ver occured to you that a cheese crust ould be equally fitting and much more ovel? I have tested out this suggestion ith complete success, in fact so enthusastic am I, that I have included the recipe or this Cheese Crust in this month's Radio tars Cooking School folder, together with ecipes for traditional Thanksgiving foods uggested by Rudy Vallee. Naturally I ouldn't think of giving you a recipe for crust for Pumpkin Pie without giving ou the ingredients for the pumpkin filling tself, a recipe that can be followed easily, hether you use fresh or canned pumpkin. nother recipe in the folder is one for he Scalloped Onions which played an imortant part in the vegetable squad of the allee menu. Still another is for Chestut stuffing as Rudy Vallee likes it—light, luffy, tasty, and delightfully seasoned.

You will want to have these recipes in our files, I am sure, because they will nable you to serve many dishes like those udy remembers having had in his own ome in Maine. Therefore you will be glad to know that by just filling out the oupon and mailing it to me without delay ou will get these recipes absolutely free! nd let me assure you, that not only will ou enjoy serving these foods on Thanksgiving, but you will find them equally good o serve at Christmas and on many other estive occasions. Therefore take the necessary steps to add these recipes to your ollection so that, (in the words of one of he Pilgrims when speaking of the *first* hanksgiving)—"you may after a more pecial manner rejoyce."

This is the Radio Stars Cooking School igning off with the cordial wish that you nd yours will gather from far and near o celebrate this day of Thanksgiving under he paternal roof, putting aside your unrelaxing application to work in order to concentrate on home ties and home provender.

This is Nancy Wood speaking—good fternoon, everybody.

RADIO STARS Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

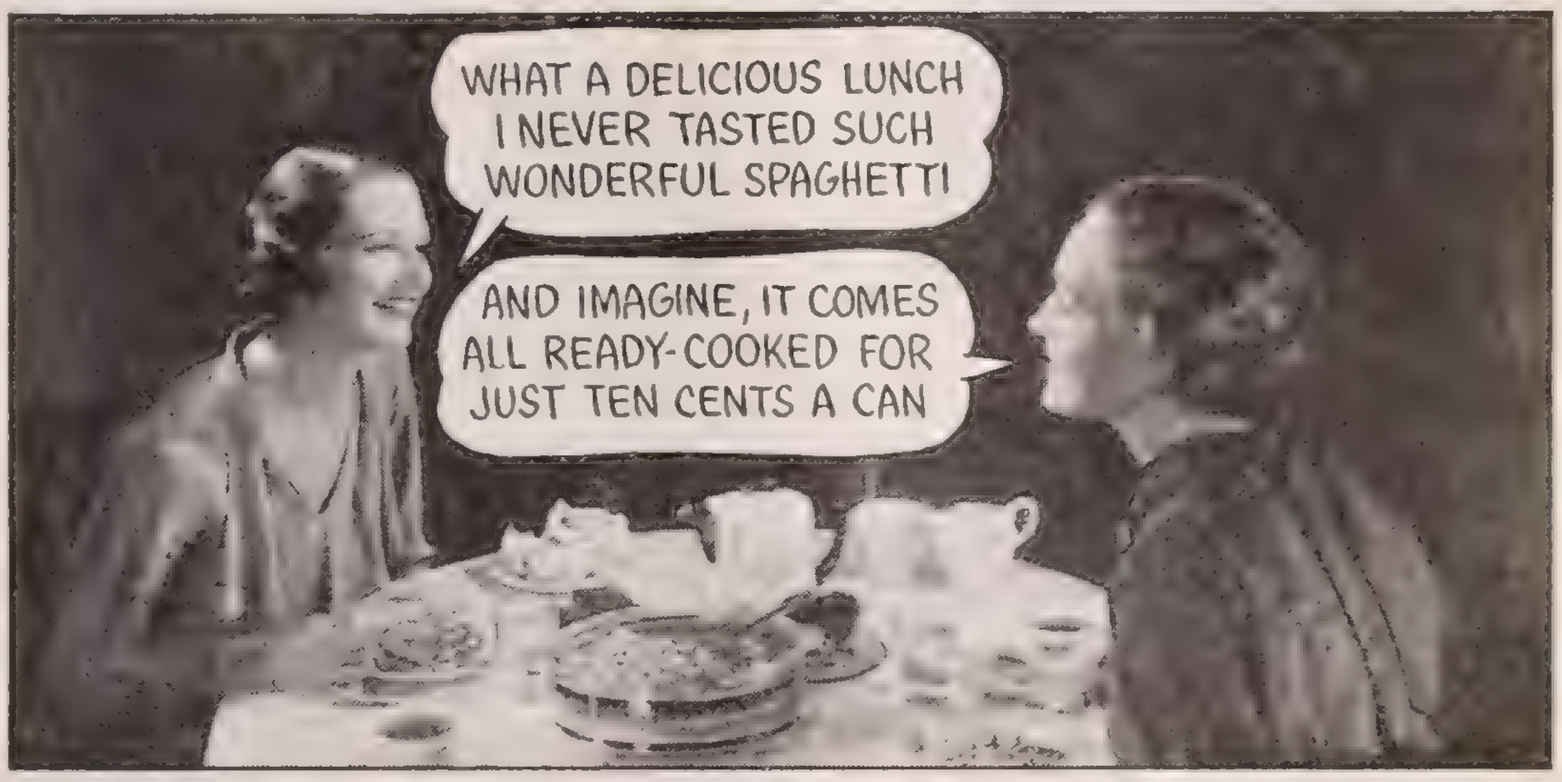
Please send me the RUDY VALLEE Thanksgiving Recipes.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and number)

.....
(City) (State)







"Far more delicious spaghetti than I could cook at home

—and it actually costs less, too!"

"I USED to get many a compliment on the way I prepared spaghetti. But I realize now that mine couldn't hold a candle to Franco-American. Good as my sauce was, theirs is a whole lot better. And it actually cost me more to buy the dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare it at home than it does to get a can of Franco-American all ready-cooked."



How much easier, too! No cooking or fussing with Franco-American. You simply heat and serve. Skilled chefs have done all the work, concocted a matchless sauce containing eleven different ingredients... garden-fresh, perfect tomatoes ... zestful Cheddar cheese... subtly blended seasonings.

Mere words can't tell you how good it is. You must taste it yourself. Why not try it today? Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents at any grocer's.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

[CORK-TIPPED]



Block those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLS! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass ahead of a fumbled ball! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the hearty flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped; they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B & W coupon good for attractive, nationally advertised premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for*
HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

"I Listen in London"

(*Continued from page 59*)

dollars a year for the entire cost of having a radio in the home, which is considerably better than I've ever been able to do in America. No new radio, no new tubes, no replacement of "cone," whatever that is, no unwilling and suspicious acceptance of a mechanic's word for the necessity of new parts and service, these are the things in the English system that eliminate headaches. And when an English company promises service, it means exactly what it says, which is an embarrassing discovery for an American who starts with an American attitude of self-defense, an American expectation of being gyped.

RADIOS are shockingly expensive to purchase in England. And they are also shocking in design to American eyes. Here they apparently regard the wireless as a legitimate child of modern times, not stigmatized with the bar sinister of Grand Rapids "period" design, if you get what I mean. Anyway, the sets are neat little cabinets that look like what they are, something modern and something practical, which is a great relief and the first step in making a radio Anglophile out of me.

The next step in that process of Anglophilization is due to the laughs I get out of listening-in. Don't get me wrong. I don't mean the humor in the "variety" programs. I haven't got a laugh out of them yet. If I could understand the language, I might understand the jokes. But it will take some time, and the results are extremely dubious.

No, I get my laughs out of the things they don't intend to be funny. Just as an Englishman in America would get his radio laughs not from Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor but from such theme songs as "All the dirt, all the grit—Hoover gets it, every bit!"

Take cricket, for instance. (You may have it, I do not want it.) I've just been listening to the crucial moments of one of the most important test matches between England and Australia. To see why I laugh you have to realize that these matches are not only the focal point of English living for the whole population all the time they are going on, but they can even cause a political crisis. And do.

The new "leg theory" introduced by one of the English players has almost severed diplomatic relations between England and Australia. I doubt very much if they worked up more national feeling during the war. It is a headline in all the papers, every corner newsboy holds posters screaming out the latest word on it, half an hour of the newsreel in every cinema is devoted to shots of it.

JUST a minute till I tell you what the "leg theory" is. You see, in cricket, if a bowler (pitcher) hits the batter's leg he puts the batter out. Now comes an English bowler who gets the idea that if he aims at the batter's leg he gets him out quicker. That is heresy. That is almost treason. For centuries the British have been aiming at the *wicket behind* the batter's leg and if, by the grace of God and good sportsmanship, the leg *should* intervene they think it's very nice. The leg theory just isn't cricket, so the Australians want to go home, they don't want to play any more. Why, it's almost *America* as though one played a game to *win*. Horrible thought.

But it is not as horrible a thought as it might be to a great many English hearts which beat for cricket. They have a sneaking, shameful wish to see the home team win. So they defend the leg theory. The result is bloody noses in the best clubs as well as in our pub on the corner. And politically the two islands foam at the harbor.

With all this, here is what comes over the radio in the most crucial moments of this cricket game, this game on which the fate of nations hangs. "Whatever we may say about it," the announcer says helpfully, "this test match is keeping us interested. Now," he goes on, "the English team is fighting grimly to save the situation. Before tea," he explains, "there was proper hostility."

I swear to you, that's as hot as it gets. But that's England, after all, as well as the British Broadcasting Company. For no matter if every heart in England is beating for the outcome of the cricket that day, the teams throw down their balls and bats at the stroke of tea time and have a nice, leisurely, comfy tea. Nothing in sport or commerce is important enough to make any Englishman, be he clerk or cricket player, forget his tea. And nothing in sport is exciting enough to make an English radio announcer forget to cross every "t" and dot every "i" and observe all the rules of grammar, pronunciation and syntax. Nor forget his manners—we can be sure that if an Australian player has a single merit we'll hear about it in the most generous, gracious, beautifully turned sentences.

I laugh, yes. But do you think I long for Graham McNamee? Well. . . .

NOW the cricket game is over, at least to the radio audience. The sport reports last just a few minutes three or four times during the course of the match.

"The next part of the program follows at once," says the announcer.

We wait.

And wait.

And keep on waiting.

By and by it comes. Nobody minds the delay. I was amazed at first, so I asked around. I asked them up at the "Broadcasting House." I asked all the heads of the different branches of broadcasting.

The answers all came to the same thing. The first—not put quite like this—is that when the program does come, it is worth waiting for, which differentiates it from certain programs they could mention, but don't. We'll let that one pass. Another answer is that they have consciously and intentionally conditioned their public against an impatient attitude toward the radio. They've taught them that they can't expect to get anything really worth

getting just by turning a dial and waiting for something to reach right out and snatch their attention and hold it at no matter what point they tune in. They say they have educated their public to a careful, thoughtful, attentive approach to the radio, made them realize that they must expect to give time and even prolonged concentration to programs in order to get the most out of them. And that in return they'll get something better than anything that could be swallowed in hasty, careless doses.

Once conditioned to that idea, they say, the people are not likely to be impatient at a few minutes' delay. That's the reason they give you why the BBC doesn't suffer the acute, refined torture that we do over the exact timing of programs. As a matter of fact, the delays are usually at the most a matter of a very few minutes. It just *seems* long to American ears. And a few minutes more or less don't matter so greatly in the life of an English person. The English don't make a fetish of shaving split seconds off their personal routine.

THEIR attitude to time is much like like that of the English guest of an uptown New Yorker who was being taken by subway to his host's office. The bewildered Britisher followed his guide back and forth in frenzied leaps across the teeming platform, from local train to jammed express, from express to local again. As they emerged he asked, "I say, why the dash in and out of trains?" The American answered, "Why, we saved two minutes on the trip that way." The Englishman considered. "What," he asked quietly, "are you going to do with the two minutes?"

The English listener-in sits happily and smokes his pipe and looks into his fire and reflects. England is a great little nation of ponderers. One thought can last them a long time. They don't feel that the act of the broadcasting company in leaving them to a few minutes of their own unadulterated company is necessarily an insult. Being English, they rather like their own company.

Some of the pauses are by artistic intent. Val Gielgud, the brilliant young head of the drama department of BBC, says that any play good enough for him to give his audience is good enough to call for a couple of minutes of reflection at the end; that if he builds a mood up to a climax he feels it would be barbarous to jerk the listener out of it suddenly. So he purposely delays giving the signal to the engineers that the play is over until the audience has had a moment to recover before the next act on the program. I thought of some of our more famous Rude Awakenings and was glad that twelve-minutes-of-symphony-and three-minutes-of-cigarettes was already a part of unhallowed memory.

But there are other reasons why the BBC can be lax in its timing. And they are probably the really significant ones. The chief one is that there is no competition. No other broadcasting company can lure away the tuning finger. The BBC is a government fathered monopoly of the ether. And it is not commercial. Even though I do tune in to Paris or Stuttgart or Milan, the BBC doesn't mind.





Visiting New York means living at the

HOTEL MONTCLAIR

in the new smart center of New York

Lexington Ave., 49th to 50th Sts.

•

Come to New York now. For this is the time of year when New York is at its gayest! The Great White Way is ablaze with lights. The theatrical world has scored hit after hit. The proudest names in opera are singing at the Metropolitan. The shops are crowded with temptations.

And when you come, make your trip completely successful by living in the new smart center of New York at the Hotel Montclair.

The Montclair is modern, attractive, comfortable. It is convenient to all railroad terminals, to the fashionable shops, to the theatres and to Radio City. And the service is in the finest traditions of the Continent.

800 Outside Rooms With Bath, Shower and Radio

Single from $2.50

Double from $3.50

Dine and Dance here every evening in the city's smartest restaurant

CASINO MONTCLAIR

New . . and beautiful. Featuring a famous orchestra and stars of the entertainment world.

They won't lose the Pepsodent account.

These foreign stations of course help to make radio really worth ten bob a year to English listeners. I can't describe the sensation of sitting in my own armchair and picking around among the best music in the world from Munich, languishing waltzes from Vienna, rowdy, gypsy tunes from Budapest, the naughtiest songs and jokes via the *Poste-Parisien.* Maybe I don't understand the naughty nuances, but I catch the accent. And what language lessons—from Barcelona, Copenhagen, Riga, Amsterdam, Warsaw—not to mention Schenectady and good old Station KDKA.

IN England there is no objection if we want to listen to foreign stations. On the contrary. The BBC cashes in on it. Running a remarkable business of publishing on the side, including compilations of all the BBC programs in book form they publish three magazines: one for the time listings of all programs, one for the general highbrow interest based on the BBC programs and another called World Radio, which helps anyone who listens to foreign stations to know how to get them and how to understand them when you do get them.

The English feel pretty superior about their broadcasting. Partly because they are English and hence feel superior about everything. Partly because they have been put on the defensive by American criticism which gripes them more than they'll admit; and partly because they really do have something to be superior about.

There is no question that BBC is free to hold its programs to a definite higher standard, aesthetically, ethically, and—God help us—educationally. Not having to sell anything but their programs, they can afford to give people programs whose appeal is not to the lowest common denominator of public taste.

The program builders are not faced with the unhappy necessity of building an unbalanced radio menu—a menu cloying because it is entirely of sweets on the theory of each sponsor that sweets are the most popular item on the bill of fare. They don't have to play down to the quickest reaction and the laziest response. They can even afford to take time to build up a new taste on the public palate. They have definitely done a real educational job. They have taught the people to get a kick out of good plays put on at full length. Some of the BBC scientific discussions are big-time stuff—not watered down or dressed up with chocolate sauce. Art does not have to be colored with sentiment, and medical subjects do not need censoring for the benefit of patent medicine advertisers.

Censorship does not seem quite the big bad wolf it's painted. They have stiff moral necks, it's true. But so have they in America. One unbreakable rule is that marital infidelity must not even be suggested in any terms. That rules out a great many scenes from plays I've heard in America. On the other hand I listened to one play here in which the heroine made a practice of posing in the nude, a practice and a broadcast which I think would be frowned on in Dubuque.

The English listener for all his respect feels very proprietary about his radio. He has opinions about what it gives him and he does not hesitate to let the BBC know how he feels about it. Not only to the BBC but by letters in the papers, does he express himself in no uncertain terms. Because of this the BBC system of telling time is apparently about to die an early death. When you read this, the announcers will probably not be saying "A variety program will go on at 20:35," but just plain 8:35 p. m.

Occasionally I'm tempted to make the high, wide and handsome statement that the English wireless means more to the listener-in than the American radio does. I think of the "Time to Spare!" series which have shaken the National Government at its very foundations. It's just a simple little broadcast every week, in which an actual unemployed man or woman tells the cruel facts of their existence—how they use a threadbare army overcoat to cover the cold bed on which six sleep in midwinter, how they put the children to bed early, because otherwise the bread and margarine will not last until the morning. Very simple, very calm and matter of fact. But it has taught the public what it means in about ten million people's lives to live on the dole with an allowance of fifty cents a week for each child's expenses. And this thirteen-weeks' series of broadcasts may overturn the set up of the government. That's what radio does in England.

Then I think of how the radio is used in America. I think of President Roosevelt holding the people warmly in the hollow of his hand by the sound of his voice in all the country's parlors saying "My friends." (And I *am* homesick now.)

I don't know. I guess it all comes down to this: Radio is Power. I wonder what will happen when we learn to use it?

Things Always Happen to John Barclay

(*Continued from page 33*)

towers over theirs. Many comment on it.

When you're that tall, you have to be careful of every step you take, of everything you do. So what was John Barclay doing? At the Harrow School he was taking part in every athletic competition, and especially in the cross-country races. The doctors warned him, "If you don't stop, you'll get an athletic heart. You ought to take things easy." But did he heed them? You can imagine how much

One day a group of boys decided to race eight miles across the country. "I'll race with you," said John. And race he did, madly, his feet flying ahead of them till the world spun and his heart beat like some strange engine!

The next thing he knew he was lying in a sickbed, and the doctor was bending over him and shaking his head gravely

His mother, that Spartan woman, was trying to look unconcerned. Faintly John could make out what the doctor was saying, "The boy will die unless you take him to Bad Nauheim." And his mother's answer, "We'll go around the world. That will be much more amusing." And around the world they went.

Thus the first great adventure of his life came to John because he took the golden sands of his life, scooped them up in his hands, and started to fling them away. He took a chance and flung caution to the winds.

The boat they chose to sail on was a Japanese ship. So dangerous was the boat that Lloyd's of London had refused to insure it. In this unsafe vessel they were caught in a typhoon in the Yellow Sea. Running the engine full blast, the crew tried to anchor. Instead the boat keeled backwards, narrowly missing some rocks as it went into the harbor. The shocking face of death was everywhere, but there was no real fear in the boy's heart. To him death has always seemed only an interlude, so he doesn't give a tinker's damn about it.

At last the boat ended its perilous journey. John Barclay had faced death and had not been afraid.

SHORTLY after, the hot breath of death and danger blew once more upon the boy's cheek when he was lost with several friends in the Chinese city of Kiukang on the Yangtze River.

Throngs of beggars and lepers closed in on them as they walked in single file along the narrow streets. Unbearable was the stench of those grim, ragged beggars and horrible lepers, who persisted in coming up close to them and demanding alms.

In the group was a hot-headed boy from Oxford, and when the lepers touched him with their foul hands, there was a moment when it seemed as if he would strike out at them. John knew very well what the result of a fight would be. The beggars would all join against them and knives be stuck into unprotected backs.

It was madness to stand there doing nothing. Madness not to try to get hold of that hot-headed boy and tell him to keep his hands to himself. But John simply stood there, grinning in the teeth of death, and Death came along, saw how he was taking things, said "Hello, pal. See you some other time," and then flew away again. With an effort the Oxford boy kept his hands off the lepers and the party escaped death.

Finally the world tour ended, and John went to Cambridge. Here his life might have flowed along in peaceful channels, but England joined the World War. And so did John.

He enlisted and was made a commissioned officer with the London Territorials, where he was under the direct line of fire. But within a fortnight his weak heart was discovered and he was compelled to take a job behind the lines.

Even then he just couldn't sit still and do nothing, so he originated the 60th Division Concert Party, which entertained the men who were going to the front. And it was here that he decided that if ever he got a chance, he'd cultivate his voice in earnest and go on the stage.

GLAMOUR! ROMANCE! OPPORTUNITY

RADIO Broadcasting

offers you these and more



You, Too, Can Train for Broadcasting

—Learn Quickly At Home in Spare Time

MAIL THE COUPON— *Find out about the spare time and full time opportunities in this giant, new industry. Many different types of opportunities—both on and off the air.*



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Announcer

Start training now for one of the many good paying positions in this fast-growing field. Hundreds of opportunities as

Announcer
Musical Director
Singer
Program Manager
Actor
Advertising
Publicity
Musician
Reader
Writer
Director

are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

Broadcasting is a new, live field—full of opportunities for practically every type of talent and ability. Just think of the breath-taking speed with which this vast industry has grown. It's only about 15 years since the first broadcast—only 8 years since the first chain program. And now America has over 600 radio stations, broadcasting thousands of different programs every day. Now American business concerns spend approximately seventy-five million dollars a year to advertise their products and services over the air.

Think of the thousands of good jobs involved in selling, planning, writing, directing and broadcasting these sponsored advertising programs alone. Not to mention the hundreds of additional opportunities on sustaining programs put on by the radio stations themselves.

INVESTIGATE—GET THE FACTS ABOUT THIS NEW INDUSTRY

Where do you fit into this picture? Let's see: Do you have a clear speaking voice? Can you tell funny stories? Do you take part in neighborhood entertainments? Can you sing? Play a musical instrument? Can you talk interestingly about sports, news events, hobbies, cooking, child care, home decoration or other popular subjects? If you can—mail the coupon below and learn about present day opportunities "on the air".

ALL OF THE OPPORTUNITIES ARE NOT BEFORE THE "MIKE"

There are plenty of opportunities in Broadcasting "off the air," too. There's good money being made writing Broadcasting news, gossip and comment for newspapers and magazines. There's good money being made writing Radio Dramas, Comedies, Skits, Advertising Announcements and Continuities. There's good money being made in the many managing, directing, selling, operating, publicity, advertising and talent-hunting jobs of the great Broadcasting industry.

GOOD PAY OPPORTUNITIES—PART TIME OR FULL TIME

You've read and heard a lot about the tremendous salaries, paid the big "Stars" of Radio, and much of it is true. But remember this, too: for every "star" whom you can name, Broadcasting has hundreds of men and women on its payroll whose names you have never heard, drawing from $1,500 to $4,000 a year and up for jobs both on and off the air. And Broadcasting gives profitable part time employment to hundreds of others who devote only a small amount of their spare time to this fascinating work.

LEARN IN SPARE TIME QUICKLY AT HOME

There are opportunities such as these in Broadcasting stations in every city of any size. And the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting stands ready now to give ambitious men and women a thorough training in the fundamentals and technique of Broadcasting. And you get this training right at home, in spare time. The training is complete, practical, written in fascinating style. It is easy to understand and entertaining in itself. It gives you the inside "feel" of Broadcasting right from the start.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK NOW

Mail the coupon today for the interesting free book which tells the whole fascinating story of the Broadcasting industry and the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting's method of training men and women at home in spare time. You never know your own capacity until you make the effort. Give your talent or ability the test of training. Now, thanks to the Floyd Gibbons School, you can obtain that training quickly in your spare time at home. Send at once for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting."

MAIL THIS NOW!

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
Dept. 4S37, U. S. Savings Bank Building,
2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

(Please print plainly

Name.....Age.....

Address .....

City.....State.....

Kills a COLD "Dead"!

—Does this Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

DIRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications".

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is *internal* in effect.

What It Does

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That's the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.

World's Standard



JOHN knew about romance, too, or thought he did, for he had found love early in life. It was one of those hectic war marriages, which was destined to end in divorce. When the war was over, he didn't know exactly what to make of his life. His marriage was a hollow jest, and his life, though it had been filled with adventure, had not exactly trained him for making a living.

Once again, John Barclay turned his back on the road to safety. With a small family pittance he came to the United States to begin the struggle for success in music.

After years of concert work, he got a chance in radio. But such a slim, unimportant chance! Sustaining roles. Hack roles in radio dramas, in which he got exactly nowhere. Even when he played leading parts on the Collier's hour, hardly anyone knew he was alive. When he saw radio wasn't getting him anywhere he chucked radio altogether and went to St. Louis to appear in Municipal Opera.

The next step was easy. When John came back to New York, he was featured in a Broadway play, "Champagne, Sec," and was a glittering, glamorous success in it. It was here that one of the Benton and Bowles executives noticed him, and when the agency started looking around for an actor capable of playing leads for their Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre, this man thought of John Barclay.

Romance, too, has again come to John Barclay, as it always comes to the John Barclays of the world, and this time, I believe, it will be lasting. In the home of a friend in Philadelphia he met the woman he's married to now, Madame Dagmar Rybner Barclay, the pianist and composer. Distinguished in the musical world and the friend of such glamorous figures as Rachmaninoff, the famous pianist. She has taught music to such silver-throated radio orioles as Jane Pickens and Conrad Thibault.

Always John is an incurable optimist. For instance, he never believes that it is going to rain, no matter how many times the Weather Bureau assures him it is. Recently he planned a trip to Fire Island when the newspapers said it was going to rain the next day. "Oh, I'm sure there will be just a couple of light showers," he said blithely. And just because the gods favor such cuckoos as John, by the great heavens, the day turned out fair.

Once his mother told John that she was going to consult a brother-in-law of his about some question or other.

"You'd never think of consulting me would you, mother?" he asked.

"Of course not," she told him cheerfully. "You know you have no judgment."

But good judgment or not, I only wish that someone could plant a little of John's recklessness in all our hearts. When the reckless way of doing things gets a man so far, what price caution?

Laughing Lovers

(*Continued from page 29*)

dreamy-eyed and blissfully happy, nodded her head.

Two days later, they stood in the town courthouse, waiting their turn to be married.

"Just a minute, honey," Tim whispered. "I forgot something. I'll be right back."

Irene waited. And waited. She was growing panicky. She looked up at the clock, clasping and unclasping her long hands. He was gone an hour already! A dreadful fear clutched at her heart. What if—what if her mother was right. What if he had left her then and there, waiting at the altar? She started to wail.

Suddenly she heard a lot of noise. She wheeled around. There was Tim rushing in, pulling her mother with him.

"Sorry I'm late, honey," he said excitedly to his red-eyed bride-to-be, "but it took me all this time to get your mother to agree to our marriage. You see," he added boyishly, "I wanted to marry you the right way."

Funny, isn't it? And that's how they have been careening through life. Right after their marriage, when there were more serious things to think of, such as careers and finances, they bumped their impulsive heads against so many of Life's hard knocks that they still carry the bruises.

Leaving the stock company they toured in their own vaudeville act all over the country. They were doing nicely, thank you, but were too busy joking and playing to see the trend of the times. It hit home, though, suddenly and forcibly. Tim and Irene woke up one bright morning to find themselves with no more vaudeville bookings. Vaudeville, they discovered, was definitely on the wane. Radio was the thing. But did that daunt them? Say you don't know this pair!

They hopped on a train for San Francisco, their home, with no prospects but enough hope and self-confidence to conquer the world. They were going to tackle radio!

WHEN they stood before their first microphone they were so excited that they could hardly hear their own voices. Irene forgot some of her lines, Tim's voice cracked, but wonder of wonders, they passed the audition! The program director sent for them. Tim threw out his chest, Irene powdered her nose, and they both strutted into the office.

Fifteen minutes later they emerged downcast and dejected, the wind taken out of their sails. Sure, they could go on the air. At ten dollars a program! How could they be expected to live on that? They had heard there was money in broadcasting. Where was it? Tim and Irene went home to do some more waiting. Their life became one call after another—with no ensuing job.

After the ninth audition they gave up. "I never want to see another microphone!" Irene cried in despair. "Let's go to Hollywood.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Strictly Confidential

(*Continued from page 23*)

• For the first time in history, a state government is sponsoring a radio show. It's New York State paying for the program "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," on a limited CBS network, designed to increase the consumption of milk and cream. Peter Dixon, author of "Bobby Benson," is writing the show.

• Mr. and Mrs. David Freedman (he writes the jokes for Eddie Cantor) expect the stork this month.

• Tenor Phil Regan, who left a good spot in radio for a bad break in movies, may soon wed Josephine Dwyer of Brooklyn says rumor.

• Muriel Wilson, Show Boat's Mary Lou, hardly looks like her former self. A loss of weight and a new way of fixing her hair has added much charm to her already charming self.

(*Additional gossip will be found on page 6*)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, Of RADIO STARS, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the RADIO STARS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Curtis Mitchell, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1934.

MAY KELLEY,
Notary Public, N. Y. County.
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 85.
N. Y. County Register's No. 5K278.
(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)



SKINNY?

NEW DISCOVERY ADDS POUNDS

—double quick!

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times, iron added

NO NEED to be "skinny" when this new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time!*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated *7* times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast*, imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 312, Atlanta, Ga.

THANKS TO THIS
TIME-PROVEN PRODUCT



Feminine Hygiene

becomes

✓ SIMPLE
✓ CONVENIENT
✓ RELIABLE

For as long as forty years, Boro-Pheno-Form has liberated married women from the old fashioned ordeal of feminine hygiene. Today, through counsel of physicians and personal recommendation, Boro-Pheno-Form has widely replaced undependable, often dangerous, chemicals.

With Boro-Pheno-Form no water, no mixing, no awkward accessories are needed. A dainty suppository serves as a dependable protectant. Its action is positive . . . effective for hours. Soothing, non-caustic and odorless. The simple way for safeguarding health and preserving mental comfort. Boro-Pheno-Form is obtainable at your druggist. Send Coupon today for generous trial and enlightening booklet —"The Answer."

Proven reliable for more than forty years



Dr. Pierre's
BORO-PHENO-FORM

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. N-16
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me generous trial of Boro-Pheno-Form and Booklet — "The Answer." I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover costs.



Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 66)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

5:00 EST (½)—National Vespers: Visiting Ministers. Music and mixed quartet. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

5:00 EST (½)—Charles Sears, tenor; Mary Steele, soprano; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.) WEAF, WTAG, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WEEI, WJAR, WFI, WRC, WSAI, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WTIC. **4:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WDAF.

5:00 EST (½)—Walk in, folks. It's Vick's Open House. Permit us to introduce you to Freddie Martin's Orchestra; Elmer Feldkamp, baritone; Terry Shand, blues singer; vocal trio, and the two-piano team. WABC, WADC, WNAS, WDRC, WEAN, WJSV, WCAH, WHEC, WKBN, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, WCAU, WFBL, WLBZ, WBIG, WMAS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WBT, WMBG, WORC. **4:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, WIBW, KTUL, KFH. **3:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **2:00 PST**—KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

5:00 EST (½)—Roses and Drums. Fragrance of romance mixed with the acrid smell of gunpowder in Civil War dramas. (Union Central Life.) WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, KDKA, WLW. **4:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS.

5:30 EST (½)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. (General Baking.) WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WHK, WSPD, WBNS, WWVA, WADC, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WJSV, WHEC, WORC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WICC, WMAS. **4:30 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WDSU, KOMA, KFH, KTUL.

5:30 EST (½)—Tony Wons. "House by the Side of the Road." (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.) WEAF, WEEI, WCSH, WCAE, WLW, WRVA, WIS, WTIC, WJAR, WFI, WTAM, CRCT, WTAG, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, CFCF, WWNC. **4:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI.

5:30 EST (¼)—Ride adventure high while sitting at home with the Radio Explorer's Club. (Bosch.) WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY. **4:30 CST**—WENR, WLS, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WAVE, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB. **3:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **2:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO. **Honolulu Time**—KHQ

5:45 EST (¼)—Ruminations on Rover. Albert Payson Terhune talks about dogs. (Spratt's.) WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY. **4:45 CST**—WENR, WLS, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL. **3:45 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **2:45 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

6:00 EST (½)—"Music by Gershwin." Louis Katzman's orchestra; Dick Robertson, tenor; Rhoda Arnold, soprano; Lucille Peterson, soloist; Male Sextet, and Harry Von Zell, Master of Ceremonies. WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WHEC, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, CFRB, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WBNS. **5:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WCCO, KRLD, WDSU. **4:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **3:00 PST**—KERN, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KVI.

6:30 EST (½)—"The Iron Master." Fifty piece band; guest artists; Bennett Chapple, narrator. (Armco.) WEAF, WFBR, WTAM, WWJ, WCAE, WLW, WGY, WLIT, WRC, WBEN. **5:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WOAI.

6:30 EST (¼)—Smilin' Ed McConnell. Song. (Acme Paints.) WABC, WAAB, WKBW, WEAN, WQAM, WBNS, WFEA, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WFBL, WLBZ, WLBW, WWVA, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WJSV, WBT, WHP. **5:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDSU, KRLD, KFAB, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WLAC. **4:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **3:30 PST**—KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KVI.

6:45 EST (¼)—Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products.) WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WWVA, CKLW. **5:45 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WHAS, WOWO. **4:45 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **3:45 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KVI.

7:30 EST (½)—Buddy Rogers and Jeanie Lang. (Ward's.) WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WADC, WHK, WFBL, WLBZ, WICC, WFEA, WMAS, WWVA, WORC, WKBN, WBNS, WJAS, WEAN. **6:30 CST**—WBBM, KMOX, WBRC, WSFA, WMBR.

7:45 EST (¼)—Wendel Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. (Fitch.) WEAF, WLIT, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WKBF, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, WTIC. **6:45 CST**—WHO, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WOW.

8:00 EST (1)—Chase & Sanborn Hour with Schnozzle Durante. WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WWNC, WIS, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WCSH, WRVA, WJAX, WLIT, WSB, WAPI, WBZ, WBZA. **7:00 CST**—WMC, WJDX, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, KFYR, KPRC, WKY, WTMS, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WSMB, WAVE. **6:00 MST**—KTAR, KDYL, KOA. **5:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EST (½)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Tamara, blues singer; David Percy, orch.; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.) WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WTAM, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTAG, WWJ, WSAI, WFI, CFCF. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAF. **7:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KHQ, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO.

9:30 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell. (Jergen's.) WJZ, WBZ, WMAL, WJR, WBZA, WBAL, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN.

9:30 EST (½)—Gulf Headliners. Will Rogers and Stoopnagle & Budd in alternative cycles; Oscar Bradley's Orch. (Gulf Refining Co.) WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WHEC, WJAS, WKRC, WMAS, WNAC, WORC, WSPD, WWVA, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WHK, WJSV, WLBZ, WMBG, WOKO, WQAM, WTOC, CKLW. **8:30 CST**—KLRA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WALA, WACO, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBR, WOWO, WREC.

9:30 EST (½)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rae, soprano; Ohman & Arden, piano team; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orch. (Bayer.) WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WWNC, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WSB, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, WJAX, WPTF, CFCF, CRCT, WIS. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSP, WOC, WHO, WOW, WMC, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM. **7:30 MST**—KDYL, KOA. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.) WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WBNS, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WFBM. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, WDSU, KMOX, WCCO, KRLD, WIBW, KFAB. **8:00 MST**—KLZ. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KGW, KVI.

10:00 EST (½)—Hall of Fame. (Lehn & Fink.) WEAF, WTIC, WTAM, WTAG, WEEI, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WLW, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, CFCF, CRCT, WSB. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WFAA, WOW, WDAF, KTBS, KSTP, WJDX, WKY, WSMB, WKBF, WOC, WHO. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:00 EST (¼)—Wendell Hall sings again for Fitch. **10:00 CST** — KSTP, WOAI, WDAF, WTMJ, WKY, KPRC, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WBAP, KTBS. **9:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **8:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

MONDAYS

(November 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Adventures in the 25th century. (Cocomalt.) WABC, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, CKLW. (See also 7:30 EST.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Cowboy stories for the kiddies. (Hecker H-O.) WABC, WAAB, WGR, WCAU-W3XAU, WFBL, WLBZ, WDRC, WEAN, WOKO.

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix. Western drama for the youngsters. (Ralston.) WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP.

6:30 EST (½)—The Shadow. Mystery

(Continued on page 84)

A Coat for a Queen

(*Continued from page 55*)

me and address, and mail before mid-ght, November 30, 1934.

Simple, isn't it? The best answer wins, course. Neatness counts, too, but you use pen and ink or typewriter, which-er you prefer. In case two or more tries are equally good, duplicate prizes ll be awarded. Everyone is eligible o lives within the boundaries of the ited States and Canada, with the ex-tion of employees of RADIO STARS agazine and I. J. Fox, Inc.

The Band Box

(*Continued from page 63*)

Lanny Ross' new program Wednesdays er NBC at 8:30 p. m and 11:30 p. m. ST is Harry Salter who batoned for udson Motors last winter.

After three years at the Blackhawk estaurant, made famous by Coon-Sanders years gone by, Hal Kemp's orchestra scheduled for the Hotel Pennsylvania is winter. The Blackhawk is casting out for another long term winner.

Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut ankees are scheduled to go back into the ollywood Restaurant on Broadway De-mber 1.

Ruby Wright, Charlie Davis' song-ress, has switched over to Barney Rapp's chestra.



Jackson

Jimmie McCallion, young NBC actor, poses in his first long trousers.



Joe E. Brown in "6 Day Bike Rider."

Screen stars in funny poses.

Intimate glimpses of Hollywood life.

A bookful of side-splitting humor.

Completely out of control, rounding the curves on three wheels, Joe is out in front and having a grand time. Before starting this, the greatest and latest laugh-ride of his career, he went in training with a fresh copy of Film Fun and thereby added two more inches to his smile. Normally Joe's mouth is just like anybody else's, but due to constant reading of this hilarious magazine he now has a monopoly on the biggest smile in history. We dare you to keep a straight upper lip after seeing the

DECEMBER ISSUE NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

FILM FUN

THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST SCREEN MAGAZINE

New Charm
with this amazing
NAIL POLISH



New shades LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish—transparent or creme—made to harmonize with your natural coloring

—See Special Offer Below*

● A great many women believe that the first consideration in the choice of nail polish shades is the colors in their wardrobes. Beauty experts advise quite differently—say that nail polish shades should first of all match natural coloring for only then will nail polish help you attain the true charm of your color type.

No wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish first announced in Vogue are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

The new Lady Lillian Polish shades flow on smoothly, leaving an unbroken surface without bubble or crumb. They dry rapidly, leaving no odor to collide with your perfume. They last and last because they do not chip and do not fade.

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25c at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 10c sizes at "five-and-tens." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring" comes with polish and sets.

***TRIAL OFFER**—One daytime and one evening shade of Lady Lillian Nail Polish—made especially for your color type—with Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Oil, Nail White, Emery Board, Manicure Stick and Cotton—and valuable booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring"—*All for 12c.*

I enclose 12c for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above. I prefer Transparent...or Creme Polish... I am True Blonde....Ash Blonde....Light Brunette.... Chestnut Brunette....Dark Brunette....Titian Red.... Silver Hair.....Black Hair.....Black with Silver....

Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

LADY LILLIAN (Dept. E)
1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 13)

problem in keeping your skin, for its general tendency is toward a coarse, rough appearance. Yet, for all of this, the very fact that your skin is oily will prevent it from becoming wrinkled and so will remain young longest. And if you will follow a thorough cleansing routine there's no reason why your skin shouldn't be of fine texture. Use all the cream you like for cleansing plus lots of soap and water. Contrary to the idea that much cleansing causes a greater secretion of oil, it actually stimulates the circulation and enables the pores to throw off sebaceous secretions, thus eliminating blackheads. Of course, use common sense and don't go to bed with cream on your face. Rather finish off with a good astringent to remove every vestige of cream.

Dry skin might be the most beautiful while it's young, but beware! It ages fastest of all—unless you determine right now to prevent it. And you can. The burning question is whether to wash or not to wash. If you don't feel clean unless you do, then by all means wash. But use cream and more cream both before and after. The skin is pretty tough for all its seeming fragileness and it's going to take plenty of downright soaking in cream to penetrate the top layer and reach your "under skin." If you use an astringent, choose one that is tightening without being drying, then work a tissue or nourishing cream into it and leave a slight filmy layer on over night. A powder base of some good cream or lotion is advisable before applying your makeup.

Today, with the excellent line of cosmetics to fit everyone's purse, there is no reason why we all should not have a smooth, healthy skin. Certainly it's worth striving for, since a lovely skin can cover a multitude of defects—irregular features are not so noticeable, a figure not quite a la mode is overlooked. Even Josephine famed for her beautiful skin is said t have had very poor teeth.

JUST think of your mother's friends, wh have retained passible figures, but whos faces show the ravage of time and neglec One can always disguise the age of shapely figure, but it's impossible to mas wrinkles.

Incidentally, hands, too, as I've me tioned before, are indicative of the year Keep yours out of the age category l giving them a good creaming each nigh And give more than a passing thought grooming. You can depend on the nur erous new shades of nail polish to add th final touch of smartness. The color yc choose depends on your costume and tl color of the skin on your hands.

Hands of yellowish tints require polish of the orange tones—corals and oran reds. For fair and rosy skin—pale, natur medium; rose, blood red and carmine.

Natural and pale shades are always sui able for sportswear and whenever it's wi to be conservative. These are also sa when you're wearing brilliant costumes purple, orange, red and emerald gree With delicate pastel colors, keep to tl natural and pale.

The deeper shades of polish—the reds are effective with black, white, dark gre and blue, pale gray, beige, sand and ne tral.

If you have any individual skin pro lems use Uncle Sam's mails and you w get a personal reply from me pronto.

Since Christmas isn't many moons awa it occurred to me that perhaps some you are wondering what to give your g friend or your mother or even the b. If you are trying to live within a budg and you want suggestions for gifts that a inexpensive yet tricky—the kind you li to receive as well as give—I can tell y about some.



The Modern Choir of the National networks. You hear it on many of the big programs.

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(*Continued from page 36*)

at Russ's feet. As a singer, he was at the top of his radio profession, because it is not possible to go higher than he was. As an artist he was finding a new medium of expression in motion pictures, crowned by the ultimate achievement of Hollywood —stardom. As a man, I believe he had found the one real romance of his life! Is it cruelty . . . or is it joy that these great gifts were never dulled for him? He sat in the midst of his happiness with his friends, whose counsel and affection had enriched his life, and never knew the loss of the great joys life had given him!"

As Rush talked, my thoughts, like a flash-back in a movie, recalled that tall, slender, colorfully-handsome Italian boy I met seven years ago in the studio of our mutual friend, Lansing Brown. At that time "Lans", our genial, witty host was by far the most prosperous of our little stag trio. He had just opened an exclusive photographer's studio on Wilshire Boulevard (the Fifth Avenue of Los Angeles) and at night, when the day's work was over, we three would gather, sometimes with my wife, to play the studio piano or victrola and drink some of Lans' good red wine. For hours we'd sit around

(*Continued on page 85*)



Ralph Morgan

Muriel Wilson shown as she boarded a United Air Lines plane at Newark, N. J., to visit Lanny Ross in Hollywood.



MODESS

STAYS SOFT IN USE!

This is the secret of the *lasting softness* of Modess: Comfort is actually built into this quality napkin!

Modess is made of finer materials—put together in a better way. A new-type fluffy filler . . . soft, surgical gauze . . . and just underneath the gauze a special layer of soft down. Only Modess has that! There are no sharp edges in Modess —nothing to cut and chafe.



This face powder will flatter you

SOME women are "finished" at sixty. Some girls are "finished" at thirty. Then there's the type who never suffers defeat. At any age she's able to attract and hold men. Is it because she's so beautiful? Not always. At least half of these women are not beautiful. But they do breathe romance. They're glamorous. They know the art of being a woman . . . of *flattering* themselves.

To such a woman face powder is very, very important. The chances are her skin is imperfect. So she avoids all the heavy powders. She must have one of fairy-like fineness that spreads smoothly and makes imperfections invisible. No ordinary powder does this. It must be MELLO-GLO. This is why:

First: MELLO-GLO, the new soft-tone face powder, is made by a new method. It's so fine in texture that it spreads with unbelievable smoothness. It covers enlarged pores. It minimizes blemishes.

Second: MELLO-GLO preserves a lovely, natural, dull smoothness through hours of play or work. Being so light it does not draw out oil and perspiration from the pores to soak and spoil itself. So MELLO-GLO stays on longer and allows you to keep lovely. A coarser powder would soon be ruined and shiny by oil and perspiration. When you use MELLO-GLO you look exquisite. You are the type that never suffers defeat.

A brand new creation in face powders. Look for the blue-and-gold box to avoid a mistake when buying MELLO-GLO Soft-tone face powder. One of the largest selling $1.00 face powders in America. Special purse size 10¢—now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store. Get a box today!

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 80*)

drama.
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WJSV, WKBW, WNAC, WOKO, WORC.

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas gives the days news. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMAL, CFCF

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchellor. Home town sketches with Raymond Knight and Alice Davenport. (Wheatena.)
WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI.
(Subject to change.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WLW, WCKY, WENR, CRCT, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WIOD, WFOA.
(See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge. (Wrigley's.)
WABC, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WWVA, WDAE, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, CKLW, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WQAM, WSPD, WTOC
(See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber. (Kolynos.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, CKLW.

7:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn. Songs and comedy. (Gillette.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WFBR, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA
(See also 11:15 P.M. EST.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Adventures in the 25th century. (Cocomalt.)
6:30 CST—KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, KTRH, WBBM, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, KTSA, WMBG, WBT.

7:30 EST (¼)—"Red" Davis. Dramatic sketch. (Beech Nut.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZA, WSYR, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WMAL, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB. **6:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WEBC, WMC, WSMB, KTBS, WSB, WREN, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WSM, WJDX, WKY, KPRC, WAVE.

7:45 EST (¼)—Dramatic sketch with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Woodbury's.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **6:45 CST**—WCKY, WENR, WLS, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WSM, WSB, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, KPRC.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter, commentator on the news. (Philco.)
WABC, WCAO, KMBC, WNAC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, WGR. **6:45 CST**—WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO.

8:00 EST (½)—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Yeast Foam.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR. **7:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KWK, WKBF. **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **5:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

8:00 EST (½)—Richard Himber's orchestra with Joey Nash, vocalist. (Studebaker Motor Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WLIT, WFBR. **7:00 CST**—KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF.
(WWJ off 8:15.)

8:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill gives the human side of the news. (Wasey Products.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, CKLW, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD. **7:15 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS.

8:30 EST (½)—Firestone Garden Concert; Gladys Swarthout, Wm. Daly's string orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WCAE. **7:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFAA.

8:45 EST (¼)—Shortwave broadcast from schooner "Seth Parker." Phillips Lord and crew, sea songs and chanties.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. (Station list not available.)

8:30 EST (½)—Concert artists; Josef Pasternack's orchestra. (Atwater Kent.)
WABC, WBIG, WCAO, WDRC, WFBL, WJAS, WKBW, WNAC, WQAM, CKLW, WADC, WBT, WCAU, WEAN, WHK, WJSV, WKRC, WOKO, WSPD. **7:30 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, KSCJ, WBBM, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO. **6:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

9:00 EST (½)—Rosa Ponselle, operatic soprano; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Chesterfield.)
WABC, WCAO, WADC, WBIG, WBNS, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WSPD, CKLW, WFEA, WHEC, WHK, WHD, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WLBW, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WPG, WQAM, WSJS, WTOC. **8:00 CST**—WMBR, KFAB, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WISN, WKBH, WLAC, WMBD, WMT, WNAX, WODX, WOWO, WREC. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KSL, KOH, KOIN, KOL, KIVI.

9:30 EST (½)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels; old time minstrel show.
WJZ, WGAR, WRVA, WWNC, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WAPI, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WSOC, WJR, WPTF. **8:30 CST**—WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KVOO KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KPRC, KTBS, KOIL, KFYR, WTMJ, WFAA, WMC, WSM, WSMB, WJDX, WIBA, WOAI, WKY. **7:30 MST**—KOA.

9:30 EST (½)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra, direction Harry Horlick. Frank Parker, tenor.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WWJ, WLIT, WGY, WBEN, WTAM. **8:30 CST**—KSD, WOW, WDAF, WHO, WOC, WMAQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Joe Cook's cookoo comedy; Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; Don Voorhee's orchestra. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WCAE, WTAM, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WAPI, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, WLW, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB, WJDX. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WDAF, KSD, WTMS, WIBA, WOC, WHO, WSM. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

9:30 EST (½)—Block & Sully, comedy; Gertrude Niesen; Lud Gluskin's orchestra. (Ex-Lax Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WCAU, CKAC, WBNS, WBT, WFBL, WJSV, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WICC. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KRLD, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WDSU. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL.

9:30 EST (½)—Princess Pat Players. Dramatic sketch.
WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, WJR, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **8:30 CST**—WENR, WCKY, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King's orchestra. Rythm by the waltz king. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBNS, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WCCO, WIBW, WDSU, KRLD. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KGB; KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

10:00 EST (½)—Contented Program. Gene Arnold, narrator; Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH WLIT, WCAE, WLW, WFBR, WRC WTIC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO WOW, WDAF, WFAA. **8:00 MST**—KOA KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW KOMO, KHQ.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WSB. **10:00 CST**—WENR, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMC WKY, WBAP, WOAI, WCKY, WTMJ KSTP, WSM, WSMB, KTHS, KPRC, WDAF.
(See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge. (Chew Wrigley's.)
10:00 CST—KFAB, KLRA, KMBC KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, WGST, WLAC WODX, KTRH, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, WREC, WSFA **9:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **8:00 PST**—KFPY KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KVI
(See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill humanizes the news. (Wasey Products.)
8:15 PST—KERN KMJ, KHJ, KOIN KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL.

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn (Gillette.)
WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ. **12:15 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WEBC, WJDX WKY, WOC, KSTP, WOW, WTMJ, WSM WSMB, KTBS, WDAF, KTHS, WIBA KSD, WSB, WAVE, WOAI, WKBF WFAA, KPRC. **10:15 MST**—KTAR KDYL. **9:15 PST**—KHQ, KFSD, KGO

(*Continued on page 86*)

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(*Continued from page 83*)

talking, recounting stories, airing our hopes and ambitions and discussing life in general. Of the entire group Russ was the youngest and most retiring, had the least to say. We used to tease him about his real name, Ruggiero Eugenio de Rudolpho Columbo, which had been bestowed upon him on January 14, 1908 in San Francisco, California, his birthplace. He told us he got the name "Russ" because his 'Frisco playmates could not pronounce Ruggiero.

RUSS was always the first to go home. Though he had too much youthful pride to tell us, the real reason (revealed by Lansing) was that he did not want to worry his mother by coming in late. The deep devotion between Russ and his mother (in fact, his entire family including his father and the seven remaining brothers and sisters of a family of twelve) is to be spoken of with reverence. Every dime he made, every dime he ever hoped to make, was for the sole purpose of increasing the happiness of his devoted family. Long before Russ turned out to be a great success, he, the baby, was the heart and center of his family life. Everything

(*Continued on page 87*)



Jackson

Lou Holtz, the funny man, made a one-shot appearance on Rudy Vallee's show and remained as a permanent fixture.



NOW—Relief From Ugly Skin Blemishes, "Nerves" and Constipation

WITH YEAST IN THIS PLEASANT MODERN FORM

DO UGLY pimples and other skin blemishes embarrass you? Does constipation drag you down, rob you of strength and vivacity? Do you often feel nervous, fidgety and irritable?

For all these troubles doctors recommend yeast. Science has found that yeast contains precious nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and eliminative organs and give tone to your nervous system. Thousands of men and women have found this simple food a remarkable aid in combating constipation, "nerves," and unsightly skin eruptions.

And now—thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets—it's so easy to eat yeast regularly. For here's a yeast that is actually delicious—a yeast that is scientifically pasteurized to prevent fermentation. You will enjoy munching Yeast Foam Tablets with their appetizing, nut-like flavor. And because they are pasteurized they cannot cause gas or discomfort. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. See, now, how this corrective food helps you to *look* better and *feel* better.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. *MM-12*
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name ...

Address

City State



Why radio artists have secretaries—Lew White, NBC organist, and Leon Belasco, Columbia maestro, with theirs and a gift from a fan.



10¢

[*West of Rocky Mts. two sizes—10¢ and 15¢*]

FASHION NOTE—Shoe styles this Fall feature browns and colors. There's a SHINOLA POLISH to clean and shine every shade of leather. For browns, use Shinola Brown, Tan or Ox-Blood. For other colors, Shinola Neutral Polish.



EASY! Spread on So-Lo


RUBBER GOODS


AUTO TIRES


LEATHER GOODS

Take an old knife and a can of So-Lo! Dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread it on the sole like butter. Next morning it's dry and tough! Neat! Waterproof! Non-skid! Wears better than leather.

Hundreds of Uses

So-Lo mends the sole or heel, 1c. Fixes most anything—canvas, wiring, handles, goloshes, rubber boots, etc. More than 247 other money saving uses.

Tear out this ad—get So-Lo at 5 and 10c or hardware stores.

So-Lo

Over 5 Million Satisfied Users

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 84*)

KFI, KGW, KOMO.
(See also 7:15 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (½)—Voice of Firestone Garden Concerts.
10:30 CST—KSD, WOC, WHO, WIBA, KSTP, WDAY, KFYR, WTMJ, WOC, WEBC, WKBF, **9:30 MST**—KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **8:30 PST**—KFSD, KGV, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, KOMO.
(See also 8:30 P.M. EST.)

1:00 A.M. EST (½)—Richard Himber's orch.; Joey Nash, vocalist. (Studebaker.)
11:00 P.M. MST—KOA, KDYL. **10:00 P.M. PST**—KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFI
(See also 8:00 P.M. EST.)

TUESDAYS

November 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in the 25th Century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas. News.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Bachellor. Small town sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Gene & Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventures in the 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (½)—Edgar A. Guest, verse; vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's orch. Household musical memories. (Household Finance Corp.)
WJZ, WBZ, WHAM, WBZA, WBAL, KDKA, WJR, WSYR, WCKY. **6:30 CST**—WREN, KSO, KWK, WLS.

7:30 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith and his orchestra. (Ironized Yeast Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WNAC, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WOKO, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WORC.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter. News.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Call for Phillip Morris. Also for Philip Duey, baritone; with Leo Reisman's orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WCAE, WEEI, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WCSN, WFI, WGY, WWJ. **7:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WSB
(See also 11:30 P.M. EST.)

8:00 EST (½)—"Lavender & Old Lace." Songs of other days, with Frank Munn, tenor; Hazel Glenn, soprano, and Gustave Haenschen's orch. (Bayer's Aspirin.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WKRC, WEAN, WJSV, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, WFBL, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD. **7:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

8:00 EST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Mystery drama. Second half Wednesday night.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR, WLW. **7:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

8:30 EST (½)—"Accordiana," with Abe Lyman's orch., Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Phillips Dental Magnesia.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WJSV, WGR, WHK, WDRC, WEAN, WHEC, WKRC, CKLW, WCAU, WFBL, CFRB. **7:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO.

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade and Wayne King's undulating dance music.)
WEAF, WCAE, WBEN, WRC, WSAI, WFI, WGY, WCSH, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WWJ. **7:30 CST**—WTMJ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, KPRC, WSM, KSTP, WMAQ, WKBF, WDAF, WKY, WOAI, WSB, WSMB.

8:30 EST (¾)—Packard Program.
WJZ, WMAL, WHAM, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, CFCF, WBZA, WSYR, WGAR, CRCT. **7:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL.

9:00 EST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WTIC, WEEI, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WCAE. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSO, WOW, WTMJ, WSB, WBAB, KPRC, KSTP, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, WJDX, KTBS, WOAI. **7:00 MST**—KOA.
(See also 12:00 Midnight EST.)

9:15 EST (¼)—"The Story Behind the Claim." Dramatic sketch. (Provident-Mutual.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZA, WMAL, WBZ, WSYR, KDKA, WJR. **8:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

9:30 EST (¼)—Ed Wynn, comedy. (Texas Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, WTIC, WEEF, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WSOC, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WRVA, WWNC, WAVE. **8:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WSB, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTB, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WJDX, KVOO, KTHS, WOAI, KPRC. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR. **6:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD

10:00 EST (½)—Camel Caravan. Walter O'Keefe, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra, Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing. (Chesterfield.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRC, WEAN, WJSV, WDBO, WLBZ, WBNS, WHP, WDBJ, WMAS, WKBN, WADC, WCAO, WKBW, WCAU, WFBL, WMBR, WDAE, WICC, WLBW, WFEA, WHEC, WSJS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WQAM, WPG, WBT, WBIG, WMBG, WTOC, WORC. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KTRH, KOMA, KTSA, WIBW, WACO, KRLD, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, WMBD, KSCJ, KTUL, WMT, KFH, WNAX, WALA, KWKH

10:00 EST (1)—Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, John Barcley and others. Nat Shilkret's orch.
WEAF, WEEI, WRC, WBEN, WLW, WWNC, WIOD, CRCT, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WCAE, WRVA, WIS, WFLA, CFCF, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WSOC. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, KFYR, WMC, WKBF, WAVE, KTBS, KPRC, WBAP, KSTP, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, WOAI, KVOO, WSB, KTHS. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR. **7:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene & Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:15 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (½)—Leo Reisman's orch. with Phil Duey. (Phillip Morris.)
WLW. **10:30 CST**—WTMJ. **9:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, WDAF. **8:30 PST**—KGO KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(See also 8:00 P.M. EST.)

12:00 Midnight EST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
9:00 PST—KGO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ.

WEDNESDAYS

(November 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix. Western drama for children. (Ralston.)
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EST (½)—"The Shadow." Frank Readick.) (Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Coal Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WORC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WKBW, WNAC, WOKO.

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Mondays.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor. Small Town Sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Paul Keast, baritone; Roll Hudson's orchestra. (Silver Dust.)
WABC, WCAU, WWVA, WOKO, WMAS, WORC, WHEC, WCAO, WJAS, WFBL, WHP, WJSV, WGR, WDRC.

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in the 25th century.)
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—"Red Davis." Dramatic sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (½)—Mary Pickford and stock Company. (Royal Gelatine.)
WEAF, WTIC, WEEI, WFBR, WWJ, WCKY, WPTF, WRVA, WJAX, WJAS, WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WSAI, CFCF, WWNC, WIOD, WGY, WBEN, WCAE

(*Continued on page 88*)

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(*Continued from page 85*)

is mother planned revolved around Russ. Nothing pleased her more than for him o bring home his friend, Lansing, to a paghetti dinner cooked by her own hands. She thought her son's violin music sweeter han Kriesler's. Once, Fanny Hurst wrote novel about a Jewish family that was kin to the life of this warm, Italian family. It was "Humoresque."

At that time, Russ was between dance band engagements in Los Angeles. He had just finished his first real job with George Echardt and his band at the Mayfair Hotel, where he had played the violin. Singing . . . that soft voiced crooning talent that was to lift him to American Troubadour glory along with Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee . . . as career was as far from his mind as pole vaulting.

The nineteen-year-old Russ was not long in getting another Hollywood orchestra job. When Professor Moore went into the new Roosevelt Hotel on a grand, gala opening, Columbo and his violin were hired. All the movie stars of Hollywood were gathered to welcome the new band and the new supper room. But the night of the opening, a minor catastrophe occurred. The featured vocalist came down

(*Continued on page 89*)



Jackson

Jolly Coburn is the lad who makes the music for the Rainbow Room, the new dine and dance place 65 stories in the sky at Radio City.



Above is photo of Eddie East, writer of "Sisters of the Skillet."

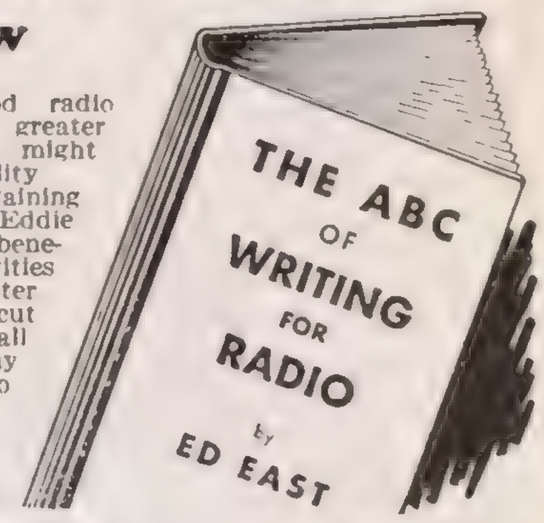
LET EDDIE EAST TEACH YOU HOW To Write Radio Programs For Profit

Easy to Make Up to $500.00 a Week

You have all heard Eddie East, writer of "Sisters of the Skillet," scripts for Rudy Vallee Varieties . . . Major Bowes and Texaco, over the N B C network . . . haven't you wished that you could write that kind of stuff and sell it for real big money. Now make that wish come true. Eddie East has just completed a book of instructions which tells you everything about writing radio programs. It takes you step by step in simple language, telling what to write and how to write it. It covers the entire field down to the style of the musical comedy, "The Gibson Family" . . . also tells where and how to sell what you write . . . a true short-cut for you to enter the radio program writing profession to rise to fame, fortune and popularity.

Now You Can Be the Radio Program Star Writer of Tomorrow

The demand for good radio programs is indeed much greater than the supply. You might have hidden writing ability unknown writers are gaining prominence every day . . . Eddie East gives you the full benefit of his manyjyears activities on the air and as a writer This is a direct short-cut which enables you to get all the facts and without any previous experience to start writing at once . . . and to immediately offer your script for marketing so that you can earn at once



Only $1.00 postpaid
Nothing Else to Buy

Eddie East deliberately put the low price of only $1.00 on this marvelous book . . he wants everyone who is sincere and anxious to enjoy the same success which is his to realize their ambition. . . . that is why you get the complete course of instructions, which is complete from cover to cover . . . tells you everything you will want to know . . . gives you names and addresses of radio stations and advertising agencies where you can offer your script for sale.

RUSH COUPON FREE OFFER

Sign your name and address to the coupon and mail it today, along with your remittance for $1., or C.O.D. plus postage. Act at once and receive free of charge autographed, 5 x 7 photograph (suitable for framing) of the famous team of Eddie East and Ralph Dunke, "Sisters of the Skillet." . . . Money back if not 100% pleased . . . Mail the coupon now before you forget and miss this exceptional money-making opportunity which might be the turning point in your entire life

RADIO SCRIPT MART, Inc.
Radio City, 1270-6th Ave.
Dept. 412, N. Y.

Radio Script Mart, Inc.,
Dept. 412, Radio City,
1270-6th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send copy of "The A B C of Writing For Radio," by Ed East. Also enclose free autographed photo. I enclose $1 in full payment. (If you prefer C.O.D. shipment, mark X ☐ here and pay postman on arrival.) It is understood if I am not 100% satisfied I will return within 5 days and you will refund my $1.

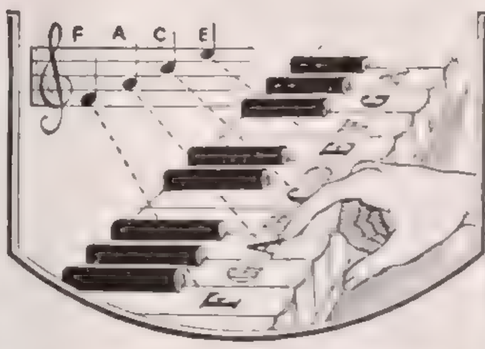
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Half a Million People
have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C





MANY of this half million didn't know one note from another — yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly easy.*

No monotonous hours of exercise—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music, made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

From the very start you are playing *real* tunes perfectly by *note.* Every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose.

Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Start now!

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano — Violin
Guitar — Saxophone
Organ — Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument

FREE BOOKLET AND DEMONSTRATION LESSON

If you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. U. S. School of Music, 39512 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
39512 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music In Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

Instrument.....Have you Instrument?.....

Hard to Believe
SUCH LOVELY WINDOW SHADES
At Only 15¢ EACH!



16 Beautiful Patterns to Choose from!

IF you think low cost in window shades can only be had by sacrificing quality and beauty —you don't know Clopays. Truly beautiful, either plain or in the new chintz patterns. Strong, too—will not fray, crack or pinhole. Besides, Clopay's *patented creped texture stands rougher usage and always hangs straight. Easily attached to rollers with *patented gummed strip—no tacks or tools. *Trim only one side for narrow windows. Send 3c stamp for color samples. At all 5 and 10c stores.



See This New FABRAY
LOOKS...FEELS...WEARS
LIKE OILCLOTH

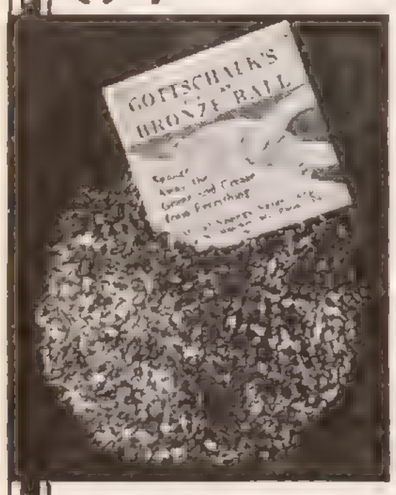
Truly amazing—made on solid fibre instead of cheesecloth backing. Looks—feels and wears like oilcloth at a saving of ⅓ to ½! See it at your nearest 5 and 10c store, or send 25c for a table cover 39x46", bound edges. State color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1339 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

Millions use "HUSH" Deodorants
FOR BODY ODORS
fastidious women prefer HUSH to stay sweet. Effective-easy
3 Kinds - CREAM - LIQUID - STICK
Now available in 10c sizes everywhere or send 10c for each kind desired.
HUSH COMPANY
116 Market St.
PHILA., PA.



Gottschalk Announces a NEW cleaning and scouring device
The BRONZE BALL



Specially designed for housewives who demand a larger cleaner. Made of same high-grade bronze alloy as the original, sanitary Metal Sponge, Hand-L-Mop and Kitchen Jewel. The Bronze Ball cleans and scours utensils quickly and easily without scratching. Cannot rust or corrode; is quickly cleansed with hot water.

On sale at five and ten cent stores, hardware and department stores; or direct for ten cents.

METAL SPONGE SALES CORPORATION
Lehigh Avenue and Mascher Street, Philadelphia

Made by the manufacturers of

Gottschalk's
METAL SPONGE

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 86*)

WTAM, WTAG, CRCT, WIS, WFLA. **7:00 CST**—KSD, WOW, WDAF, WOC, WHO, WMAQ, WMC, WSMB, KVOO, WOAI, WSB, WTMJ, WBAP, WLBA, WEBC, WKY, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, WJDX, WAVE, KTBS, WSM, KPRC, KTHS. **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KTAR. **5:00 PST**—KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFI.

8:00 EST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Second half of mystery drama.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Hearts are trumps in these bridge table sketches. (Wyeth Chemical Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WOKO, CKLW, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WSPD, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, CFRB. **7:00 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

8:15 EST (¼)—"The Human Side of the News." Edwin C. Hill.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EST (½)—Broadway Vanities. Everett Marshall; Victor Arden's orchestra. (Bi-So-Dol.)
WABC, WCAO, CKLW, WJSV, CFRB, WNAC, WGR, WCAU, WBT, WKRC, WHK, WJAS, CKAC. **7:30 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KERN, KRLD, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WIBW. **6:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:30 PST**—KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade. Wayne King and his orchestra.
WEAF, WJAR, WLIT, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WSAI. **7:30 CST**—WFBR, WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WSM, WKY, WMC, WSMB, WTMJ.

9:00 EST (½)—Nino Martini, tenor; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight. Allen fun with Portland; Songsmiths Quartet; Lennie Hayton's orchestra and others. (Bristol-Myers Co.)
WEAF, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WJAX, WRVA, WLW, WCAE, WCSH, WGY, WWJ, WIOD, WPTF, WTAG, WLIT, WFBR, WBEN, WIS, WTIC, WEEI. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WSB, KSD, WTMJ, WSM, KVOO, WEBC, WDAF, WSMB, KBRC, WOAI, KTBS, WMC, WKY.
(See also 12:00 midnight EST.)

9:00 EST (½)—Warden E. Lawes in 20,000 years in Sing Sing. Dramatic sketches. (William R. Warner Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **8:00 CST**—KTBS, WLS.

9:30 EST (½)—"The Adventures of Gracie." Burns and Allen, comedians, to you. (General Cigar Co.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WJSV, WNAC, CKLW, WORC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WKBW, WOKO, WBIG, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WKRC, WSPD, WBT. **8:30 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WOWO, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WDSU. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KVI.

9:30 EST (½)—John McCormick, tenor. (Wm. R. Warner Co.)
WJZ. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KOIL, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:00 EST (½)—Cool Customers. Broadcasts from Byrd Antarctic Expedition. (Grape Nuts.)
WABC, WADC, WKBW, WJAS, WBT, WEHC, WLBZ, WHP, WOKO, WCAO, WHK, WQAM, WBNS, WORC, WKRC, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDAE, WMBG, WNAC, WEAN. **9:00 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WFBL, KLRA, WCCO, WDSU, KOMA, WMT, WBBM, WIBW, WJSV, WGST, KRLD, KTRH, KFAB, WREC, WLAC, KTSA, WACO, KFH, WNAX, WOWO. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:00 EST (½)—Lombardoland. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Pat Barns, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WLIT, WGY, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WSOC, WTAG, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WWNC, WIOD, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIS, WFLA. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WKBF, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS.

10:00 EST (¼)—Dennis King with Louis Katzman's orch. (Enna Jettick Shoes.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **9:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:15 EST (¼)—Madame Sylvia. (Ralston Purina Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WRVA, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **9:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC. **8:15 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:15 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:30 EST (½)—Conoco presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his orch. and John B. Kennedy.
WJZ, WMAL, WJR, WBAL, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, WGAR, WRVA. **9:30 CST**—KSTP, WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, KWK. **8:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL.

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene & Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:15 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill in the Human Side of the News. (Wasey Products.)
9:15 MST—KSL. **8:15 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

12:00 Midnight EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen and cast.
10:00 MST—KOA, KDYL. **9:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(See also 9:00 P.M. EST.)

THURSDAYS
(November 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventures in 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EST (¼)—Football Talk. (Shell Oil.)
WABC, WBIG, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WDBJ, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WHEC, WHP, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WSJS, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WSPD, WBNS, WDBJ, WDNC, WNBH, WHBF, WIBX, WMBR. **6:15 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, KTRH, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WISN, WMT, WOWO, WREC, KTUL.

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST—Football Talk. (Shell Oil.)
KMBC, KMOX, KTRH, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WISN, WMT, WOWO, WREC, KTUL.

7:30 EST (¼)—"Buck Rogers."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith and his orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Rudy Vallee; stage, screen and radio celebrities; Connecticut Yankee's orchestra. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, CRCT, WTIC, WTAG, WBEN, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, CFCF, WLW, WEEI, WFBR, WWJ. **7:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, KSTP, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WSB, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, KTHS, KFYR, WHO, WOW, WMC, WTMJ, KVOO. **6:00 MST**—KDYL, KOA, KTAR. **5:00 PST**—KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(WDAF on 8:30; WBAP off 8:30.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Wednesday.)

9:00 EST (1)—Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WLBZ, WBIG, WHP, WFEA, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, WMAS, CFRB, WSJS, WORC, WDNC. **8:00 CST**—KMBC, KTRH, KLRA, WISN, WSFA, WLAC, KOMA, KTSA, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, WNAX, WALA. **6:00 PST**—KHJ, KOH.

9:00 EST (1)—Maxwell House Show Boat Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January comedy; Show Boat Band.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WIOD, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WFLA. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, WKBF, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJDX

(*Continued on page 90*)

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(*Continued from page 87*)

with an acute case of alcoholism about four hours before the opening. Moore was in a predicament. He wanted a singer and he wanted one promptly. His music was on the broadcast that evening! At five o'clock in the afternoon he called his gang together for a conference. "Can any of you guys sing?" he inquired in desperation. No one volunteered, that is, no one but the handsome kid who played the violin—and he wasn't promising too much. "Give me a few hours of rehearsal with the band," he said, "and maybe I can help you out. I've done a little bathroom singing in my time!"

That's how casually, fatalistically, a bathroom singer became the toast of Hollywood that evening. There was a soft, smooth golden quality about the voice of the youngster who had previously used it only in the shower. Besides that, he was extraordinarily handsome. More than one star's glance sought Russ Columbo's that evening in dancing past the orchestra dais.

Russ looked like he would be a dashing, fiery, tempestuous fellow with the ladies. He wasn't. He was the shyest boy who ever dated a girl. When his radio broadcasts with Moore and his personal appearance began to rate him mash notes, he suffered with embarrassment. "What am I supposed to do with these crazy things?" he once asked Lansing and myself. "Prof says I ought to answer them. It's good business. But they make me feel like such a fool!"

BUT they were only a ripple to the fan mail that was eventually to flood his career. For life, possibly shaping her own scheme, began to move swiftly for Russ Columbo.

His singing career with Moore had proved to be so popular that his violin was entirely abandoned for a megaphone when he signed as the featured soloist with Gus Arnheim and his band at the world-famous Cocoanut Grove. He followed the sensational Bing Crosby in this spot and created his own vogue. You can realize his achievement for he succeeded in duplicating the enormous crowds Bing had been drawing in. But even with his local success well on the up-grade, Russ devoted most of his time to his family. Now and then, he was seen with one of the young stars of Hollywood. More than one columnist hinted that Sally Blane, sister of Loretta Young, and Russ were "that way." But it is doubted in spite of later developments if Sally and Russ were ever anything but devoted friends.

Fate gathered momentum. Russ went to New York and Hollywood heard glowing tales of his success with his own orchestra. His radio theme song, which he composed: "You Call It Madness But I

(*Continued on page 91*)



Meet the Crosby twins, Philip Lang and Dennis Michael. They're two of the three boys who call Bing Crosby "daddy."

CHIC at all times!



• FOR SALE AT THE 10c STORES •



BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing **KLEERPLEX WASH.** This **NEW DISCOVERY** contains 5 scientific ingredients. Also refines Large Pores, stops embarrassing Greasiness, Shine. Clears **Muddy**, Sallow, Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause **QUICKLY! SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES** your skin, gives you that clean-cut attractive look. **SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT.** No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 mos' supply of Kleerplex Wash **TODAY.** At your drug or department store—or send $1.—(plus .10 postage) to **KLEERPLEX** (Dept MR7) 1 W. 34th St., N. Y. C., or pay postman (plus C. O. D. charge). Outside U. S. $1.25 and no C. O. D.s. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**



Invite romance!

There's a subtle allurement in this exquisite odeur. And RADIO GIRL Perfume and Face Powder have *added* charm for the thrifty modern girl who loves nice things—*they cost so little!* RADIO GIRL Face Powder, made in smart, new blending shades, has the same delightful odeur as Radio Girl Perfume.

——— Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES ———

"Radio Girl", Saint Paul, Minnesota MR2

Send me FREE Regular Size *Radio Girl* Perfume and Trial Size *Radio Girl* Face Powder. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.)



Name _____

Address _____



I Suffered in Secret *for years!*

AN affliction so painful it almost drives you mad, yet one so delicate you can scarcely bring yourself to talk to your doctor about it!

That's Piles!

Bad as it is, pain is not the worst thing about Piles! They can take a malignant turn and become something very serious.

Whether Piles be internal or external, painful or itching, real relief is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding. But more important, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. This is because Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing*, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 32-M, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

350 LITTLE BLUE BOOKS 5¢ EACH

Send postcard for our **free catalogue.** Thousands of bargains. Address: **LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk 346, GIRARD, KANSAS**

Sensational **SHAMPOO**

TINTS HAIR

Of Any Color To Rich and Gleaming Loveliness



Faded, dull, lifeless hair is unattractive and deadly to romance—and inexcusable because now you can have soft, luxurious hair, gloriously beautiful, admired and envied by all. A new SHAMPOO discovery different from anything else you have ever used. imparts new life and luster as it TINTS to a smooth full, even, rich color while you wash your hair.

FREE TEST

Just shampoo with TINTZ Hair Tinting Shampoo and your hair is transformed into entrancing loveliness. It seems richer, thicker and fairly gleams with tiny dancing lights so envied and so admired. TINTZ softens the hair and makes it easier to manage. It rinses out quick and easy as it removes the dirt and dandruff. There are four popular shades—Blonde, Brown, Titian and Brunette. Mail coupon for free test. State shade desired.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

TINTZ CO., 400 W. ERIE ST.
DEPT. M-60, CHICAGO, ILL.

I enclose 10c to cover mailing cost on FREE TRIAL package TINTZ in.....Shade.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 88*)

WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, KTBS, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WAVE, KTSP. **7:00 MST**—KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **6:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD (WBAP off 9:30, WLW on 9:30.)

9:00 EST (½)—Death Valley Days. Dramatic sketches. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WLW, WSYR, KDKA, WBAL, WHAM, WGAR, WMAL. **8:00 CST**—WLS, KOIL, WREN, KWCR, KWK, KSO.

9:30 EST (½)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians with guest stars. (Ford Motor Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WLBZ, WBT, WLBW, WHP, WNBG, WHEC, WMAS, CFRB, WORC, WDRC, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WICC, WBNS, WBIG, WFEA, WDBJ, WTOC, WSJS, WKBN, WDNC. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, KMOX, WMBR, WQAM, WFBN, KMBC, WHAS, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, WACO, KFH, WALA, WGST, KRLD, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KSCJ, WIBW, KTUL, WMT, WNAX. **7:30 MST**—KVOR, KLZ, KSL. **6:30 PST**—KOH, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:00 EST—Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood. Movie previews, guest stars, Eton Boys; quartette, Mark Warnow's orchestra. (Bordens Milk Products.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WKBW, WJAS, WFBL, WBNS, WLBZ, WORC, WMAS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WEAN, WSPD, WADC, WICC. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, KMOX, KMBC, WOWO, WISN.

10:00 EST (1)—Paul Whiteman, his band and all that goes with it. (Kraft.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WJAX, WEEI, WCSH, WIS, CRCT, WFLA, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIOD, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, CFCF, WWNC. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WMC, WOC, WHO, WOW, WSMB, WBAP, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA, WEBC, KSD, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WSM, WDAY, KFYR, KTHS, WSB, WAVE, WAPI, WJDX. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KOMO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

FRIDAYS

(November 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Bensen.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix, Western dramas for children. (Ralston.)
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EST (¼)—Football talk. (Shell Oil.)
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchellor. Small town sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Football talk. (Shell Oil.)
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Red Davis. Dramatic sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's orchestra.
(For stations see Wednesday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Wednesday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Cities Service Concert. Jessica Dragonette, soprano; quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WSAI, WEEI, WCAE, WLIT, WWJ, WCSH, WRC, WBEN, WTAG, CRCT, WJAR, WTAM, WRVA, WFBR, WGY. **7:00 CST**—WDAF, WOAI, WOC, KPRC, KTBS, WJAR, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WEBC, KTHS, KVOO. **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. (WBAP, WFAA, KPRC off 8:30 EST.)

8:15 EST (¼)—"The Human Side of the News." Edwin C. Hill.
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EST (½)—Let's Listen to Harris. Phil Harris' deep voice and Leah Ray's songs. (Northam-Warren.)
WJZ, KDKA, WMAL, WGAR, WSYR, WHAM, WBAL, CFCF, WBZ, WBZA, WCKY. **8:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WSM, WAPI, WKY, WOAI, WFAA KWK, WREN, KOIL, WSB, WSMB **7:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EST (½)—Vivienne Segal, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products.)
WEAF, WEEI, WSAI, WTAG, WRC, WBEN, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WGY, WTAM, WCAE. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF.

9:00 EST (½)—March of Time. Dramatization of the weeks news. (Time, Inc.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WFBL, WHK, WJSV, WJAS, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW. **8:00 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, KMOX, KTRH, WCCO, WDSU, WFBN, WGST WHAS, WOWO. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KVI.

9:30 EST (½)—Campbell Soup Company presents "Hollywood Hotel," with Dick Powell, Louella Parsons, Ted Fiorito's orchestra, guest stars and Rowene Williams, nationwide contest winner.
WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO WDRC, WHP, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WWVA, WKBN, WKBW, WKRC WLBW, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WNAC WOKO, WORC, WPG, WQAM, WSJS WSPD, CFRB, CKAC, CKLW. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WMBR, WALA, KFAB, KFH KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD KSCJ, KMBC, KTRH, KTSA, WACO WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WISN, WLAC WMBD, WMT, WNAX, WOWO, WREC KTUL. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL, KVOR **6:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ KOH, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

9:30 EST (½)—Phil Baker, comedian, with his stooges Beetle and Bottle. (Armour.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WWNC, WBAL WHAM, WJR, WJAX, KDKA, WGAR WRVA, WIOD, WFLA. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KPRC, WOAI, WKY, WTMJ WEBC, WMC, KSO, WAVE, WAPI WFAA, KWK, WREN, KOIL, KSTP WSM, WSB, WSMB. **7:30 MST**—KTAR KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KOMO KGW, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Pick and Pat, blackface comedians. Joseph Bonime, orchestra guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co.)
WEAF, WWJ, WTAG, WJAR, WGY WCAE, WSAI, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WTIC. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, WDAF, KSD, WOC, WHO WOW.

10:00 EST (½)—First Nighter. Drama (Campana.)
WEAF, WEEI, WLIT, WGY, WTAM WTAG, WRC, WSAI, WTIC, WJAR WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WCSH, WCAE **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WMC, KSD, WOC WHO, WOW, WDAF, WAPI, WKY KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WSM WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WOAI. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KGO, KFI KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:30 EST (½)—Jack Benny, comedian with Mary Livingstone; Frank Parker tenor; Don Wilson; Don Bestor's orchestra. (General Tires.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WLIT, WRC WTAM, WRVA, WCAE, WJAX, WFLA WPTF, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR WGY, WWJ, WBEN, WWNC, WIOD WIS. **9:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WTMJ WOW, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WOAI WEBC, KFYR, KTHS, WFAA, WSM WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTBS KPRC, WIBA, WDAY, WOC, WHO **8:30 MST**—KDYL, KOA. **7:30 PST**—KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO.

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Gene and Glenn.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill. The human side of the news.
(For stations see Monday.)

SATURDAYS

(November 3rd, 10th, 17th and 24th.)

6:00 EST (½)—One Man's Family. Drama of American Home Life.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

6:30 EST (¼)—Football scores. (Shell Oil.)
For stations see Thursday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Flying with Captain Williams.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. (Station list unavailable.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Football scores. (Shell Oil.)
(For stations see Thursday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith and his orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (1)—William Lyon Phelps, master of ceremonies; music direction, Sigmund Romberg. (Swift and Company.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WCSH

(*Continued on page 92*)

The Tragic Death of Russ Columbo

(*Continued from page 89*)

'all It Love" became as well known as 'rosby's "I Surrender, Dear" or Vallee's My Time Is Your Time." America had one "Crooner" mad and those three exponents of peculiar vocal gymnastics were ead and shoulders above all contemporaries. They even coined a song about iem, "Crosby, Columbo and Vallee."

While Russ was in New York, gossip olumns were filled with items about him. hat he was engaged to Hannah Williams, ter Mrs. Jack Dempsey. The Columo song, "Now I Know It's Love" was id to have been dedicated to the late orothy Dell and on one occasion, the olumnists became very excited by two opular Columbo legends: that there was real feud between Russ and Bing Crosby, nd the other that he had sent Greta Garbo 200 worth of orchids.

HE himself, told me the truth about both of those stories, the day I met him t the christening of Bing Crosby's first ttle son. He was amused at the rivalry eud tale. "I wouldn't likely be attending his christening if Bing and I were on the uts" he explained. "As for that Garbo tory, I guess I'll have to admit the laugh s on me. I didn't know until later that couple of my friends had cooked up the tory that Garbo listened in on my broadasts every night. She was staying at he hotel where I was playing, you know, nd of course I was flattered when a olumnist printed the story that I was her avorite singer. I thought it nice to say thank you with flowers.' And that's what I did. Of course, it was just a rib."

That day Russ was receiving many congratulations on a movie contract he had ust signed to appear in Walter Winchell's 'Broadway Through a Keyhole." He was terribly excited about his picture work nd wanted very much to succeed in it. He struck me as being about the happiest person I had ever seen. "Why not?" he said, 'Everything's breaking for me." He was with Sally Blane, and a newspaper writer came up and wanted to know if there was romance afoot. Russ made a peculiar observation: "I guess I should have been a poker player. I must be lucky at cards, I'm so unlucky in love."

He scored an outstanding hit in "Broadway Through a Keyhole" and before the picture had been generally released Carl Laemmle, Junior, signed him on a starring contract for three pictures yearly at Universal! The first thing he did was to buy a beautiful home in "Outpost Estates" where he immediately settled himself and his seventy-eight-year-old father and seventy-year-old mother (now so ill that, she does not yet know, as this is being written, that the boy who was her very heart is dead).

FASTER and faster, life crowded Russ until the night he met beautiful Carole Lombard at a party given by Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind that Carole, the beautiful movie star who had just received her divorce from William Powell, was the crowning love story of Russ' life. He worshipped the ground she walked on—and made no secret of it. He was constantly in her company. He confided to someone very close to him: "I am so happy I have made a financial success, because of the happiness it can bring my family. But I didn't begin to live until I met Carole!"

It is believed that so deep was her influence on Russ that she was almost the manager of his professional affairs. She accompanied him to every broadcast he made. Sitting in the monitor room she would give signals that would actually control his tonal expressions. It was Carole who advised, and coached him in his picture work and she was largely responsible for several story changes made in his first starring film. She inspired in him a devotion no other woman, except his mother, had ever aroused. When she heard of his death, she collapsed. They say that as soon as contracts will allow Carole Lombard is leaving Hollywood for a long vacation tour, during which she will struggle to forget the tragic memories of Russ' death.

As you know the courts held the official gesture of an inquest. The verdict: "This jury finds that Russ Columbo came to his death by a gun wound accidentally inflicted by Lansing Brown. Brown is absolved of all blame. . . ."

Funeral services were held in the Catholic Church on Sunset Boulevard in the Hollywood he loved. It was necessary for the makeup man of the Universal Studio to use grease paint to cover the ugly scar over the dead Russ' eye. There was no crude, ugly demonstration (as there usually is at a celebrity's funeral) from the crowd of 3000 persons who stood, heads bowed, as Bing Crosby, Gilbert Roland, Walter Lang, Stuart Peters, Lowell Sherman and Sheldon Keate Callaway bore his body under the blanket of gardenias, Carole had sent, to the candle-lit altar.

Inside the church there were many torn and bleeding hearts of those who were near and dear to him. They sat together, the brothers and the sister, who as he was carried into the church, had hysterically screamed that "no one will ever know how much we loved him." But far back in the last row, unnoticed, alone, kneeled a man whose heart was wracked with bitter questioning that no prayer could solace, a man who will live with the tragedy in his heart forever . . . because he is that kind of a friend . . . Lansing Brown.

And somehow I can't help but believe that if it had been given to Russ Columbo to speak but *one* comforting thought to anyone of those whom he so deeply loved, that that thought would go straight into the heart of Lansing, "*My friend*—always!"

Out of **HOLLYWOOD** *comes a new* **NAIL POLISH** *to* **GLORIFY YOUR HANDS**



Tested and Approved — Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

MOON GLOW

Cream—**NAIL POLISH**—*Clear*

Here is the nail polish you've been hearing so much about—made popular by stage and screen stars in Hollywood. Moon Glow Nail Polish is a new blend—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously. In six splendid shades from the delicate to the daring. Scientifically perfected so as not to chip, peel, crack, fade or streak. And economical—larger bottle, lower price. 25 cents at the better toilet goods counters. Send coupon and 10 cents for generous trial bottle. (*Moon Glow Oil Polish Remover is the latest treat for the nails.*)

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co. Ltd., Dept. MM 12
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Cream Polish. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked.
( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red
( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Oil Nail Polish Remover.

Name_____

St. and No._____

City_____ State_____



VI-JON CREAMS 10¢ Each

NICE CLEAR SKIN
WITHOUT SKIN PEELING
A SAFE AND SURE WAY



Worry no more over skin troubles. Beauhz. sensational—new—safe—soothes irritated skin blemishes: relieve skin of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tighten pores; whiten complexion. Three applications will amaze you. It must satisfy or money back. Send only 25c. for complete treatment (special introductory offer) and help yourself to new, youthful loveliness. Beaun. Labs., Dept. M-12, 1851 Washington Ave., N. Y. C. 25c

10¢

There's no finer Talc than

LANDER

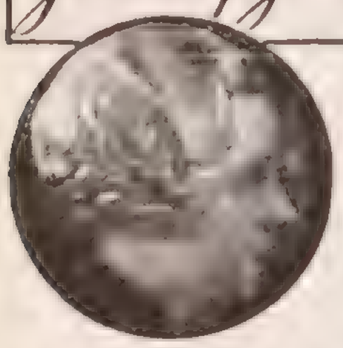


LILACS *and* ROSES
Blended

in a beautiful tin container exactly 3 times this height . . . at leading 10c stores. Don't just ask for LANDER'S . . . DEMAND it!

LANDER CO., Inc.
Memphis New York Binghamton

Glorify THE BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR



BLONDES

Have hair that has a shimmering golden gloss. Mar-o-Oil soapless shampoo dissolves and washes away in clear water all dirt and grime that dulls the natural beauty of blond hair.

BRUNETTES

Like moonlight on the waters or polished ebony, dark hair gleams and glistens with splendor after the *First* Mar-o-Oil shampoo treatment containing *Vitazene*, new tonic discovery.





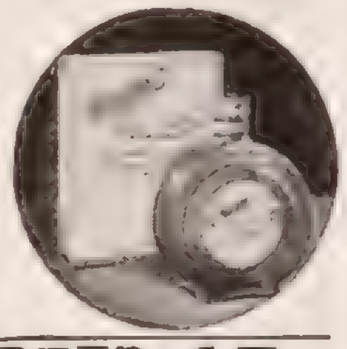
REDHEADS

From Strawberry to Auburn—Mar-o-Oil brings out all those glittering coppery highlights so desired—overcomes dandruff, oily or dry hair and falling hair in all types of hair.

Mar-o-Oil

SOAPLESS SHAMPOO TREATMENT

Insist!—Upon the original Mar-o-Oil soapless shampoo, washes out in clear water—contains *Vitazene* the new tonic discovery. • *Start Today!* Leading beauty shops, drug and department stores carry Mar-o-Oil (or send 10¢ for a generous 2-treatment trial bottle.) J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co., Dept. 12-M, 3037 N. Clark Street Chicago, Ill.





IMPORTED 15¢

To introduce our Beautiful Blue White Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1 Kt. **IMPORTED Simulated DIAMOND, mounted in Lovely 18 Kt. White-Gold Finish Ring as illustrated,** for this ad. and 15c expense. Address: **National Jewelry Co., Dept. 16, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)**

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York

SAVE ½ ON RADIOS



Sets as low as $11.95 complete with tubes. Buy direct from FACTORY at half retail price. 30 day Free Trial. Table console and automobile models. Electric and battery R. C. A. licensed sets. Write for Free Catalog "R". PILGRIM ELECTRIC CORP. 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



PILGRIM RADIO

BE A DESIGNER OF HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



EARN $25 TO $50 A WEEK

Qualify for a good position, or have your own Style Shop and win financial independence as the Hollywood Fashion Expert of your community.

DRESS LIKE SCREEN STARS

Design and make glamorous gowns for yourself like those of your favorite film star. Have more clothes and dress more smartly, at less expense.

HOLLYWOOD FASHION CREATORS TRAIN YOU AT HOME

With the aid of Fashion Creators of Motion Picture Studios and Screen Stars themselves, this 50-year old College will teach you Costume Designing in your spare time at home. Free placement service; graduates in demand.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK! If over 16, write at once for our Free Illustrated Booklet. No obligation! **WOODBURY COLLEGE, Dept. 13-M, Hollywood, Calif.**

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 90*)

WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW. **7:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI. **6:00 MST**—KDYL. **5:00 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(Station list incomplete.)

8:00 EST (1)—Roxy (S. L. Rothafel) brings guest stars to the air. (Fletcher's Castoria.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WGR, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, CFRB, CKAC, CKLW. **7:00 CST**—WBBM, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WBRC, WREC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WLAC, WMT. **6:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

9:00 EST (½)—Songs you love, starring Rose Brampton. Beardless youths singing as Trade and Mark, the Smith Brothers. They're Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot with Nat Shilkret's orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WBEN, WCAE, WLW, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTMJ, WWJ **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR.

9:00 EST (½)—Grete Stueckgold, operati soprano; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestr (Light a Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday.)

9:30 EST (1)—National Barn Dance. Rur Revelry (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WLW, WB WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJI **8:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWI WREN, KOIL, WGAR. **7:30 MST**—KO KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KGO, KGV KOMO, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Studebaker Champions. Joe Nash, tenor, Richard Himber's orche tra.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNA WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDR WHP, CKAC, WHEC, WMAS, WCAI WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJS WLBZ, WICC, WBT, WLBW, WBI WFEA, WDBJ, WTOC, CFRB, WNO WNAX, WWVA, WSJS, WORC, WDN **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMB WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WIS WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KOMA, WMBI KTSA, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, WAC WMT, KFH, WALA, KGKO.

11:00 EST (½)—Studebaker Champions. 9:00 MST—KLZ, KSL, KVOR. **8:00 PS** —KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KO KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFP KWG, KVI

Do You Hate Your Job?

(*Continued from page 57*)

enough money by free-lance writing to support his wife and daughter. Then for the first time the idea occurred to him that he could turn the hobby he loved, his interest in dogs, into a paying proposition by writing stories about them. But when he told editors about this original idea, they howled.

"Who gives a damn about dog stories?" they wanted to know. "The public demands tales of love and romance, of young things kissing and cooing and quarreling. You give us love stories. Forget your poodles and collies."

What could Terhune do? He had to give editors what they wanted, so he turned out stories dripping with saccharin sweetness and young love. At the same time he began raising his own dogs at Sunnybank Farm and selling his surplus litters.

Then unexpectedly, after ten years of pleading with editors, his chance to write about dogs arrived. He had been writing love stories for Ray Long, then editor of Red Book. When Long came east on business trips, he would run out to the country to talk over story plots with Terhune and to loaf with him in the woods.

Now at Sunnybank there was one dog, Lad, who had always stood aloof from everyone except Terhune and his wife. But that day to everyone's amazement, Lad walked up to Ray Long and laid his head on Long's knee. From that moment, Lad and Ray Long became the best of pals and Long was inordinately proud of his conquest. So much so that he said to Terhune, "Albert, I wish you'd write me a story about Laddie."

"You're crazy," said Terhune. "If I wrote the story, you wouldn't print it. No editor would print it and no one wants to read dog stories anyway."

"You write it," promised Ray Long, "and I'll print it."

SO Terhune wrote a simple dog stor called, "His Mate," which told of Lad' clash with a guest collie. It was printe in the January, 1915, issue of Red Boo and within a few months after it appeare every editor in the country was clamor ing for a Terhune dog story. Up to tha time Albert Payson Terhune hadn't bee able to sell one of them; now editor wouldn't let him write anything else.

Three years ago a bright studio execu tive remembered Terhune's stories. An Terhune landed on the air, discussin canine characteristics and peculiaritie Out of this series grew the Spratt dra matic sketches in which Terhune tells u some of the most astonishing things abou dogs we've ever heard.

For instance, they say that women hav a remarkable sense of intuition. Wel here's a story that makes a woman' intuition look like a joke.

"Dogs in a closed room," Albert Payso Terhune told me, "can't smell or hea or see what is happening outdoors a mil away. Yet they can sense danger or deat miles off. At Sunnybank once I wa awakened in the middle of the night by series of low, piercing wails, almost hu man in their intensity. I looked aroun to see what the trouble was, and wh our house dogs, lying at my feet, shoul set up so awful a commotion. Apparentl there was nothing wrong. Then I realize that those weird wails were the grim foreboders of death I had heard abou the dogs' death wail. The next mornin authorities found the body of a girl, cla only in her nightgown, frozen into th lake at Pompton.

"But how did the dogs know that girl was in danger when they were a mil away from the scene of the tragedy? Ho did they, in an enclosed room, realize tha the girl had died? There's no rationa explanation for that, is there?"

An elephant never forgets, we all be

eve. Well, his memory is short indeed comparison with a dog's. A dog can arbor no grudge against his master, but t a stranger offend him, and he'd better eware to his dying day.

Back in 1928 Albert Payson Terhune as taking his nightly six-mile hike hrough the fields at Pompton when he as struck by an automobile going fifty iles an hour. "Since I was walking t the rate of four miles an hour," he old me dryly, "you can imagine what I ooked like—bits of an independent repub-c. I resembled a hamburger steak more an anything else and the doctors were fraid I wouldn't pull through.

"Throughout my illness my dog, Gray Dawn, lay near my bed, his large sympa-hetic eyes following my every move. When the doctor came to set my right leg, e had to twist it and I grunted in nguish. Quick as a flash, Gray Dawn as up and at him. The doctor was orturing his master, that was all he eeded to know.

"'Down, Dawn,' I managed to gasp, nd growling and bewildered, Dawn beyed. After that I didn't dare make a ound when the doctor was around. And omehow, Gray Dawn always managed to quirm his way between us to see nothing as done to harm me. He'd sniff sus-iciously at the doctor's black bag when-ver the doctor came.

The dog was suspicious of him ever fter. Terhune and the doctor became he best of friends. But to his dying day Gray Dawn hated and growled at him henever he came to call, even without is medical kit. "That man hurt my mas-er," was all he remembered.

A dog absolutely understands, Terhune nsists. Better than most humans do. You still doubt a dog's power of reason-ng, of understanding? Then listen to his.

SEVERAL years ago Mrs. Terhune fell ill with pneumonia, so terribly ill that the doctors despaired of her life. For ten days she lay motionless, becoming weaker and weaker. Lad was only a golden collie, but he understood. All that time he lay outside her bedroom, his nose pressed to her door. A dozen times a day the master carried him away to feed him, but he never touched a morsel. Back before the door you'd find him, oblivious of the people who stumbled over him, and there he stuck to his self-appointed task as guardian at his mistress's door.

Came the day when the doctor pronounced her out of danger. With one joyous bound he was at her bedside, jumping and barking for all he was worth. "Quiet Boy," the master ordered. Instantly Lad fell silent, his trembling body and wagging tail the only signs of his excitement. All of a sudden he sprang from the room and disappeared up the road. About a quarter of a mile from the house there arose the most jubilant series of dog calls the master ever heard in all his years of experience in raising over a thousand dogs.

They would have awakened the dead, those paeans of dog praise. Then, quite as suddenly as he had disappeared, Sunnybank Lad returned to his home for the first meal and nap he had had in ten black days. The danger was over; now he could rest.

"Mothers have been known to desert babies when sledding was tough," Terhune remarked, "and many are the humans who will not risk their lives for their dear ones. But a dog never hesitates; it always stands ready and eager to gamble its life for the sake of the humans it loves. I myself have verified three hundred and seventeen instances of dogs throwing away their lives for humans."

For instance, he told me, little Gene Boldman is alive today because Boots, his sleek Doberman Pinscher dog, was willing to sacrifice his life for his little charge.

Dog and child were romping together in the Boldman yard when little two-year-old Gene decided he wanted that red rose blooming on his mother's rose bush. With Boots at his heels he toddled toward the bush. Much to his surprise and chagrin, Boots jerked him back by the seat of his rompers. He dove forward again, only to be hauled back by the seat of his rompers. Once more he started for the bush and was again pulled back by the dog who had set up a furious barking. This was too much for the tot. Little Gene slapped Boots soundly and kicked him away as the dog tried to pull him back for the fourth time.

The child never plucked that rose, for the dog jumped on the bush sinking his sharp teeth into the neck of a rattlesnake that was coiled around it. The fangs of the venomous snake poured deadly poison into the dog's body, but hanging on for all he was worth, Boots didn't relax his grip till the snake was dead. Then he toppled over dead, but that didn't matter. He had saved his young master's life.

Do you wonder that Albert Payson Terhune devotes his life to the loyalest pals anyone can ever have?

Have you listened to Lanny Ross' new program? Then you'll want to read the revealing story about it next month.

Watch next month's issue of RADIO STARS for all kinds of news and features about NBC. It will be a special edition dedicated to the National Broadcasting Company.

GOING on THIRTY and Worried about GRAY HAIR



Keep your age your own secret. No one under 70 need show a spear of gray. Will you be out-smarted by women your own age or "let out" of your job for some one *younger* only in *appearance?*

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

will keep it youthful, natural looking, soft and lustrous; easy to use without instruction in hygienic privacy AT HOME. Odorless, greaseless, will not rub off nor interfere with curling. Once you've got the shade you wish a few occasional touches keep a uniform color. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

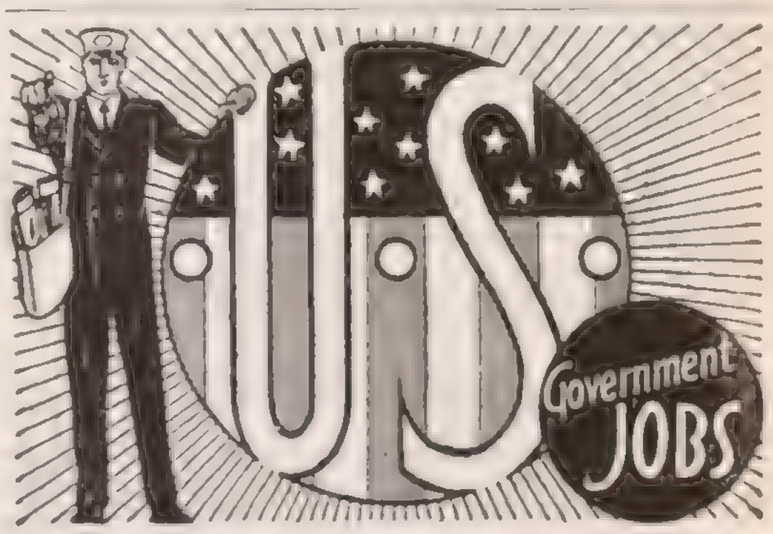
FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M G.24
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

MIND POWER

A FREE BOOK

Develop your personal, creative, power! Awaken the silent, sleeping, forces in your own consciousness! Become Master of your own life. Push aside all obstacles with a new energy you have overlooked. The ROSICRUCIANS know how, and will help you apply the greatest of all powers in man's control. Create health and abundance for yourself. Write for FREE book "The Wisdom of the Sages." It tells how you may receive these teachings for study and use. It means the dawn of a new day for you. Address:—
Scribe C. K. F.
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA



$1260 to $2100 Year

TO START
MEN-WOMEN-18 to 50
STEADY WORK
Many Winter examinations expected
Mail Coupon Today Sure

COUPON
Franklin Institute
Dept. J-305
Rochester, N. Y.
Rush FREE, list of U. S. Government big pay LIFE JOBS, 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, and telling how to get a position.
Name.....
Address.....

The SAFE Way To Lose FAT

Look Younger — Feel Younger



Lilian Bond, *beautiful screen actress, is a striking example of the vivacious charm and physical attractiveness of a lovely, slender figure.*

● If you want to gradually lose ugly, excess fat and at the same time enjoy better health —take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning.

● Kruschen can't possibly harm you because first of all it's a **health** treatment—it helps establish normal body functioning then surplus fat disappears. Kruschen is not just **one** salt as some people ignorantly believe—it's a superb blend of **six** separate corrective salts based on an average analysis of over 22 European Spas whose healthful waters physicians for years have prescribed for overweight patients.

● Now that you understand why Kruschen is **safe** and **healthy**—there's no longer any excuse for you to remain fat! A jar lasts 4 weeks and costs only a few cents at any first class drugstore.



AT ALL DRUGGISTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that Does It"

For a Tuneful Wednesday Evening

set your radio dial to

LANNY ROSS

and His

Log Cabin Orchestra

THE romantic songs of Lanny, a sweet orchestra and a surprise guest presented each week by

RADIO STARS Magazine

Here Are Your Stations

7:30 p.m.—WENR-WLS, Chicago; KWCR, Cedar Rapids; KSO, Des Moines; KOIL, Omaha-Council Bluffs; WREN, Kansas City.

8:30 p.m.—WJZ, New York; WBAL, Baltimore; WMAL, Washington; WSYR, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WGAR, Cleveland; WCKY, Covington; WJR, Detroit; KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KGW, Portland, Ore.; KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane; KFSD, San Diego.

9:30 p.m.—KOA, Denver; KDYL, Salt Lake.

10:30 p.m.—WKY, Oklahoma City; WFAA-WBAP, Dallas-Fort Worth; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; KTBS, Shreveport; KTHS, Hot Springs.

Lowell Thomas' Greatest Adventure

(*Continued from page* 15)

in a mine side by side with the rough riff-raff of a gold-mad country. When he got home at night there was another side of life, the side that's composed of books and sciences, for his father had one of the finest libraries in the West. And he taught his young son geology, astronomy, philosophy, poetry, drama, botany. Harry Thomas used to take his son into the mountains, show him the structure of the rocks, talk to him about the age of the earth, show him the stars and explain their circuits. They picked flowers, examined trees, used botanical and geological words in their conversation, which Lowell Thomas hasn't forgotten to this day. Thereafter, when he was thrown into scholastic life he found that he could skip months of routine work because of the thorough grounding in fundamentals which his father had given him.

"Today," Thomas told me, "my job concerns every subject under the sun. And the fact that my father taught me to take an interest in everything shows you how perfectly my childhood dovetails with my career."

Furthermore, in startling contrast to the life of learning he found in his home, there was the life he found in the streets of Cripple Creek. For from the first, he was determined to make money. Even then he didn't want to be dependent on his father, so to earn money he sold newspapers in the saloons of the mining town. He rubbed elbows with hardened veterans of the world's sink holes. Walking through the red light district on his way from work, he saw sights which are repressed longings in the minds of most boys and which, because they were hateful realities to him, made him healthy and clean in his outlook on the world. The two extremes —a college trained father at home to guide his every thought and grim reality outside to teach him the seamier side of life—have resulted in his understanding every type of person, the stevedore, prizefighter, truck driver on the one hand and the king, scientist and social light on the other. Little wonder that he knows how to appeal to every sort of person in his books and in his broadcasts.

By the time he was twelve he had a job riding nine hours a day over the mountains, collecting gold samples from which the value of each prospector's gold was determined.

At sixteen he was ready for college and, because of the education he had had at home, within two years he earned his Bachelor of Science degree at the University of Northern Indiana at Valparaiso, working his way through at that. But he wasr't satisfied with the kind of education he'd gained at Valparaiso, so he returned to Cripple Creek and learned how to operate a shovel in the mines. After that he became a reporter on the *Cripple Creek Times* and in six months was the editor. But the next year he entered the University of Denver and secured a B.A. as well as a M.A. degree. At night he worked on the *Denver Post* and *Rocky Mountain News.*

NOT long after, he decided that he wanted to study law. He attended the Chicago Kent College of Law and became a member of the faculty after three weeks! Ridiculous as it sounds, it's true for when the head of the department in forensic oratory at the College of Law was taken ill and the Dean had to put someone in to take his place, he scanned Thomas' records. They included first place in an intercollegiate debating and oratorical contest which made him eligible to instruct, at least temporarily. But the temporary job became permanent and Thomas had two thousand men under him from whom he says he learned more than he ever taught.

During the summers he organized what he described as "two minor expeditions to the Arctic"—which meant a grand trip to Alaska where he shot the Miles Canyon, the White Horse Rapids and went as far north as the Arctic Ocean. All this was happening while he was in his early twenties!

At Princeton, where he got another M.A. degree, he studied constitutional law and became a member of the faculty. He also taught in the New York Law School made speeches on travel and adventure at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the Philadelphia Academy, and Carnegie Hall and earned more on the side every few weeks than the average professor earns in a month.

Quite unexpectedly he was called by Francis T. Lane, Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson, to attend a "See America First" convention. Although Lane thought, "This must be the professor's son" when Lowell Thomas presented his card, he wasn't long in changing his mind after the young instructor made a speech that ended in his being asked to take charge of the whole movement. It sent him abroad and resulted in his becoming one of the most widely traveled men of our day—and one in whom the wonders of the world are a glorious memory.

But now for the eighth wonder, the wonder which Thomas has discovered and which he showed to me when I rode up to see him the other day at his Berkshire farm. It's one of the loveliest places you've ever visited. There's a huge house a hundred years old, but modernized even to a tile bath with gay sea gulls painted on the walls. There are three hundred and fifty acres of grand wooded country with fine bridal paths. Lowell Thomas has the original charter to that land, signed by George III, himself, in person. Here he lives, near the headwaters of the Groton River, with his attractive wife, Frances whom he married August 4, 1917, and his young son, Lowell Jackson. There are a dozen horses, three dogs—Buttons, an Irish setter, Boaz, a police dog, and Bouncer, a great Pyrenees snow dog, a rare specie that is used to carrying contraband in the parts of the Basque country where man cannot travel.

That farm is run for profit and Thomas has a farmer to see that it is. A con

crete tennis court and a swimming pool provide for recreation. In a separate building there's a combination gymnasium and movie theatre. The projection room is installed with apparatus for piping in WJZ's program each afternoon—and above it, in an attic reached by ladder, there are two microphones which Thomas uses for his broadcasts. When the engineer wants to signal him to start he pulls an ordinary cord, from below, which is attached to Lowell Thomas' wrist. His secretary sits opposite concentrating on his watch, putting little cards which bear the exact time on the table in front of his boss so that he will finish on the precise instant the broadcast to which millions are listening.

There's a fur farm, too, where 400 animals are being raised, silver fox, mink, fitch. Mrs. Thomas takes charge of it all. And then there are also cows and chickens.

A fine camaraderie with the neighbors has grown up since the Thomases started their farms. They have made up a soft ball baseball team called the Saints and the Sinners who recently played the White House Correspondents near Hyde Park at Ogden Mill's golf course. The White House team was coached by President Roosevelt himself and the laugh of the day came when the President yanked Pitcher Tugwell out of the box. That won the game for the administration.

I asked Thomas if there were to be any more adventures. "If radio gives out, I guess so," he said modestly.

Radio won't give out and I have a hunch Lowell Thomas will go right on leading his enviable and relatively unadventurous life in the Berkshire foothills. When he wants a vacation he'll turn that little attic into a broadcasting station again. Beside him on a rustic bench in that little attic "Sonny" will sit —for Thomas wants the boy beside him at every broadcast—and Frannie will be waiting at the house to ask him how it went. And in the mornings he and Sonny will ride for hours and watch the sun shining on the leaves and casting bright patches on the lush undergrowth. And they'll smile at each other, glorying in the eighth wonder of the world—home.

Peep In at the Carefree Carnival

(*Continued from page* 61)

Tollinger's job is an important one, perhaps the most important in the Carnival. As stooge for all the comedians and musicians, he is the unifying thread binding all the variety of song, monologue, dialogue and "drama." He says his early training as a comic strip artist helps a lot. He does not dally long before introducing the orchestra which, under Meredith Willson's baton, swings into tuneful action. Willson, let me tell you confidentially, takes no chances. He is said to have on hand a supply of not less than twenty batons just in case one of them snaps.

ONE thing leads to another, but all roads in the Carnival arrive ultimately at the feet of that rajah of the ridiculous, none other than the afore-mentioned Senator Fishface. In real life known as an Oregonian named Elmore Vincent. He convulses the kids with his comic way of telling fairy tales like Goldilocks and King Cole. Never does he tell one, but he has to tell it over again in response to an avalanch of letters requesting an encore.

Usually he is conducting a political campaign, "ripping planks out of platforms" when he's not demanding universal nudism. In the latter instance, he announced that he had the support of the Open Pore Nudist Cult of Bareback, Indiana and the Closed Pore Cult of Blackfoot Gulch, Pennsylvania.

The Senator is no stammerer when he sings, but even in ordinary conversation he speaks hesitantly. A case of a man who has made his defect work for him. He does not, however, *ad lib*. Every inch of his prattle is written down and memorized. Out West he is known as the "walking jigsaw."

A regular feature of the Saturday night entertainment is cock-eyed drama à la Ed Wynn in which Senator Fishface is ably supported by Ben Klassen and Myron Niesley, who when not singing tenor in the Doric Quartet, wear goatees and act nutty. Charlie Marshall, who heads the Mavericks, the hill-billy aggregation, also plays a part. Helen Troy, the Gracie Allen-Portland Hoffa of the Carnival, with a lisp all her own adds her bit, too.

CHARLIE MARSHALL, second only to Fishface, as a Carnival star was a hill-billy, cowboy song warbler until in his program he developed a humorous style that makes listeners laugh without gagging. He is a big six-foot, oak stump of a man who looks like a moving picture sheriff.

In the program he calls himself the "lyre and lute man" and is supported by Ace Wright, a fiddler from Arkansas; Johnny Toffoli who plays the accordion and Johnny O'Brien who single handed is a Minnevich orchestra. These four, calling themselves, the Mavericks, sing, play and make whoopee.

Peeking further into this grab-bag of music and merriment we find Pinky Lee, who takes the part of a lisping sailor. He learned to lisp proposing to the girl who is now his wife. Then there is the 225 pound daughter of a doctor, Miss Cynthia, who gives the Carnival its Kate Smith; Rita Lane, a much traveled operatic soprano, and the Coquettes who do an act like the Pickens Sisters. From time to time the program boasts a balalaika orchestra. And coming this Fall is Etta Motten, contralto; who has been the offstage voice for such movie stars as Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers.

I'M asking you again: Is this a bargain or is this a bargain? The people of San Francisco, a discerning group of citizens from all reports, know a good thing when they have it. The Community Playhouse of that city, where the broadcast is held, seats a thousand people. And the SRO

Early morn till late at night
F-O polish is always right



F=O polish...a real joy
for every girl...in five becoming shades
...applies evenly and has lasting luster

At all 10c stores... **Cuticle Remover ...Creme Polish...Polish Remover Oily Polish Remover...**

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N.Y.

BE LOVELY



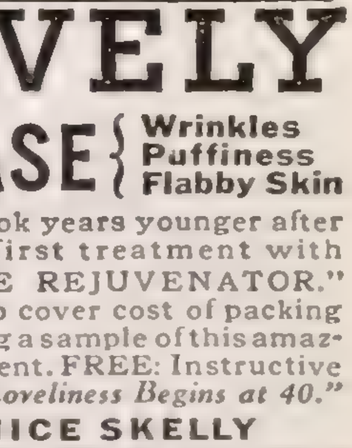
ERASE { Wrinkles Puffiness Flabby Skin

You will look years younger after the very first treatment with "JEUNICE REJUVENATOR." Send 25¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing a sample of this amazing treatment. FREE: Instructive booklet, *"Loveliness Begins at 40."*

EUNICE SKELLY
SALON OF ETERNAL YOUTH, Park Central, Suite D
56th and 7th Avenue, New York City

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE **Theatre**
Stage, Talking Pictures and Radio (40th Year). Graduates: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Peggy Shannon, Zita Johann, Una Merkel. Drama, Dance, Vocal, General Culture teaching and directing. Appearances, Debuts. For Catalog, write Sec'y Lear, 64 W. 85 St., N. Y.

THIS BLONDE NOW CALLS 'BOY FRIEND' ..'HUBBY'



BLONDES have a lure that never fails—when they keep that ethereal golden shimmer in their hair. Don't, please, let blonde hair streak and darken. Be careful about shampooing. Use the shampoo that was made especially for blondes. Blondex keeps hair silken-soft. Not drying, not harmful in any way. Contains no dye or harmful chemicals. Marvelously cleansing—Blondex leaves hair clear and bright. Scalp feels simply wonderful. Costs only a few cents a shampoo! At any good drug or department store. Two sizes, the economical $1.00 bottle and inexpensive 25¢ package.

Don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs get serious. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole stimulates, warms and penetrates to the very seat of the trouble. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists.

RADIO: *"Voice of Experience," Columbia Network. See newspaper for time.*

Good Housekeeping Bureau

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE

NRA CODE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U.S. PAT OFF.

MILD

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

VOICE



100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 72-19
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C.O.D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1324-W, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Stoves AT FACTORY PRICES!



Send for FREE Catalog

Over 200 Styles and Sizes of Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces—174 ranges, 12 heating stoves, 22 furnaces. More Bargains than in 20 Big Stores. New styles, new features, new colors. Cash or easy terms. Year to Pay—30 days free trial—360 days approval test—$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee—24-hour shipments.

The Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
405 Rochester Av., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Over 850,000 Satisfied Users
34 Years in Business
Write for FREE Catalog

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

sign hangs over the box-office every Saturday night. To date it has broken all West Coast records for attendance at a broadcast. Also records in every other category. For listener response. For consistent performance. For general popularity. It is coming east rapidly and I would not be surprised to find the Carnival soon on double schedule: one on the old time and another at a time more convenient for the listeners on the other side of the continent.

Proof of its great drawing power was had recently when the Carnival went off the air for a couple of weeks. The studios were buried in letters of protest, angry and tearful letters demanded its return. Records for correspondence to a West Coast feature went glimmering. A printer in Idaho had his petition for their return engraved and printed on glazed paper bearing the signatures of himself and all the employees of the shop.

The success of the Carnival is interesting because it parallels the triumph of similar features in the east, such programs as Rudy Vallee's, Paul Whitman's and others. Except for its greater variety and spontaniety these programs are miniature vaudeville shows and very much alike. Their popularity is proof that people like those programs best which have dash, informality and a little bit of everything. Especially the last. Certainly the Carefree Carnival has a little bit of everything.

There's one fly in the ointment. And that's the difference of time between East Coast and West Coast. Broadcast at a normal evening hour in San Francisco, it reaches the Atlantic Seaboard well after midnight. But there is consolation. It reaches there on Saturday night. And after Saturday comes Sunday with no work to do, no job to go to. My advice to you is stay up, young man, stay up. Dial in the biggest bargain on the air and pay for the extra hour by snoring a little longer on the Sabbath morn.

The Bright New Feather in Kate Smith's Cap

(*Continued from page 47*)

absence from New York and the airwaves.

She went off the air on October 14, 1933. When she returned on July 16, 1934, a new vibrant quality had come into her voice. What had happened to her? Had she had an emotional experience that had given her some new understanding? Had she studied with some teacher who had taught her a new technique? I decided to ask her.

"Yes," she told me honestly, "something did happen to me but it's none of the things you suspect.

"First, I'll be frank to admit that last October the routine had gotten under my skin. I needed a change. I wanted to leave New York City, get a rest from the grueling schedule of rehearsals, program-planning, interviews—all the nerve-racking things that wear you down just because you have to do them day in and day out.

"I wanted to work, work hard—but at something new, different and exciting. I got what I was after all right. We'd planned to have our whole company of forty-five people back in New York by Christmas. Our tour continued through May!

"I found out that I was going through one of the greatest experiences of my life. *I was meeting my fans for the first time!*

"And let me tell you, it does something to you to stand silently on a stage for three minutes while the audience cheers and applauds your appearance. That happened the night of the opening performance in Houston. It made me so nervous that Ted Collins said to me when I came off the stage, "Kate, you sound like an old woman!' My voice was quavering so much!

"It does something to you, to see people even standing in the rain to see your show. Did you know that we broke attendance records in sixteen out of thirty weeks!

FROM June 1, when our tour ended until July 10, when we started rehearsals for my return to the air, I didn't sing a note. But I did plenty of thinking. I remembered all the heart-warming moments on our long tour. How Ma Ferguson had made me a Texas Ranger when we were in Dallas—I think I'm only the third woman to be made a Texas Ranger. I thought of those grand folks in Sioux City, the members of the Winebago tribe of Indians. They said I was their favorite entertainer and they made me a princess, Princess Hombogowinga, which means Glory of the Moon!

"Maybe it was wrong of me to think of all those little triumphs, and of the nice things my fans had told me in words and in applause. But after all, I'm only human, besides I was keying myself up to the return to the air which meant getting back to my army of fans who had proven that they were as strong for Kate Smith as they were before.

"If my voice has changed and improved as you say it has, I guess it must be because *I* have changed and improved—in health, in spirit and in new-born confidence."

William Paley heard the same new quality in her voice which you and I heard. It only confirmed the deep-seated faith he has always had in Kate. And then he saw how she could fit into his plans. He realized that his company broadcasts for sixteen hours every day in the week. But all the valuable programs are after five o'clock in the afternoon. That was the weakness in the structure of the broadcasting business, for he knows that there's a listening afternoon public of many million people.

He knew, too, that many big sponsors were bidding for Kate's services—Vick, Castoria, Camels, Sunshine Biscuit, La France. So he went to Ted Collins, Kate

ver manager, and said: "*I* want to hire te Smith. I'll pay her salary if she'll ld afternoon programs for me. We'll ve a show for every member of the nily, mother, kids, yes, and for invalids the hospitals. We've got to make ernoon programs as valuable as eve- g programs and Kate is just the person do it for us."

So it was arranged. Her evening half-hour can be sold to a sponsor, if Kate's on the program, but the matinee belongs to Columbia, because it is building up the value of those afternoon hours.

It's a new feather in Kate's cap, all right, but don't forget those months of struggle and perseverance "on the road" when she was learning how to earn it!

he Nine Greatest Women in Radio

(*Continued from page* 17)

e a youthful Billie Burke. Her voice soft and well-modulated. As far as her sonal appearance is concerned there is thing about her that smacks of efficiency, t if you look close you will see the ength of her chin. If you listen well, u will note that her soft voice is decisive. rtha Brainard is not one with whom you a trifle. She is the typical modern wo- n—feminine, but efficient. In radio she the first great woman executive and erefore on the list.

Our other behind-the-scenes lady belongs Columbia. Her name is Ora D. Nichols. meant nothing to me, yet all executives mediately placed her among the first ne. I investigated and discovered that ra Nichols is the most important of any e on that list. Radio could have pro- essed without a Kate Smith, without a ragonette, without the others, but with- t Ora Nichols I doubt if it would be such an advanced stage. She is head Columbia's sound department. Six men ork for her, take her orders. Since she s been with Columbia, Ora D. Nichols s invented 1000 sounds.

It was Ora who discovered that an egg ater whirring close to a microphone unds like a lawn mower. The sounds she vents are kept in little black wooden xes. These boxes even astonish NBC's und department. Sometimes their mem- rs go over to Columbia just to look and arvel, for the NBC sounds are encased heavy unwieldy contraptions, while ra's can be carried by a woman.

The lady herself? She was an organist ith her husband in a New York motion cture theatre. When he went to Co- mbia's sound department, she followed. fter his death, she carried on his work. ike Bertha Brainard, Ora Nichols is ex- ptionally feminine in appearance. While Miss Brainard makes you think of an act- ss, there is only one word which de- ribes Ora Nichols and that is home- dy. You could picture her teaching chool in Oshkosh or keeping house in vanston, but you cannot picture her in- enting sounds for the Columbia Broad- sting System. However, that's her job nd she has done it so superbly that she ell deserves to be on the list.

Then there is Mrs. Roosevelt. As first dy she forged a path for her successors. he proved that a great lady could partici- te in a commercial program and still maintain her dignity. She knew she would eceive a large amount of money for her rvices and also knew there were chari- s which would welcome that money. So e braved criticism. The President's wife ent on the air. And she set a standard, a very high standard. Because her hitherto unheard of action led the way, and because she brought to radio the feminine side of that greatest of American names, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt is on the list.

We did not forget Gertrude Berg, the brains of the Goldbergs, and Mollie Goldberg, herself. She is both writer and actress, a pioneer who had faith in an idea and would not let it be downed. Although she had a difficult time selling that first script, she possessed confidence in it—and in herself. Gertrude Berg goes on the list not only because her Goldbergs are as familiar to the general public as Amos 'n' Andy, as the Gumps and Orphan Annie, but because Mrs. Berg is solely a product of radio. She came to it with no previous stage, screen, vaudeville, operatic, concert or literary reputation. She started with radio . . . she grew with radio . . . she belongs to it.

Of course there is Ireene Wicker. Her name may not be as well known as the name she made her particular audiences love . . . that of the Singing Lady. Ireene Wicker differs from the others. Before her great hit she did a lot of radio work. At one time in two successive broadcasts she played thirteen different characters. Then someone had a bright idea. Someone thought of the Singing Lady. Someone else thought of Ireene Wicker. The combination was an inspiration.

Her program is really for little children. It is a soothing, entertaining and minus blood curdling tales. It is the kindergarten of the air and a broadcast that any mother can trust. The Singing Lady is all this and more, for there is an arresting quality about her voice that brings back memories of long forgotten lullabies, that makes even grown-ups pause and listen. Every night children wait for her. They know her better than they know Mother Goose or the Man in the Moon. She is an intimate voice coming out of the air. The mothers of America owe her a vote of thanks, for the Singing Lady has raised children's programs to a high level. We cannot leave her out. It would be unfair to the American child. This list is incomplete without the Singing Lady.

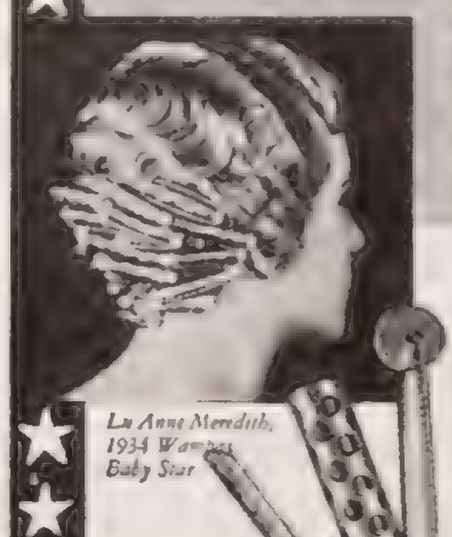
And now for the ninth woman . . . indeed, for the woman who makes possible all these other women. This ninth woman is the most important person in the entire radio broadcast set-up.

You know her already, I suspect. Believe me, she is known to the men who build advertising programs, for hardly a show goes on the air that isn't aimed directly at her.

She is you—and you and you! She is

Now you can get the same Coiffure as the stars . . . with

HOLLYWOOD Rapid-Dry **CURLERS**



La Anne Meredith, 1934 Warner Baby Star

Scintillating screen stars *have* to be neat and immaculate—set the style in hair dress as well as the vogue in clothes. So naturally they use Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers to get the full, soft, *lasting* curls that distinguish the truly smart coiffure.

Only Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers have the soft rubber lock that keeps both hair and curler securely in place. As the name implies, Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers are quick-drying—the perforations permit abundant air circulation. And they fit so snugly that you can wear them comfortably while you sleep. Insist upon Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers.



At all Notion Counters . . . 5c Ea.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

PERFUME

To Match YOUR Type and Personality

Which Screen Star is YOUR Type?

Gerly, celebrated Parfumeur has perfume-typed the famous Stars of stage and screen and now offers these personal perfume creations to glorify YOUR loveliness as it does theirs.

Gerly discovered 11 different types and personalities in which all Stars, as well as every American woman could be included. Then France was searched for its rarest oils and perfume ingredients. These were combined and blended by the genius of master Parfumeurs to develop the perfect fragrance for each type.



JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star

Your 10c store is now displaying these intriguing Gerly French Perfumes created expressly for the famous screen Stars listed below. From these you can choose the correct fragrance to match your own particular type. If your favorite chain store cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.



HOWE CO. Inc. of Calif.
728 South Hill, Los Angeles, Dept. 23

Please send me introductory vial of Gerly French Perfume created for Screen Stars listed below. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each type checked. ( ) Joan Crawford, Brunette ( ) Jean Harlow, Platinum ( ) Thelma Todd, Blonde ( ) Claudette Colbert, Brunette ( ) Myrna Loy, Auburn ( ) Anita Page, Blonde ( ) Mary Astor, Auburn ( ) Leila Hyams, Blonde.

FREE OFFER . . . send snapshot with order, and state color of hair, complexion and eyes for your special FREE Perfume Analysis.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



REVEALING Secret of NATURAL HAIR CURLS



ABOVE—ordinary curler reverses ends, curls frizz and unwind
BELOW—Humphrey curls hair all one way. *Nature's way*—curls that last

Marvelous! New Humphrey Coil Curler with the quick dry tab, sets beautiful *permanent curls that last until washed out*, even when combed daily. Forms end curls, hanging curls, roll bobs and waves in alluring effects before found impossible. Easy to use; invisible; light; comfortable; no metal to cut or injure. *A new discovery.* Millions sold by one user telling another about the Humphrey Coil Curler *with the cloth tab. A new curling method*—that's the secret! At your 5-and-10c store—If dealer can't supply, send 10c for trial card of 4.

HUMPHREY PRODUCTS CO., 1925 3rd Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

HUMPHREY COIL CURLER
with the Cloth Tab!

the PURE KNITTED COPPER CHORE GIRL
INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
"And cleans 'em right—sparkling, bright"
Patented parallel outer layers provide—
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

FREE CLASS & CLUB PIN CATALOG
Shows over 300 handsome, smart, up-to-the-minute designs. Many color illustrations. Styles to meet taste of every club, class, school or society.
35¢ up
LOWEST PRICES-BIGGEST CHOICE-QUALITY MADE
Money-back guarantee covers every item we make. Deal with the firm that has led for 39 years and be sure of complete satisfaction. Send your name and address for our Free 1935 catalog.
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 72 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP
KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR (LAMPS AND RADIO)
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c. At Kresge's

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.
Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
717 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

Be a Nurse
MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK
You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 35 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 712, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

BE A RADIO EXPERT
Learn at Home-Make Good Money
Mail the coupon. Many men I trained at home in spare time make $40, $60, $75 a week. Many make $5, $10, $15 a week in spare time while learning. Get facts about Radio's opportunities and my amazingly practical 50-50 method of training. Home experimental outfits make learning easy, practical, fascinating. Money back agreement protects you. Mail coupon for free 64-page book.
J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4NM7
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.
Send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." This does not obligate me. (Please print plainly.)
Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

the woman who sits at the receiving end of a broadcast and says "I like that program. Let's try that toothpaste the next time we need some," or, "Perhaps that breakfast food is better for the children."

You and you and you—otherwise known as the Ultimate Consumer—are the most important of all the women in the broadcasting picture. And don't you forget it. If you don't like a program and don't buy the product that the program advertise that program is a failure and soon qui the air.

Yes, there are some broadcasts bui especially for children and some broa casts built for husbands, but they are fe and far between. Notice it next time y tune in. Almost all are aimed at the b boss of the air. And the big boss of t air is the Woman Listener.

Men Are Saps

(*Continued from page 49*)

finally admitted humbly. "I'd better stay here and try to save up enough to get married on."

Of course marriage under such conditions would mean the end of all his dreams of singing. But it was worth it, he thought. Fame could never make up for the loss of Mary Ann, and besides, how could he be sure he would make a go of it in New York?

Every dollar he could spare went into the bank so that when he and Mary got married they'd have a little nest-egg. Came the day he had all of $500 and then the blow fell.

Everett picked up the town newspaper. In black, bold print it told of Mary Ann's elopement with a suave city fellow who had a college degree and a business of his own. Without a word of warning she had eloped with a man, who could offer her more than he could.

Suddenly everything went black. It was as if he had descended into a bottomless pit and there was no way out. He couldn't stand the whispers of his friends, the prying of his neighbors. In bitter despair and with hope of happiness dead in his heart, he went to New York to study music. In his burning misery he buried himself in work, trying to forget his abject humiliation.

YOU'D think that after that Everett Marshall would have been cured and that as long as he lived he would never wholly trust another woman. If you think that, you don't know men. There are certain things they never learn by experience, and insight into women is one of them. It was only natural, however, that since Everett Marshall had been fooled by a blonde, that the next time he should fall for a woman totally different.

While studying in Milan he met Carolina Segrera at his teacher's studio. How different dark-eyed, black-haired Carolina was from that first double-crossing little girl he'd loved. Here was a woman who'd be loyal to a man to the last ditch. Unlike Mary Ann, she didn't ask him to give up his dreams of singing. On the contrary, she was interested in a musical career for herself, too, and urged him on.

No man was prouder than he the day Carolina told him she would marry him. That was when Gatti Cazazza, on a vacation in Italy, had heard young Marshall sing and offered him a four-year contract with the Metropolitan Opera at seventy-five dollars a week. Certainly prospects were rosy and there'd be enough money for both of them to keep on studying in the United States. With everythi smooth sailing, Carolina married him.

There was a glorious honeymoon throu Italy and Everett experienced the greate happiness he had ever known. Here w perfect companionship and understandi Here was a woman whose love for h was so great that she shared his eve ambition.

Then a blow fell, one that left h reeling. By the terms of the Metropolit contract he was to sing only twelve wee out of the entire year and was forbidd to do any other work. Now seventy-fi dollars a week sounds like a good inco for a young singer, doesn't it? B seventy-five dollars a week for only twe weeks makes just $900 a year, less th eighteen a week. On this sum the you couple was to keep up an apartment, fe clothe and amuse themselves. And t was to continue for four years!

The love-nest they had rented on Riv side Drive was dropped and they mov into a cheap flat. Carolina, bewilde and unaccustomed to hard times, could understand. In Italy she had sung at co certs and opera. But here, she was nobody and so was Everett. In It Everett had been starred in opera, but the Metropolitan he was just anot promising young singer to be given sm roles. His experience was not uniq Scores of young singers have it.

BUT to Carolina this system was m dening. Wasn't it because his vo was so magnificent that Cazazza l brought him from Italy to sing at Metropolitan? Then why should Caza now cast Everett into the backgrou Why couldn't he use him more than twe weeks?

To all this, Marshall had no answ What could anyone say? So, though Metropolitan contract distinctly forb his appearing in vaudeville, he changed name to Robert Newell and signed up a nation-wide tour with RKO.

Jubilantly he went home to tell his w of their good fortune. Now there'd money enough for everything, for m lessons, for the pretty clothes she lo They could forget their two years misery and begin to live. But when got home Carolina's room was empty. had packed up her trunks and left hi

Once again a woman had made a of Everett Marshall.

Bitterly he vowed that never a would he trust a woman, never would give over his happiness to a woman placed her work above love and marri

MAKE BIG PAY
Handing Out These
Cash Benefit Certificates
NEW FAMILY PROTECTION
New plan offers Family Protection at cost. Up to $1,000 cash benefit paid at once in case of Accident or Death. No medical examination. Men, women, children, aged 1 to 80, may apply. Membership costs only $6. Millions want it—need it. Already 100,000 members enrolled.
UP TO $1000 CASH Benefits PAID
NATIONAL AID SOCIETY
ENROLL MEMBERS FOR US
$5 CASH FOR EVERY MEMBER YOU SECURE
Make $5 cash profit every member you enroll. Earn up to $60 weekly. No experience or investment needed. Complete outfit sent free. Your Benefit Certificate without membership cost. Get details today.
NATIONAL AID SOCIETY
Dept. K-1. Springfield, Ill.

Brand New TYPEWRITER
NOW ONLY $17.95 & UP
PORTABLES
10¢ a Day • Easy Terms
Sensational Low Prices and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date 4-row keyboard. Fully Guaranteed.
SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial
Write for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer.
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1261, Chicago

HELP Wanted IN INSTITUTIONS & HOSPITALS
EXPERIENCED & EXPERIENCED • Male & Female •
All kinds of POSITIONS EVERYWHERE. Write now, enclosing stamp.
STAFF BUREAU. Dept. 12-20, 145 W. 45th St., New York

Things to watch for in the next issue of RADIO STARS: "Our Trip Abroad," by Gracie Allen; "Rah, Rah, Radio," a story about the greatest university in the world —radio; and a complete story on the amazing growth of the National Broadcasting Company.


BUNIONS NEEDLESS TORTURE
Pedodyne stops pain almost instantly, will reduce inflammation and swelling so quickly that you can wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it on your own bunion. First write and say—"I want To Try Pedodyne." Address—
Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., H-210 Chicago, Ill.

SKIN TROUBLE?
PSORIASIS — ECZEMA
and other obstinate skin eruptions
Is it necessary to suffer from these unsightly skin irritations? PSORACINE, a wonderful new discovery now relieving many stubborn cases where other treatments failed. Try it no matter how long afflicted. Write for sworn proof and free information.
EDWARD W. KLOWDEN
29 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH
Millions of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestion now put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster and get the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.
The beauty about Allcock's Porous Plaster is its gentle glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws fine blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No dosing when you use Allcock's Porous Plaster. No fuss or muss, either. Allcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S 25c.

Since then, by his own efforts he has made a success of his radio career. You've heard him recently on his own program, the Everett Marshall Broadway Vanities, and as the featured baritone on the Schlitz "Spotlight Revue."

Now he's in love again. Strangely enough, it's with a woman whose career as a dancer has been the guiding star of her life. But this time he's convinced that this woman cares more for him than for her work.

I wonder. It would seem almost too cruel if she, too, lets him down. It will be interesting to see what the future brings, whether his past experience with women has really taught him to tell the tinsel from the gold. But before you feel superior to him, perhaps you'd better take another look at that dimpled darling you proposed to yesterday. Other men have been just as sure as you have that they were not making a mistake. Perhaps you too are an Everett Marshall.

Laughing Lovers

(Continued from page 78)

you remember, we once met the production manager of Warner Brothers and he promised us a job if we ever came to Hollywood. Let's see him. He'll surely give us a job."

The day they were leaving for Hollywood, their phone rang. It was the station director. "Say kids," he yelled excitedly, "I have a great spot for you. It won't pay much, but it's a grand opportunity."

Tim caught the warning look in Irene's eyes. "Sorry," he answered, "we're going in the movies."

Early the next morning, Irene dragged Tim to the Warner studios. They waited hours for the production manager to see them. Finally, they were ushered into his office.

He greeted them warmly. "Sure, I remember you," he said. "But we're not hiring anybody now."

Outside again, Irene looked at Tim. Tim looked at Irene.

"Well," he remarked, "that radio offer doesn't look so bad now, does it?"

They rushed into the nearest cigar store and called the station. "If the offer still holds," Tim said, "we'll take it."

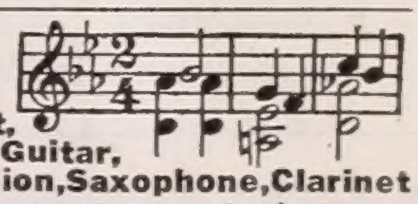
Thank heavens, the job *was* still open. Next week they were members of the California "Carefree Carnival." Their plugging hadn't been in vain.

This past spring, John Royal, program director of NBC, happened to hear Irene's funny, piping voice and Tim's suave humor. That was all they needed. Inside of a week they were heading for New York at Royal's order.

What does the Big Town hold in store for them? Well, right now their chances look very good. Several sponsors are dickering for their services. And I'm betting they'll come through in Big Time. Tim and Irene have emerged through their trying ordeal with flying colors. And they will do it again.

CONSTIPATION began at 40!

Years of Suffering Till She Found This Safe
ALL-VEGETABLE RELIEF
TODAY at 60 she feels younger than she did 10 years ago—and she has made only one change. Like millions of others she has switched to a laxative that is completely natural—all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She noticed the difference immediately. The very first little NR Tablet left her feeling better—refreshed, clean, more alive. She soon found herself resting better—she seemed to have new energy, a new outlook on life. Bothersome bilious spells, headaches, colds were quickly eliminated. And she noticed that she never had to increase the dosage of Nature's Remedy—for a very definite reason—NR Tablets contain no minerals or phenol derivatives, only natural laxative elements wisely placed by nature in plants and vegetables. That's why they work gently yet thoroughly the way nature intended. See for yourself. Take an NR tonight—See how thorough they are—yet so kind to the system. Get a 25c box today at any drug store.
FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 148TT, St. Louis, Mo.
Nature's Remedy NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX
"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

LEARN

Piano, Violin, Cornet, Trumpet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Organ, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet
EASY HOME METHOD—new, fast way for beginners. Makes you accomplished in amazingly short time. 300,000 enthusiastic students. Low cost; easy terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free Catalog gives full details.
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Dept. 601 1525 E. 53rd Street, Chicago

Gray Hair Pencil

Instantly gives to GRAY Hair Desirable Youthful Color. Sure, easy way to keep gray from showing at Roots, Temples and Parting, and Keeps Gray from Spreading all through the hair. Cannot be detected. Delights both men and women! To Quickly Introduce Buel full size Pencil NOW 25 CENTS given for only 25c coin. Lasts many months. State shade.
BUEL CO., 404 W. Erie St., Dept. J-18. Chicago, Ill.

IF MY HUSBAND HAD ONLY KNOWN $1.00 WOULD HAVE KEPT US FROM WANT

"My husband meant to insure his life — but he kept putting it off. Now we are left penniless."
Tragic — but now unnecessary! Postal Life Insurance Co. has issued a new policy to meet present conditions. Costs only a dollar a month for $1085 worth of insurance at age 25—$948 at age 30 and so on, ages 18 to 50. Old Line Legal Reserve modified life insurance, with full cash and loan values, paid-up and extended insurance privileges. Premiums for first five years are one-half the premiums payable after five years, reduced by dividends as earned.
Only Postal's Direct-By-Mail selling plan can give you insurance value like this. Postal has no agents — you save on agents' commissions. Now 29 years old, and more than 40 million dollars has been paid to policyholders and beneficiaries. Send coupon today — tomorrow may be too late.
Postal Life Insurance Co., Dept. 703, 511 5th Av., New York
Please send free information about your $1.00 policy.
Exact date of birth .....
Occupation .....
Name .....
Street and number .....
City ..... State .....

Globe Trotting to Glory

(*Continued from page* 41)

commercial by the Chesterfield Cigarette Company on RUOK, the chief radio station. Now she was going places! But her great joy turned to disappointment, for the hotel management to whom she was contracted wouldn't allow her to accept it. Why? Because, they reasoned, no one would come to hear her at the hotel if she were on such a popular radio program.

She tried to tell him that it would work just the other way around. Tried to tell him that in America people flocked to see, as well as hear, Rudy Vallee, Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith and a host of other air favorites when they played at theatres or hotels. She fought and argued with them for hours. But her bosses merely folded their arms and continued to shake their heads calmly in the face of her forceful pleas. The Chinese, she discovered in that heartbreaking experience, have very definite ideas of their own. It was such a heavy blow to her hopes that she left Shanghai in disgust for Hong Kong.

With her ever increasing repertoire of foreign songs she was naturally a great hit. But she had one hair-raising experience to add to the glamor of her success. During an evening trip to Macao by boat, the vessel was suddenly invaded by pirates who still infest the Chinese waters. Brandishing a pistol over her head, a bleary-eyed fellow robbed her of all her jewelry and money, then thrust her roughly into a stateroom and locked the door. She crouched in her room petrified with fear as to what would happen next. After hours of waiting, she finally fell asleep from exhaustion. It was daylight when she was awakened by a strange Chinese sailor from whom she learned the horrible details of the night before. The hordes of pirates had locked all the passengers in their rooms, killed the purser and carried their prize down the coast to a hide-out, where they stripped the vessel and then turned the hulk loose to drift until help arrived.

DID that terrifying experience discourage Rita from staying in China? Not a bit. Chalk it up to thrills and adventure! It was only when she decided that opportunity in China was too limited that she packed her trunks and caught a boat for Honolulu. By now the world was becoming a small place to Rita Bell.

In Honolulu she had little difficulty obtaining a singing job over Station KGU for the Chinese broadcasts were heard in Honolulu, so she already had a certain amount of fame and popularity. Do you see how this exciting trek around the globe was giving Rita Bell the thing she wanted —a buildup in radio?

Then some enterprising Columbia official in California heard her singing from Honolulu and wired her an offer. "Come to Hollywood. We've a spot for you."

That was just what she had been looking for! An offer for a big American network! When she hopped on that boa for the U. S. A. again, she knew she wa on the last lap of her journey.

From then on it was comparatively easy All those thrilling, adventuresome year spent in quest of a radio career hadn't bee in vain. "New York or bust," became he motto. Yet to her the wilds of the jungl and strangeness of the Orient were easie to pierce than the scepticism of New York But now she was armed with a goo weapon. She didn't have to storm th studio doors the way thousands of un knowns do. She had something. She ha *experience!* She had to go to Franc England, Germany, Africa, China an Honolulu for it—she had to spend fiv years jumping from one strange city t another—but she got what she wanted Entree to a large broadcasting network

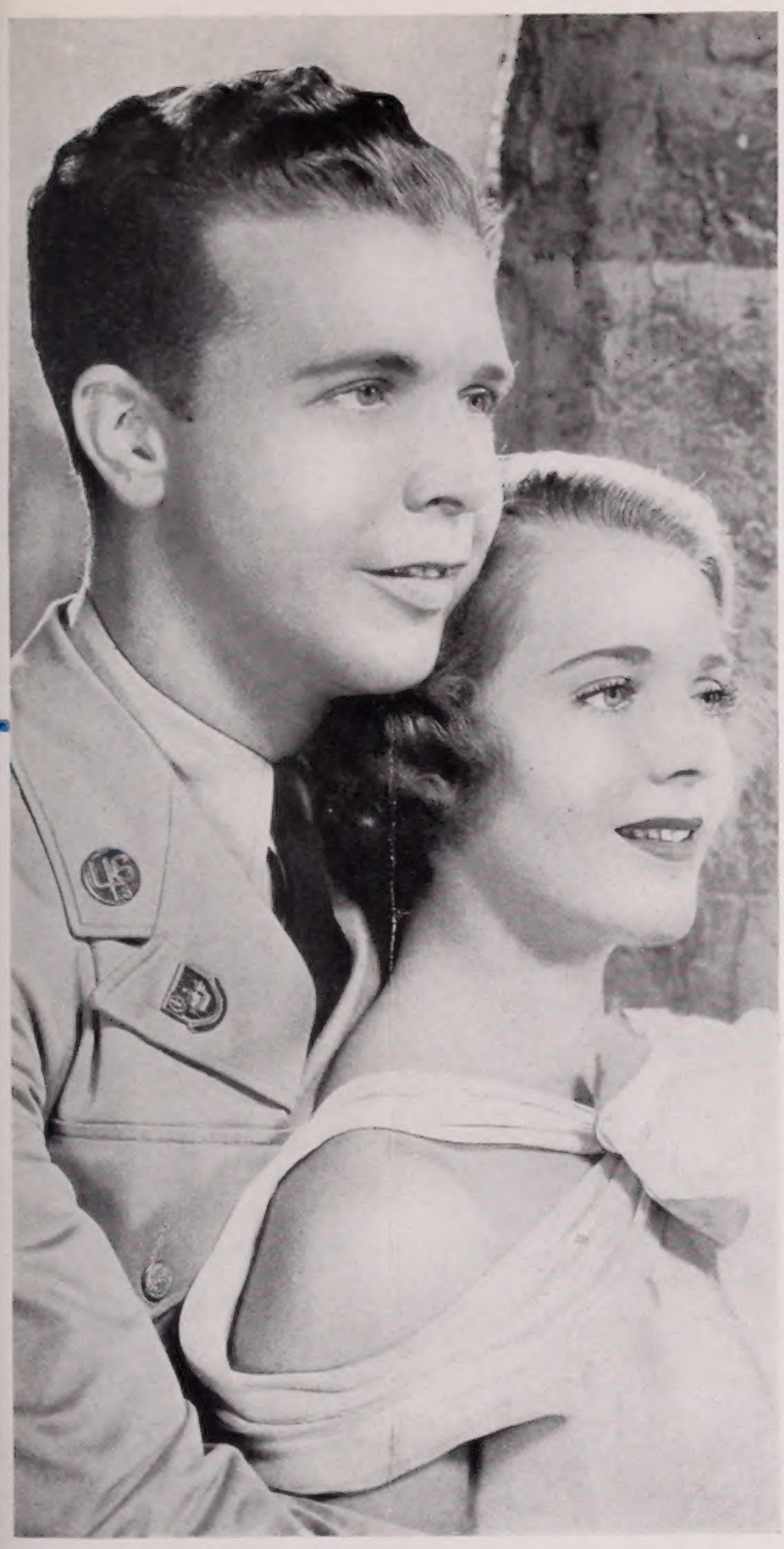
Now she feels she's just startin Whether or not she really becomes a sta remains to be seen. But at least she's "in. And because she did it all by herself, with out trying to pull strings, without gettin bitter and slamming radio the way a l of unsuccessful aspirants do, I like to te her story to the thousands of other boy and girls trying to crash radio. It hol a lesson and a warning. It shows ho tremendously difficult it is to get starte on the air, but yet it shows, too, what a original mind and a lot of spunk and darin will do.

Tell me truthfully, have you the grit do what this girl did for a career?



Paul Whiteman believes in encouraging young America in musical pursuits, so he accepted the invitation to be guest of honor at a band concert to be given by this group of Boy Scouts on Christmas morning.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N



COURT MARTIALED FOR *Love*

To young lovers, Hawaii is a land of flowers drenched in perfume, of steel guitars played softly in rhythm to Tropical seas, of moonlight and romance. To the gay army set at the Post there, it is a land of fun, of long drives through languorous country drowsing under a hot sun, of bridge played on verandahs cooled by breezes from the Pacific.

But to young Dick Dorcy it was a land of work and plenty of it. He had not thought it would be like that when he enlisted. "Join the army and see the world" . . . that was what the army posters had said, but so far there had not been so much to see. At least, not until the general's daughter arrived.

Her face was lovelier than any of the flowers tangled together in the leis swinging in pace to her happy feet, Dick couldn't help looking at her as if she were the first girl he had ever seen, couldn't help knowing he was head over heels in love with this beautiful creature . . . but she was the general's daughter, and he was only a private.

How Dick Dorcy woos and finally wins Kit is one of the most exciting love stories ever told. You'll thrill to it from beginning to end.

Read this love story complete in the December issue now on sale. Then see it in Warner Brothers film production, "Flirtation Walk."

14 Complete Stories in This Issue:

FLIRTATION WALK with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell; THE PAINTED VEIL with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, George Brent; BELLE OF THE NINETIES with Mae West, Roger Pryor; WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS with Helen Hayes, Brian Ahearne; PART TIME LADY with Carole Lombard; PERFECT WEEKEND with James Cagney, Patricia Ellis; THE FIREBIRD with Verree Teasdale, Ricardo Cortez; GAMBLING with George M. Cohan, Wynne Gibson, WEDNESDAY'S CHILD with Frankie Thomas, Edward Arnold, Karen Morley; CHU CHIN CHOW with Anna May Wong; THE LEMON DROP KID with Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy; I'LL SELL ANYTHING with Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak; TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW with Neil Hamilton, Miriam Jordan; GIRL OF MY DREAMS with Eddie Nugent, Mary Carlisle.

SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen on sale at all newsstands





FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers . . . real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

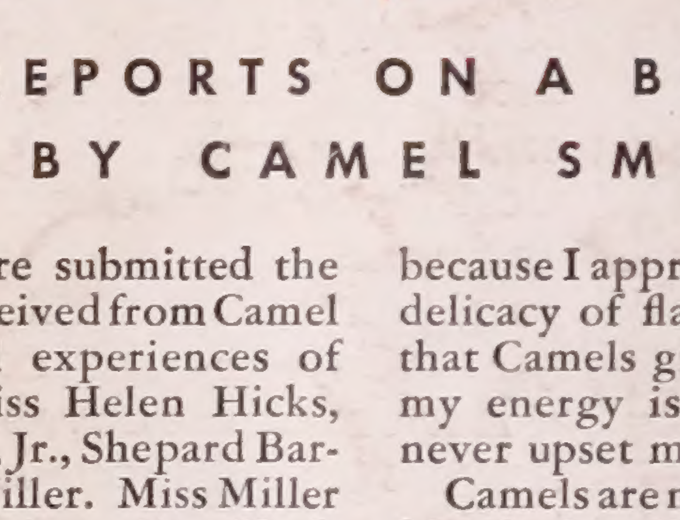
Camels are milder—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.



TENNIS STAR. (abov
Ellsworth Vines, Jr., say
"Camels restore my pe
...take away that tire
feeling...I can smok
all the Camels I war
for they don't interfe
with healthy nerves



BRIDGE EXPERT. (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels...I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"





CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

TOBACCO EXPERTS ALL KNOW:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Compa

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!